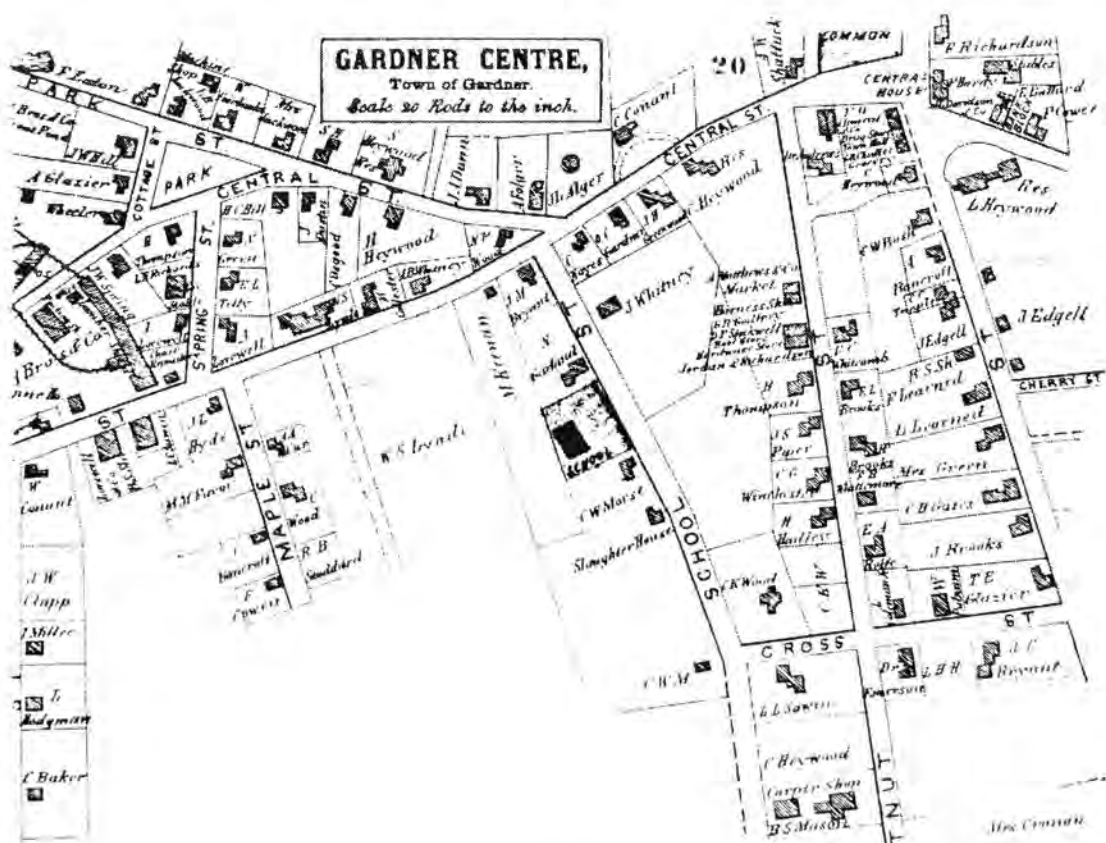


Chair City of the World

CONSTANCE RILEY



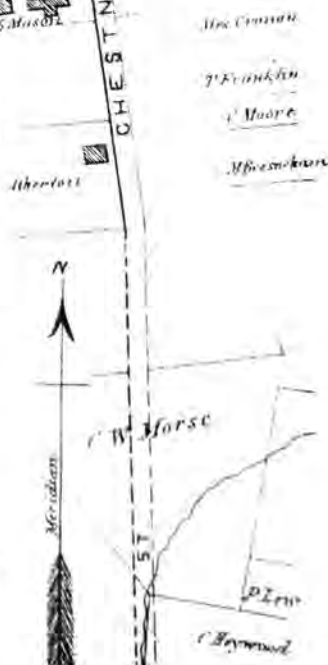
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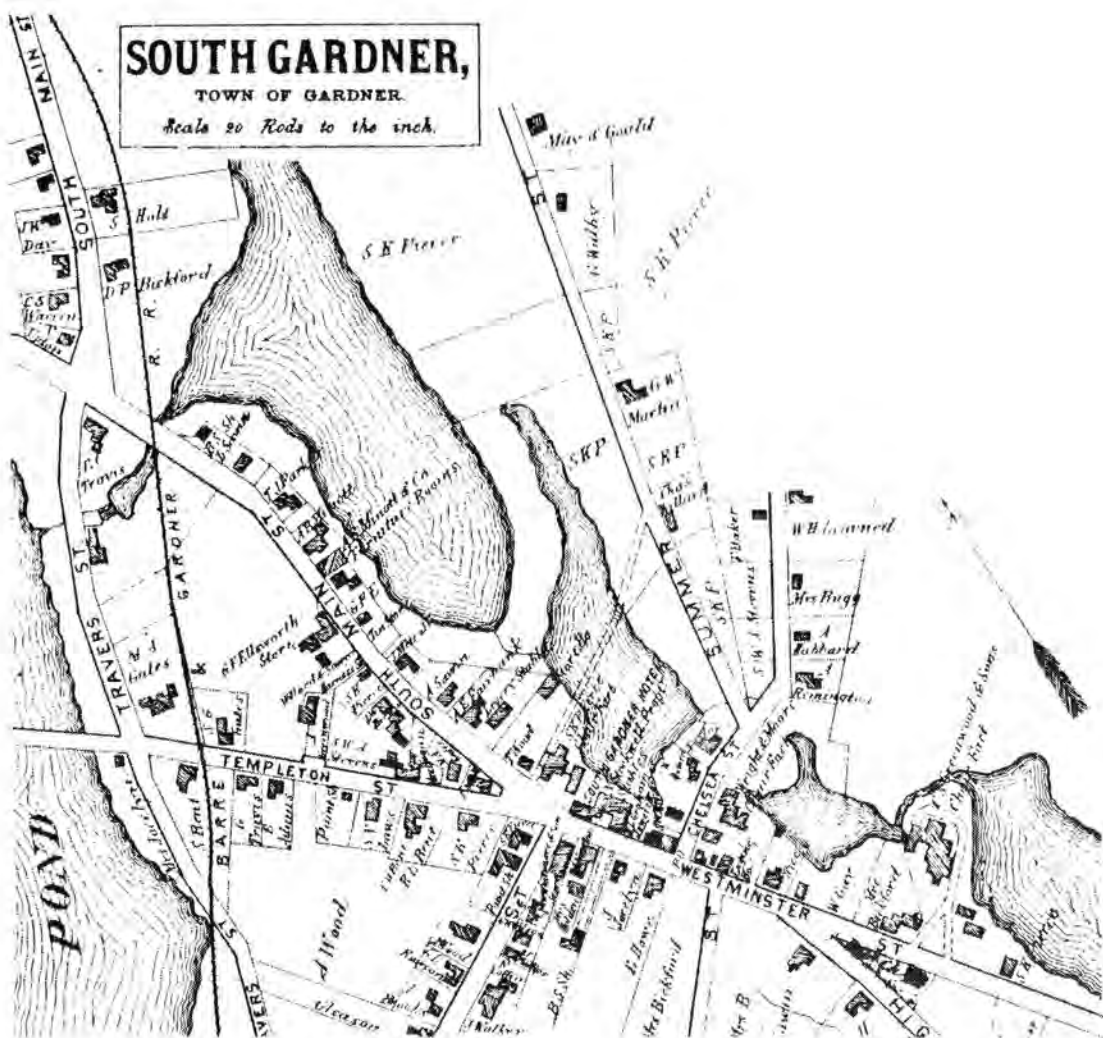
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Shoeing and Shoeing of
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Dedicated to the descendants of the
Timpany, McConnell, Riley, and LaRoche families:
my children, Kathleen, James, Thomas, David, Mary Ellen,
Margaret, Christopher, and Michael LaRoche;
my grandchildren, Carson Fiske, Matthew Roy, Eric Lupaczyk,
Katie, Timothy, and Carly LaRoche;
my great-grandchildren, Zachary and Ainsley Fiske

The love of place, of the ground we grew up on, the scenes we call home, is powerful and sacred.

—Dan Wakefield
Expect A Miracle

It is important to say the names of who we are, the names of the places we have lived, and to write the details of our lives. We were here; we are human beings, this is how we lived. Our lives are at once ordinary and mystical.

—Natalie Goldberg
Writing Down The Bones

To a great extent it is from work that we derive our sense of identity, our status in the community, our livelihood, and our sense of relatedness to others . . . One of the primary needs of people in towns affected by the decline of traditional industries is to understand what has happened to them as individuals and groups.

—Mass Humanities, 1988

PREFACE

From the time, in the fifth grade, when I won a PTA essay contest entitled "My Dad," I wanted to be a writer. Much later in life, I pursued this goal through courses at Monty Tech, Mount Wachusett Community College, UMass-Amherst, and Daytona Beach Community College.

Writing tales of my childhood prompted a desire to combine my personal story with the history of Gardner from the perspective of my family's experience through several generations, from the late nineteenth century to the beginning of the twenty-first. I offer the result for my family and anyone who might want to know about life in the small New England community that became the "Chair City of the World." To the stories of grandparents and relatives of early generations, I've added incidents from the lives of myself, my children, and my grandchildren. I also pass along my passion for politics and a just and peaceful world.

As the book took shape, I invited my daughter Kathleen to contribute her LaRoche family history paper and genealogical chart. I decided to add my own genealogical research, showing connections through Nova Scotia and back to Massachusetts and the *Mayflower*. In addition, I was given permission by Reggie Chandler to include documentation of his extended Gardner family in his compilation of *Gardner Marriages and Family Patterns of Black/Native American Indians*.

Acknowledgement is due to assistance from the words and works of Gardner historians Warren Sinclair, Windsor Robinson, Tom Malloy, and Mike Richards; to Esther Gilman Moore's *History of Gardner*, especially for her chronology of furniture manufacturers; to Howard Klash, Jr., James Wallgren, and Reggie Chandler for their knowledge of black and Native American forbears; to Roger Casavant for Franco-American information; and to Toni Dahir for her contribution about Lebanese immigrants.

I appreciate the knowledge gained from Andrea Moore Kerr's book, *Lucy Stone: Speaking Out for Equality*.

Thanks to Leon LaPlante for his information about Gardner's Big Chairs; to Margaret Kelly and Elizabeth Tarpey of the Gardner Museum; to Gail Landy and Pam Meitzler of the Levi Heywood Memorial Library; and to the library trustees for permission to publish Harrison Cady's work (which reminds me of South Gardner's Bent's Pond.) Also, I feel fortunate to be allowed to use Marjorie Hutchinson's letter about her childhood in Gardner.

Businessmen Carlton Nichols of Nichols & Stone, Mel Ostroff of Standard Chair, and Leonard Curcio graciously provided me with information about the chair industry. Thanks to Richard D. Baker for his photo of the latest Big Chair and Mark Hawke for sending me pictures of the town and city halls. Thank you to Pamela Boudreau for her layout and design work and to June Williams for genealogical research. Thanks also to my daughter, Kathleen Sheila LaRoche, for her herculean assistance in editing and research. My daughter Margaret Ann Derezhinski and her husband David provided invaluable technical assistance.

"The Paternal Line of Henry 'Terry' Leo LaRoche Traced Back to France and Described in Historical Context" and the LaRoche-Rognon Family Ten Generation Straight Line Chart are included with permission of my daughter Kathleen. Conversation with my grandson Eric Lupaczyk helped me to select an appropriate title for the book, *Chair City of the World*. Isabel Demmon contributed "Take a Seat" to the last chapter title. The stories "A Lost Woman Is Found," "Attic Treasures for Sale," and "Grampa's Legacy" were previously published in *Tapestries*, an anthology of LIFE, a program of Mount Wachusett Community College.

INTRODUCTION

This is the story of more than a century in the life of the Timpany, McConnell, Riley, and LaRoche families against the background of the rise and fall of the chairmaking industry in Gardner, Massachusetts. It is a family and social history of people moving from one country to another, showing who we were and who we became. It is a local history as well, providing a rich picture of Gardner's everyday life and special moments in time.

Gardner, Massachusetts, is located in Worcester County, not far from the New Hampshire border. In 1785, just before the town of Gardner was incorporated, there were sixty families living within what would become its boundaries. Because they had to travel long distances over bad roads to church and town meetings in either Westminster, Winchendon, or Ashburnham, these folks petitioned the General Court of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts to take land from those towns plus a small amount from Templeton to form a separate township.

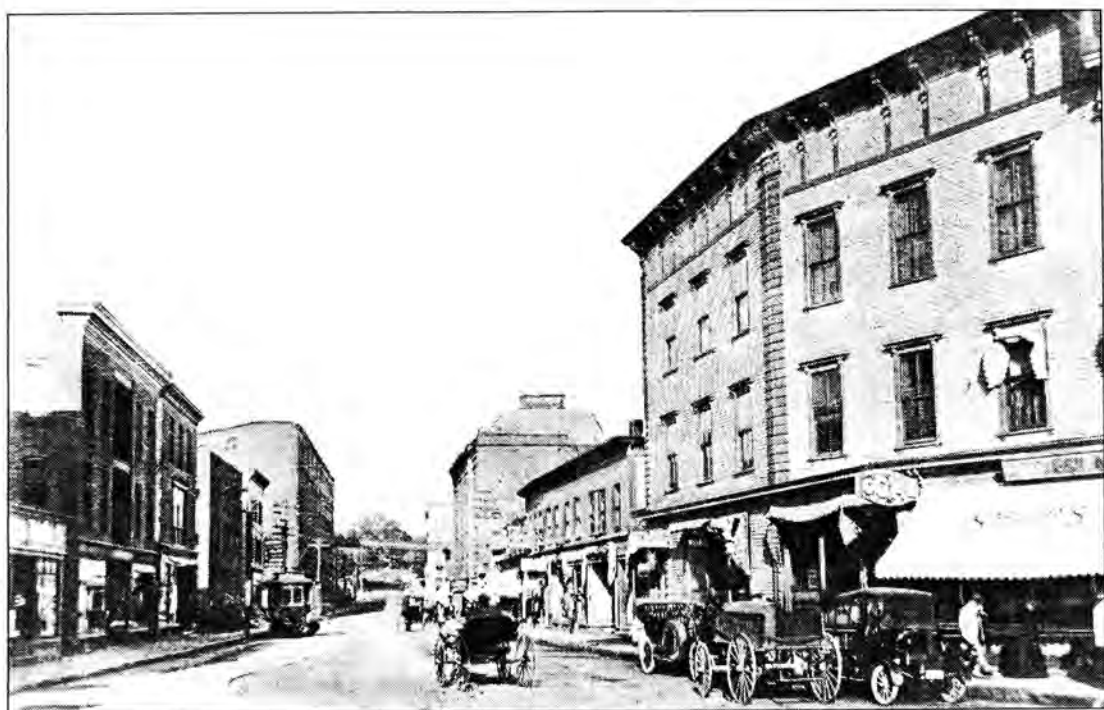
The town was named after a Revolutionary hero, Colonel Thomas Gardner, who was mortally wounded in the Battle of Bunker Hill. Two local men present on the Breed's Hill battlefield were Ebenezer Bolton and David Foster. Some reports say that Lieutenant Seth Heywood was also stationed on the Hill.

The Industrial Revolution, which started in England in the eighteenth century, reached Gardner in the year 1805 when James Comee began making chairs. By the late nineteenth century, with the use of waterpower and improved machinery, jobs in chair factories promised more prosperous lives to Gardner residents and drew immigrants from other countries. At that time, my Canadian ancestors came to Gardner to earn a living in the chair and toy shops.

My great-grandfather Albro McConnell left a life of subsistence farming by the sea in Nova Scotia, Canada, to enter a new country and better his lot. My grandfather James Timpany was swept up by the same wave, also moving from farm to factory. The lives of the McConnell and Timpany families, which merged with the wedding of my grandparents, became woven into the fabric of Gardner's society.

My father, James E. Riley, married a Timpany and I married a LaRoche. My father came to Gardner from Vermont to work for the railroad, vital to the chairmaking industry, and the LaRoches came from Canada to work in the factories.

My stories chronicle my family's life through the ups and downs of the Industrial Revolution, World War I, the Depression of the 1930s, World War II, the Vietnam War, the nuclear build-up of the Cold War years, the Women's Liberation Movement of the 1970s, and the loss of most of Gardner's furniture factories. They tell the story of six generations, starting in 1869. My daughter Kathleen shares in great detail her research into her father's Franco-American/French-Canadian background to round out the picture of our extended family.



Central Street, Gardner, Massachusetts
Note the various means of transportation:
electric car on left; center, horse and buggy; Model T on right.

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COMING TO THE STATES: McCONNELL AND TIMPANY FAMILIES



Albro McConnell
1844-1888

My great-grandfather Albro McConnell emigrated from Nova Scotia, Canada, to Gardner, Massachusetts, in 1869, about eighty-four years after the incorporation of the town. In the town's *Valuation and Taxes* account of 1869, Albro was assessed a poll tax of \$2.58. His brother Andrew appears for the first time in the 1870 list. By 1879, Albro McConnell was a homeowner who paid taxes of \$21.91 on a house, barn, and a half acre of land on Mechanic Street in South Gardner Village.

Albro went back to Nova Scotia in 1872 to marry Rebecca Rand of Weston, Kings County. They returned to Gardner where their first child, my grandmother Jennie Maud McConnell, was born in 1876. She was given the same middle name as her cousin Mary Maud, who was a daughter of Andrew McConnell and Caroline Armstrong. In 1872, Mary Maud McConnell lived on Kendall Street, South Gardner, in the former home of first settler Elisha Jackson. This house, which in the early years became Jackson's Tavern, was built in 1764 in the wilderness of Narragansett No. 2, a tract of land promised to soldiers who fought in King Phillip's War. Elisha's four hundred acres were originally granted to his grandfather, Edward Jackson of Woburn.

My Canadian ancestors came to Gardner to earn a living in the chair factories. Albro worked as a chairmaker at A. & H. C. Knowlton & Co., one of fifteen wood shops in the community in the 1870s. In Ridley's *Directory of Gardner* for 1872, the town's population was listed as 3,500. By 1885, Gardner's population had grown to 8,000 inhabitants living in over 1,100 dwelling houses.

About this time, Jennie McConnell attended West Broadway School where her cousin M. Maud McConnell was a teacher. During the year of 1887, Miss McConnell was paid a total of \$280 for teaching grades 1 and 2. To reach West Broadway School, Jennie walked from her home on Mechanic Street onto Conant Street, which brought her to West Broadway. Her house was surrounded by thick woods although it was not far from the Conant Street circus grounds or from the railroad depot.

When the Vermont and Massachusetts Railroad came through in 1844, the tracks made a clear demarcation between North and South Gardner. Besides trains, other means of transportation at the time were horses and oxen. In winter, teams of oxen were used to stomp down the snow to clear the roadways. Some people wore rackets on their feet to walk on the snow.

In 1785, at the time the town was founded, a meetinghouse was erected in the north end for both church services and town meetings. That part of the town was called Gardner Centre. It was also the location of the District Court, two banks, Stratton Bros.' dry goods store, Harrison Cady's novelty shop, a drugstore, a jeweler's establishment, a barbershop, and G. R. Godfrey Co., manufacturer of harnesses and other leather goods. Even so, nearby Green Street was called a "howling wilderness."

The village of South Gardner was a bustling community. The first post office was located there. Many businesses such as S. W. A. Stevens's Dry and Fancy Goods, Whitney and Kendall's Livery Stable, and Brown's Drugstore served the needs of the residents.

In 1869, West Gardner, which later became the business center, had only one store, run by Frank Conant. That part of town from Osgood Street to the lower end of Parker Street was an area of pasture and woodland. All of Washington Hill was farmland owned by Uncle Billy Lynde.

The Gardner News was first published as a weekly, starting July 3, 1869, the year my great-grandfather McConnell came to town. An article in an August issue named Albro McConnell as a newly elected officer of the International Order of Good Templars. The IO of GT was a society whose members abstained from alcohol.

A local contemporary of Albro, chairmaker and surveyor Aaron Greenwood recorded his daily activities in a diary. He mentioned that the chair factory ran only when the brook was high enough to provide waterpower. My great-grandfather, like Aaron, may have had time to plant a garden, hunt birds, and fish for perch and horned pout to provide for his family. It was astonishing to read that robins were shot and stewed or baked for a meal.

Perhaps Albro and Rebecca availed themselves of books from the South Gardner Social Library. Abijah Severy, a stagecoach driver, left \$500 in his will so that the interest could be used to buy books. Also, in 1871, the Young Men's Christian Association opened a reading room on South Main Street. It wasn't until 1886 that the Levi Heywood Memorial Library was established on Pearl Street in Gardner Centre.

In the evenings, Albro and Rebecca may have attended the entertainments arranged by



James Timpany
1864-1942

the Village Improvement Society of the South Village. Possibly, they also went to concerts and plays at the town hall in Gardner Centre. The Gardner Institute presented such offerings as Hi Henry's Minstrels, East Lynn, Barnum with Tom Thumb, and African explorer Paul Belloni du Chaillu. If Albro was interested in baseball, he could have watched the game played in South Gardner between the Flying Bats of the Village and the White Stockings of East Templeton.

Eighteen seventy-six, the year Jennie McConnell was born, was the hundredth anniversary of the nation's independence. In Gardner, the centennial celebration started with a bang—a hundred-gun salute followed by a parade starting in South Gardner and ending in the north end of town at Crystal Lake Grove. Many Gardnerites picnicked there and rode on a steamboat called *The Little Favorite*.

In Washington, DC at the time of the nation's centennial, the head of the U.S. Patent Office was quoted as saying, "It might be a good idea to resign because there didn't seem to be anything much left to invent." He made that statement in the days of kerosene lamps, wood-burning stoves, and outhouses. By the turn of the century, there were many newfangled contraptions such as the bicycle, automobile, airplane, and phonograph.

Incorporation Day was held in 1885 to commemorate the hundredth anniversary of the founding of Gardner. Governor Robinson and other prominent people came from Boston by train. It must have been an exciting time for nine-year-old Jennie and her younger brothers, Roy and Louis. The town went all out with a parade that was a mile long and consisted of 1,200 men. From South Gardner, they marched to Monument Park at the junction of Park and Central Streets, where a new statue was dedicated to Gardner's "brave sons who fought for the Union in the War of the Rebellion 1861-1865." Next, the procession continued up Central Street to Windsor House Square to be reviewed from the hotel by the governor. The ceremonies were brought to a close that evening with a band concert and a "grand illumination" that included nearly a thousand Chinese lanterns and numerous fireworks.

When my grandmother was only twelve years old, her father died suddenly of cerebral apoplexy, which was the medical condition later called a stroke.



Jennie McConnell and James Timpany

He left his wife Rebecca, daughter Jennie, two younger sons Roy and Louis, and a nine-month-old baby girl, Jessie. During that time, many women and children worked at home where they wove cane for chair seats. I remember how surprised I was as a child to discover that my grandmother could cane a chair. I'm sure that after the death of her father, that type of work helped put food on the table.

A young man from Digby, Nova Scotia, came across the border in 1888 to join several of his family who had preceded him to find work in the booming town of Gardner. The young man was my grandfather, James Almon Timpany. He was following in the footsteps of his great-great-grandfather who came to Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, from Newtonards, County Down, Northern Ireland. Robert Timpany joined the Loyalist cause in the American Revolution, became a Major, and at the peace was given a land grant in Canada by the king. My grandfather, James Timpany, found work at L. B. Ramsdell's toy factory and boarded on Travers Street in South Gardner. He joined his brother Charles as a firefighter, manning the Cataract engine out of the South Gardner Fire Station. His sister Mary, who married John Hines, and his sister Edith, who was Mrs. Lester Newcomb, also lived in South Gardner. Their younger brother Edgell, who also came from Nova Scotia to work in the wood shops, joined the U.S. Marines. He was killed in the explosion of the battleship *Maine* in Havana Harbor in 1898. This event propelled the United States into the Spanish-American War. Edith Timpany, who was Edgell's niece and my mother's sister, saw his name engraved on the mast of the USS *Maine* at Arlington National Cemetery. When I visited Rossway, Nova Scotia, I saw a large plaque erected in Edgell's honor in the Episcopal Church.

When Jennie McConnell was seventeen, she married James Timpany. An article in *The Gardner News* of October 7, 1893, described the wedding as follows:

Timpany—McConnell

The home of Mrs. Rebecca McConnell, Mechanic Street, was the scene of a very pretty wedding, on Thursday night, when her daughter, Miss Jennie McConnell, was married to James Timpany, by the Rev. F. L. Palmer of St. Paul's church. Promptly at eight o'clock, the bridal party entered the room, the bride and groom being preceded by the best man and bridesmaid, Luke H. Howard of Taunton, and Miss Bernice M. Buss. The minister wore the usual vestments, the service being, of course, the beautiful Episcopal service with a ring. The bride was dressed in sapphire silk, trimmed with cream Chantilly lace, and carried a bunch of blush roses. She was given away by her mother.

Several guests came from out of town, but only immediate relatives and friends were present. After the ceremony, congratulations were given and received and refreshments were served. Mr. and Mrs. Timpany will make their home with the bride's mother, 47 Mechanic Street.

The list of presents comprised a great variety of useful and beautiful articles, a list of them, with the names of the donors being as follows:

Lamp, Melissa Meekins; steel engraving, Bernice M. Buss; water set, Roy and Louis McConnell; salt shakes, Jessie E. McConnell; pickle jar, M. Maud McConnell; mantle clock, J. H. Hines and Edgell Timpany; pair towels, Mrs. J. W. Buss; table cloth, Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Patterson, Barre; salt and pepper shakes, Mrs. Lina Bishop; bon-bon dish, Fred H. Leland; upholstered oak rocker and rug, Mrs. F. M. Jillson and Mr. and Mrs. Louis K. Jillson; berry spoon, J. Fred Lamb; silver tooth-pick dish, Mary A. Lamb; pie knife, G. S. Hutchinson; butter knife, C. F. Brown; half dozen silver teaspoons, Mr. and Mrs. Lester A. Newcomb; berry spoon, Harry M. Jillson; coffee pot, Harriet Tupper, Cambridgeport; butter knife and sugar spoon, Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Ogilvie; glass fruit dish, Mrs. Rebecca McConnell; half dozen dinner knives, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew McConnell; half dozen fruit knives, Addison M. Stone; fan, Eunice Tupper, Boston; silk tie, Kate Lawrence, Denver, Col.; half dozen teaspoons, F. F. Wilcox; picture, Mr. and Mrs. C. I. Timpany; rug, Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Cook; head-rest and tidy, Mrs. Andrew Christianson, Jamaica Plain; two dollar bill, Mr. and Mrs. James Patterson, Barre; sugar spoon, Fred Merritt; prayer book, Francis L. Palmer. (*Gardner News*, Saturday, October 7, 1893)

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pails to berry pickers.

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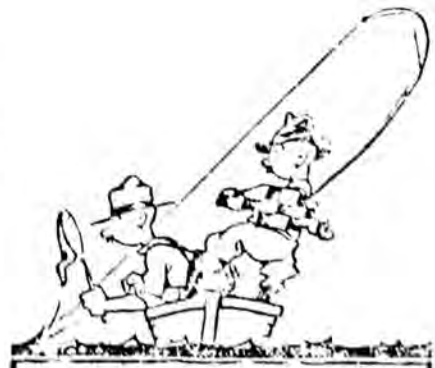
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GROWING UP IN SOUTH GARDNER: TIMPANY AND HUTCHINSON FAMILIES

James and Jennie Timpany rented at several locations in South Gardner until 1905 when my grandfather bought the property at 49 South Main Street. My grandfather remodeled the attached barn to be used as a home. The two-tenement house was rented out to provide income for the growing family. My mother, Bernice Rebecca, was born in 1898 and joined an older sister, Edith Almira, born in 1896. A son Carl was born in 1900 and died in infancy. A second son, Clair Robert, was born in 1906, and another daughter, Doris Elinor, in 1913.

My grandfather went into business in 1898 to take advantage of the bicycle craze. J. A. Timpany's store on East Broadway sold new and used bikes and also took care of enameling and repairing. A lunchroom was part of the enterprise. By 1899, Jim Timpany joined Elbridge R. Jackson and George H. Fenner in establishing a new manufacturing business, the Gardner Toy Co. It seems that this business never really got off the ground because in the *Gardner Directory* of 1900, my grandfather was listed as an employee of A. M. Pineo, chair manufacturer.



Bernice, Clair, and Edith

Grandfather started his political career in 1921 when he was elected selectman. After the town became a city in 1923, he was a city councilor and served as Gardner's mayor from 1933 to 1937.

In 1925, Grandfather opened Timpany's Hardware, Inc., first on South Main Street and later on East Broadway in the village square. Grandmother, Clair, and Doris worked in the store. A *Gardner News* ad showed a picture of a pail and read, "Now 19 cents No. 10 size, with wood handle. We are selling dozens of these pails to berry pickers." Besides paint, nails, and sporting gear, items for sale included foot warmers, coffee grinders, washboards, three sizes of zinc washtubs, and sad irons (these were for ironing clothes and were heated on the kitchen stove before electric



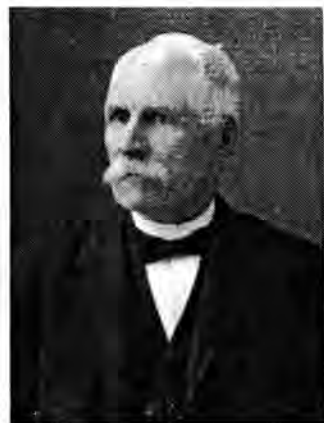
*J. A. Timpany's Hardware Store on East Broadway,
South Gardner, Massachusetts*

irons were invented). Jim continued to work at Pineo's as foreman and eventually as master mechanic at S. K. Pierce Co.

In 1921, Bernice Timpany was an employee of the Frank W. Smith Co., internationally renowned silversmiths. I remember seeing a grayish blue spot on one of my mother's fingers. When I questioned her, she explained

that while making silverware, a piece of silver had worked its way under her skin and stayed there. That was quite unique—to have a mother with a silver finger!

Shortly before the turn of the century, Andrew McConnell's daughter Maud, after teaching several years at West Broadway School, married G. Seymour Hutchinson, a foreman at S. Bent Co. They had two daughters, Marjorie, born two years before my mother in 1896, and Doris, born in 1903. Mr. Hutchinson's first wife was Maud's sister Maggie, who died of tuberculosis. She left two children, Roy and Beatrice, whom Marjorie and



Caroline Armstrong McConnell and Andrew McConnell

Doris called three-quarter rather than half- brother and sister because they had the same father and their mothers were sisters. During the Hutchinson children's early years, their Grandmother and Grandfather McConnell lived nearby at various times. Grandfather Andrew sold aluminum ware while Grandmother Caroline kept a boarding house in South Gardner. They had seven daughters: twins Ruth, who married Horace Flagg, and Victoria Bell, who became Mrs. George Browning; Emma Estella, who married Charles Bedford Ogilvie; Caroline (called Lina), married to George Bishop; Margaret (called Maggie); Henrietta; and Mary Maud. The daughters were born in Canada before Andrew and Caroline arrived in South Gardner in 1870.

Marjorie Hutchinson followed in her mother's footsteps, teaching at West Broadway School. After graduation from Fitchburg Normal School in 1916,

she taught in Suffield, Connecticut. On returning to Gardner, she taught at West Broadway, Prospect, and Coleman Street Schools. Also, she was appointed principal of West Broadway School. During World War I, Marjorie joined her sister Beatrice in Washington, DC where they both worked for the War Department in the Bureau of Aircraft Production. Doris earned a degree at Simmons College. She worked in the Education Department at Harvard University for a few years before moving on to Mount Holyoke College. She was assistant to the dean of students at Mount Holyoke before returning to Gardner on her retirement.

In 1985, Marjorie wrote the following letter to her namesake, the child of good friends of herself and Doris:

Dear Marjorie,

I had such a lovely time when I visited you and your lovely new home last night. What amazed me most was your special room containing so very, very many beautiful toys and books, some tapes to play on your very own stereo. I could not but help thinking of how differently a little girl lived nearly a hundred years ago. Perhaps when you are older you might like to know what children did when things were so very different.

Our six room house, built in 1889, was quite modern for it had a bathroom and steam heat, for only two out of the ten houses on the street had such modern conveniences. We all used kerosene lamps and there were no telephones, gramophones or automobiles.

I had a little playmate named Ruth and we always did things together. When I was nearly four years old, we used to take our lunch basket and walk to the electric cars on South Main St. to go uptown to Miss Towne's kindergarten held in the Syndicate Block where LaGrassa's now is. We did

sewing cards and wove mats of pretty colored strips of paper. The next year we went to first grade at the old brick school on West Broadway. We soon learned to read. There were two grades in the room and about thirty pupils.



*Hutchinsons ride in a horse drawn
Democratic wagon (1890s)*

I had a few books of my own, but soon wanted more than our Sunday School library could provide. The Levi Heywood Library was too far away and they had no children's room, but they did have perhaps a hundred or so books which I could enjoy. We had to order our books from a catalog. The orders were taken to Graham's jewelry store in So. Gardner, sent to the library and next day, the books arrived in a clothes basket.

I especially liked the Little Prudy and Dotty Dimple books. I also enjoyed the stories on the children's page of the "Youth's Companion" which came every Thursday. Once a month, I had my own copy of



*Sitting(L to R): an Arnold brother, Jennie Pigon
Standing(L to R): Marjorie Hutchinson, Beatrice
Hutchinson, an Arnold brother, and Ruth Cody*

"Little Folks." Mama often made up stories to tell me when she put me to bed or combed my hair. Papa used to tell us about when he was a little boy on a farm in Nova Scotia. They always liked to read and had a hundred or more books of their own. I remember when a large set of Century Encyclopedias arrived. Among other reference books was Chapman's *Bird Life* with many colored illustrations. There were also books containing poems of Longfellow, Whittier, Tennyson and the Carey sisters.

For our musical education, it was a great day when Papa and I went to Fitchburg to buy a new Hallet and Davis piano. Mrs. Esters came to our home each week and gave lessons at 75 cents each. We learned enough to play hymns which the family sang together every Sunday morning. Recitals were given at the teacher's home each Spring, my older sister playing Chopin's more difficult numbers.

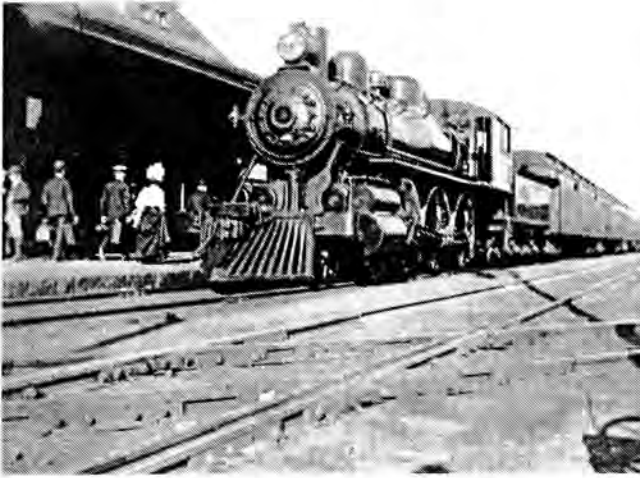
To further our artistic environment, Papa often went to the Towne & Whitney studio for Christmas presents. A nice etching, a watercolor and a print of the Castle of Chillon are all that now remain of a very crowded Victorian parlor of 1900.

I hung up my stocking at Christmas. Usually it held an orange—a great treat, ribbon candy box, a silver spoon with my name and date engraved upon it, a game, a handkerchief, and a small toy. Twice, a

large doll with lovely bisque face, was sitting on the mantelpiece. I only remember having four large dolls, the last one when I was ten and had learned to sew well enough to sew her clothes by hand myself. We used to have 6 inch bisque jointed dolls and had great fun making their

clothes. Later, a group of us formed a Jenny Wren Club and received patterns for dresses. My last toy, in 1907, was a Teddy bear just like Winnie the Pooh, & one of the first bears to come to Gardner.

The toy was named Teddy after the then President of the U.S. He (Theodore Roosevelt) once came to Gardner and I saw him talk to the voters from the back of



The train station where Theodore Roosevelt once gave a campaign speech to voters

his train, I think in 1904. Our neighbors had a horse and Democrat wagon with the fringe on top and it was always a treat to go for a ride. Occasionally, on Sunday afternoon Papa and I would go to the Woods livery and hire a horse and wagon for \$1.50, and the family would go as far as East Gardner or maybe go to the cave on the Hubbardston-Templeton road. More often, we just went to walk and learned about the flowers and trees.

No work was ever done on Sunday. Neither were games ever played. As a family, we played croquet and the new game of Parchesi. Papa had made us a large tenpin game and we enjoyed Authors, Jackstraws, and a card game in which we had to learn to pronounce all the characters in Greek Mythology.

My father made many things for our amusement; a swing on the big maple tree, a trapeze in the woodshed. He also made my Jack o lantern which I always used on Halloween. It was in a wooden box on a short pole. He also made me an ash bow and oak arrows for archery. I had my only birthday party when I was six and I can still remember Ruth gave me a reed doll's chair and Cora gave me a mirror that had a red plush backing. I presume I had the usual handkerchiefs and hair ribbons & maybe an inexpensive toy.

We liked to blow soap bubbles with a white clay pipe. We played jackstones, had rubber balls on elastics & hopscotch on muddy sidewalks. The roads were dirt, too, but in summer the city used a watering cart to lay the dust.

Bents' chair shop was just down the hill from home. My father worked there from 7 AM till 5 or 6 PM, 6 days a week. It was great when they finally had Sat. PM off during the summer. I was very well acquainted with my father's work—the use of the different machines and how chairs were put together with glue and hammers. It was a treat to ride the elevator in the new brick shop.

Keeping house was very hard work in those days. There was the wood stove fire to be made before breakfast. There were no vacuum cleaners to do the sweeping. How the dust flew on sweeping day. A corn broom was used to sweep the wool carpet which was



Old Prospect Street School (1887)

laid wall to wall. This was replaced in the bedrooms by a woven straw matting. Washing meant boiling the clothes in a big boiler—a wash board, and wringer. All our clothes were starched. Sometimes, an old woman was hired to come in and help with the big washing which was always done on Monday. Then came Tuesday and the hours to be spent ironing hamburg trimmed drawers and petticoats, dresses, Papa's shirts, linen damask tablecloths and napkins, all done with irons heated on the hot stove. Big sister in high school helped with that chore. Mama cooked and canned all the food used for a family of 6. There were always doughnuts, cookies, cakes, pies, and home made bread.

Groceries & kerosene were ordered one day and delivered the next. We used to like to ride with Mr. McCrae in his wagon when he came each week. A butcher came in a meat wagon and the fish man came with fish. Oysters were delivered on Saturday for 20 cents a half pint. Once or twice a year, we had delivered a barrel of flour which had its special place in the pantry. Its price, as I remember it, was \$7.50. Baldwin apples were bought each fall from a neighbor for \$1 a barrel. We brought them home in a wheelbarrow. Later, we had eight apple trees of our own, also plums, cherries and pears. We also had a large

garden for winter potatoes and all kinds of summer vegetables. Fruits were canned, but not vegetables.

Mama made practically all our clothes. An aunt helped with the heavy broadcloth winter coats, but nothing ever came ready made. There were no snowsuits, but we had long black leggings to button up. I had two winter woolen dresses—one for school and one for “best.” It was such a relief when the 19th of April came and we could shed those heavy dresses and long underwear. High black shoes and long black stockings were worn all year. One article of clothing which was most important to all girls and ladies was *hats*, both summer and winter ones. The millinery shop was a most important one. We had one in So. Gardner



South Gardner, Massachusetts

and twice a year, I made Miss Chipman a visit. A plain hat was finally chosen & then the flowers and silk velvet ribbon was selected. A week later it was ready and every Sunday it was worn.

Sunday was a very special day. Sunday School came after church at twelve o'clock. The older children and parents returned in the evening for another sermon and much singing.

Once a month, the ladies prepared a supper for 10 or 15 cents to earn money for their benevolences to help the poor. The supper was always the same—home made baked beans, steamed brown bread, pickles, and a two layer white cake with whipped cream.

The annual summer picnic was a treat, too. We often went to Wachusett Park on the street car, but rarely did we go as far as Whalom Park where there was a theatre. There were no movies until my high school days, but once I went to see Uncle Tom's Cabin. There were always a few black children in our classes at school.

Our teacher's desk was on a platform in front of rows of seats screwed to the floor, so we really looked up to our teachers. All desks had ink wells and we used steel pen points in wooden pens. A scholar, when reading, stood in front of the room. The subjects taught were not too different than those of today. We learned all the spring flowers and the names of birds whose colored pictures were to be found in each room. Framed pictures of famous paintings were also hung in each room and we had copies of other

pictures which we could buy for 1 or 2 cents. We had special programs for Temperance Day when our poems and songs taught us the evils of alcohol. The other celebration was Decoration Day when we gave flowers to the old Civil War veterans who heard us say our pieces and sing patriotic songs. All year, we had to learn poems to speak alone.

We had no Physical Education, but knew how to play our own games at recess. My first lessons in sewing were in the 7th grade. Weeks were spent making samples showing how we could make various patches—the three cornered and hemmed were the first two—buttonholes were also made. When perfect, the squares were mounted on heavy paper.

School was kept from 9 to 12 and 1:30 till 4 so we always went home for mid-day dinner. There were no patrols or busses.

I guess I have rambled on enough to let you know how differently children lived and played during the early part of our century. I presume you would not like to go back to those days, but for me, I liked it that way and think my childhood was a happier and better one than yours is in 1985. So very much has changed in these 85 years that I can't imagine what things may be like when the next century 2000 starts, May it be a peaceful and happy one for all.

Best wishes always from your friend—M.

Marjorie and Doris were contemporaries of my mother, so it has been a great joy for me to learn about their life growing up in South Gardner. As is true with so many young people, I never asked my parents and grandparents much about their early years.



*Ruth Wellner, Doris Hutchinson,
Marjorie Hutchinson, and Connie Riley,
cousins through the Patterson/McConnell line*



*Alberta Ellis Chisholm and Connie Riley,
cousins descended from
Andrew and Albro McConnell*

LIVING IN AN ETHNIC PATCHWORK: BERNICE REBECCA TIMPANY

The Gardner News of July 5, 1916, published the following item in the Home News: "Miss Agnes I. Morris and Miss Bernice Timpany leave tomorrow for Foxboro where they will be employed by the Foxboro library as book-binders." There were also ads in the paper that day for "beautiful new waists," 69 cents, and "auto" and "traveling" dusters from \$2.98 and up at Goodnow Pearson's. Swallow's was advertising "lace and voile collar and cuff sets" from 25 to 75 cents each. At Carbone and Carbone at the corner of Central and Parker Streets, pineapples were on sale, four for 25 cents. Hager and Houghton was offering halibut at two pounds for a quarter. The Gardner Phonograph Co. listed several Edison Diamond Disc Records. Some of those on sale were "I Can Dance with Everyone but My Wife," "Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground," and "My Bonnie, Bonnie Jean" by Harry Lauder. The feature at the Orpheum Theater was *Between Men* starring William S. Hart. Also playing were chapter 7 of the *Iron Claw* and the Keystone Kops in *The Great Vacuum Robbery*. The vaudeville team of Arding and Arding was also a part of the program.

Possibly, my mother and Agnes could have attended the Fourth of July "Patriotic Celebration" promoted by the GAR (Grand Army of the Republic) and DAR (Daughters of the American Revolution) at Lake Dennison. Some of the activities were dancing in the afternoon and evening, races, canoeing, and bathing. They would have traveled to the lake on the electric cars. However, they were not able to participate in the Chautauqua programs in Gardner that year because they had accepted out-of-town jobs.

Chautauqua, New York, started providing their citizens with a series of offerings, including lectures, music, and plays. The presentations were so popular that they started going on the road to provide culture and entertainment around the countryside. Because of a heavy emphasis on oratory, a newspaper reporter wrote that *Chautauqua* was an Indian word meaning "talked to death."

However, I remember my mother speaking about how much she enjoyed attending. In 1916, some of the Chautauqua programs held in Gardner were Dr. Newell D. Hillis, speaking on "The Romance and Heroism of Self-Made Men in America," an all-Italian band with a coloratura soprano, and the Roland Hayes Trio singing Negro folklore ballads, classical, and semiclassical music.

Another article in the July Home News said that "R.T. Robillard has purchased an Overland roadster through the agency of the Brown and Rawson garage." L. H. Parcher, distributor, ran an ad for the Maxwell car for \$595. He informed the public that they could see it at the Orpheum Theater that night. He also sold the Hupmobile. Gasoline was on sale for twenty-seven cents per gallon at the Brown Ice Co., Main and Mechanic Streets.

From *The Gardner News* of 25 July, 1916, I learned that "Mrs. James Timpany and daughter Doris Timpany are enjoying a vacation with relatives in Nova Scotia for a few weeks." In later years, Uncle Clair wrote me that "Mother visited at least once in Annapolis Valley with her relatives—around Kingston and Berwick; lots of Rands, McConnells, and Tupper. Sir Charles Tupper was Prime Minister of Canada." Jennie McConnell Timpany's grandmother was Ruth Tupper Rand, so I investigated. Ruth's father was Eliakim III and Sir Charles's father was Rev. Charles. Their fathers were brothers, sons of Charles Tupper who was born in Plymouth, Massachusetts, in 1748 and died in Cornwallis, Nova Scotia, in 1821. Ruth and Sir Charles were first cousins, and indeed, Sir Charles had been Prime Minister in 1896. Other family names from that region were Patterson, Bigelow, Loomer, Marchant, Cone, Bassett, Chase, Porter, Skinner, Ogilvie, and West.

Photos of my mother and her friends, shortly before World War I, show them dressed in shirtwaists and skirts that reached midcalf. In some pictures, they posed next to a one-horse carriage with fringe on top and wore woolen suits or coats, belted above the waistline. They all wore very fancy hats. I remember being impressed when I learned that Mother made her own hats in those days. Agnes Morris, who was always especially stylish, wore a fur stole around her shoulders. The Morrises lived on South Main Street, just past Sawin's railroad crossing. Agnes and my mother were the closest of friends. They chummed around together with Theresa Roarke, the other Morris sisters, Olive and Zelma, and a number of other Irish lassies. It was only natural that when an Irish lad from Brattleboro, Vermont, came to town to work as yard clerk at the depot, Agnes's beau, John Glasheen, introduced Jimmie Riley to the group. Instead of falling for one of the Irish Catholic females, Jimmie



*Zelma Morris, Bernice Timpany, and Agnes Morris
across from Morris house on South Main Street*

lost his heart to my mother, who was Scotch Irish and a member of St. Paul's Episcopal Church. My Riley grandparents died before I was born, and I did not know until many years later that they had emigrated from Newmarket, County Cork, Ireland, about 1880. I learned from census records that my Grandfather Jeremiah worked in Brattleboro, Vermont, on the railroad and that neither he nor his wife, Honora McAuliffe, could read or write.

There was quite an Irish population in Gardner. In 1838, William Hogan was recorded as the first Irish immigrant. Many more came in the 1840s during the potato famine. Thomas Carroll was one of the first to come and, so the story goes, arrived with a tag that read "Levi Heywood, Gardner." Carroll worked all his life for the Heywood Co. Many Irish lived on Pleasant, Emerald, and Dublin Streets. Even though they lived in rude huts or shanties at first, this section of town was surrounded by green pastureland and lakes that reminded the newcomers of their homeland. This section of Gardner became known as the Patch, which was short for Patch of Ireland. Later, even after many moved along to other parts of town and Polish immigrants moved into the neighborhood, the nickname stuck. John Kulczyk was the first to arrive from Poland in 1892.

While many ethnic groups are recognized as contributing to the population and social and economic welfare of Gardner, I have never seen or heard much about the English-speaking Canadians who migrated to Gardner. Perhaps these English, Scots, and Scotch Irish seemed so much like native Yankees that they just blended in and were never recognized as a distinct group.

I discovered in 1994 that Ed Morgan, my long-time next-door neighbor on Nutting Street, is the great-grandson of the lumberman Edward Morgan who started a lumber camp southeast of Bear River, just north of Digby, Nova Scotia. This camp developed into a town called Morganville. So Ed's ancestors and mine had been practically neighbors. On further discussion, we found that we are fourth cousins. Our common ancestor was Abiel Robbins, who was father to Ed's great-great-grandfather William Robbins and my great-great-grandfather John Robbins.

Other families who came from Nova Scotia in addition to the Timpanys, Rands, McConnells, Morgans, and Hutchinsons were named Ross, Hall, Hines, Ewing, Gilliland, Holt, Cornwall, Pineo, and Newcomb. Mrs. Appleman, who ran the South Gardner Library across from my childhood home on South Main Street, came from Spring Hill in Nova Scotia. Her folks, the Patriquins, lived in South Gardner with her. Their relatives, the LeGrows, lived next door to me.

In the 1950s, after I moved to Nutting Street, my children played at Bickford Playground. The Klash children also played there and were the only black children I knew of. Their father, Howard, had been in my grade at Prospect School. His nine children delivered the *Worcester Telegram*, and my eight children delivered *The Gardner News*. Warren Sinclair, South Gardner historian, told me there were also

additional South Gardner families who had black and Native American roots. He mentioned the Freemans, Walter Hemenway, and the Giggers. Reggie Chandler told me that he is the great-great-grandson of Elbridge and Livona (or Leonora) Gigger. The family came to Gardner from Harvard in 1878 to build stone walls and work at Heywood's chair factory. There are Giggers buried at Green Bower Cemetery and at the graveyard behind the Congregational Church. Jim Wallgren also said that he is a great-great-grandson of the Giggers, so he and Reggie are cousins. They are two of fifteen related Nipmuc families whose ancestors lived in Gardner. Some were also descended from the Vickers and the Hazzards (also spelled Hazard). Another South Gardnerite was Henry Waterman, who was listed as a private in the "colored troops" during the Civil War.

A NOISY ARRIVAL: TIMPANY AND RILEY FAMILIES

Bernice Rebecca Timpany and James Edward Riley were married at Sacred Heart Rectory, September 9, 1921. I was born the next year on July 20, 1922, and was named Constance after the movie star Constance Bennett. It was a noisy arrival. Yells and screams came from the second floor at 49 South Main Street. It was a hot and humid night, so bedroom windows were wide open. There was no air conditioning in those days. Mother was in labor all evening. Making a great racket, she announced my coming to the world (or at least to the residents of South Main Street.) Shortly after 11:00 PM, my cry told those within hearing distance that I had finally arrived.

"What a relief," they must have said. "Maybe now we can get some sleep."

Mom never got over the humiliation of putting on such a show for the whole neighborhood. Three and a half years later, Mom reserved a room at Heywood Memorial Hospital so she could have a little privacy during my brother's birth. Bernard James was born on January 4, 1926. At first his hair was blonde, but soon changed to red. Even though the family called him Bud or Buddy when he was little, it was inevitable that he would be nicknamed Red.

When I was a mere infant, I had whooping cough. Back in the 1920s, a preventative shot had not been developed. Mom told how I was seized with such coughing fits that my face turned blue. She was terrified because babies often died from whooping cough. I was very sick and lucky to pull through.

Usually, I didn't have to whoop, cry, or yell to get attention. As the firstborn, I was especially welcomed into the family and treated with interest and affection



James Edward Riley and his bride, Bernice Rebecca Timpany, waiting for the train to New York City for their honeymoon. They were married at Sacred Heart Rectory, Sept. 9, 1921.

by parents, grandparents, aunts, and uncles. However, one Saturday afternoon when I was four or five, my nose was out of joint. I felt Mom was ignoring me because she was busy entertaining her lady friends. I wanted her attention, and I sure got it when I repeated a four-letter word over and over again.

Picture this: a lovely afternoon in summer. Couples strolling down South Main Street. Children playing on the sidewalks and in the yards. Mother sitting on the porch, taking advantage of her day of rest. But what's this? Grown-ups are looking up at the house, nudging one another and laughing. Kids are tee-heeing and pointing up to the second story. Mom gets off the porch to see what's so funny. It's Constance! Constance who at three years of age is supposed to be taking a nap. Constance who has pushed a chair over to the window. Constance who is standing in front of the window stark naked!



Connie Riley born 1922

I remember another time when Mom did not approve of my behavior. Mothers were invited to observe the first-grade class at Prospect Street School. I was so tickled to have Mom there in my world. I kept turning around, smiling, and waving at her. When I came home from school that day, Mom informed me in no uncertain terms that I was the only child in my classroom who did not know how to behave. All the other children sat up straight with heads and eyes forward. Mother was not pleased.

In third grade, I acted up again. Some people claim to this day that I threw bubble gum at Miss O'Neil. Not so! But there was an altercation, and it did involve bubble gum. A plot was hatched one recess on the side steps of Prospect School amongst several of my classmates and me. We were indignant because Miss O'Neil chewed gum in school, and we were not allowed to do that. We would show *her*! We plotted and planned that we would chew gum in class the following day. The day dawned. Norma did not bring any gum to school. Lois's and Virginia's jaws barely moved as they chewed theirs. Not me! I blew bubbles and pulled great lengths of gum practically under the teacher's nose. Miss O'Neil ordered me to the front of the room and told me to throw the gum in the wastebasket. I heard gasps as I raised my arm high. So help me, I never aimed at the teacher, only at the wastebasket.

Miss Crouch, my fifth-grade teacher, informed the class of a Parent-Teacher Association contest. Students were asked to write an essay entitled "My Dad." A \$5 first prize would be awarded. This announcement really spoke to me. I was

determined to win the money. I entered the contest and won the \$5, but that was not the end of it. I had my name announced at school. My name was printed in the newspaper. Not only that, but I was also asked to read my article in front of the PTA. My folks would be there as well as other parents and the teachers. I was bursting with pride and shaking a little from stage fright.

Mom made me a new dress for the occasion. I can still remember the pretty sheer flowered material with smocking at the top. To complete my outfit, I had new shiny black patent leather shoes. Finally, when the big night arrived, I read "My Dad" and was not surprised when the audience



Bernice and James Riley in 1961, 40th Anniversary

clapped, not only at the end, but also when I made my winning point. "Daddy praised me when I was good and spanked me when I needed it."

I knew that would get to them and also to the contest judges. I knew that would win the prize!

I got in trouble in Miss Briggs's room. She scolded me for talking in class. Eudora LeGrow had whispered to me, but I had not answered.

I told Miss Briggs, "I didn't talk. You're unfair and I'm going to tell my mother on you."

When I attempted to get my coat, the teacher tried to stop me. In the process, I banged my head, adding injury to insult. I ran next door where Miss Kuniholm, the cooking teacher, wiped my tears and got me quieted down.

I vaguely remember a strike at high school. I think I must have been a freshman and was really not feeling especially mistreated by the administration. Some of the students had a beef against the principal, and I tagged along when there was a demonstration outside the school.

Truly, most of the time, I was well-behaved in school, a good student, and I think the teachers liked me well enough. I just couldn't stand what I considered unfair. I guess these actions foreshadowed my later involvement in speaking out against injustice and working for the rights of women and minorities.

GATHERING OF THE CLAN

Into the old homestead tramped the Rileys, Kinnears, Hoopers, and Pipers. As with most families, there was a gathering of the clan for Thanksgiving dinner. They were welcomed by Ma and Pa Timpany and their unmarried son, my Uncle Clair.

By ten o'clock, the rich odor of roasting turkey escaped every time someone opened the oven door of the big black kitchen stove. The day before, sweet and spicy smells wafted throughout the house from the apple, squash, and mince pies baking in the wood stove. My mother, Bernice Riley, made the flakiest piecrust, so she helped Gramma with that chore.

Lots of preparations took place before we could sit down together to eat. Doris was the youngest sister, and she was the one elected to make the stuffing. It took a lot of strength to grind the ingredients in an old-fashioned meat grinder. Bread had been saved for many days, so it was hard as a rock and had to be moistened. In it went, into the grinder with a good chunk of salt pork, onion, and who knows what else. It was sprinkled with Bell's seasoning and tasted by all except me. I would have my stuffing hot and browned, thank you!



*Front row: Jessie Piper, Edith Hooper, David Timpany,
Cynthia and Judith Kinnear*

*Back Row: Fred Piper, Roderic and Clair Timpany, Jennie Timpany,
Bernice Riley, Rita Timpany, Laura McConnell, Ada Hayman,
and Doris and Merrill Kinnear*

"Do you think it tastes all right?" Aunt Doris would ask the others.

"Perhaps a little more salt," one would answer.

"I think it needs more sage," another would say.

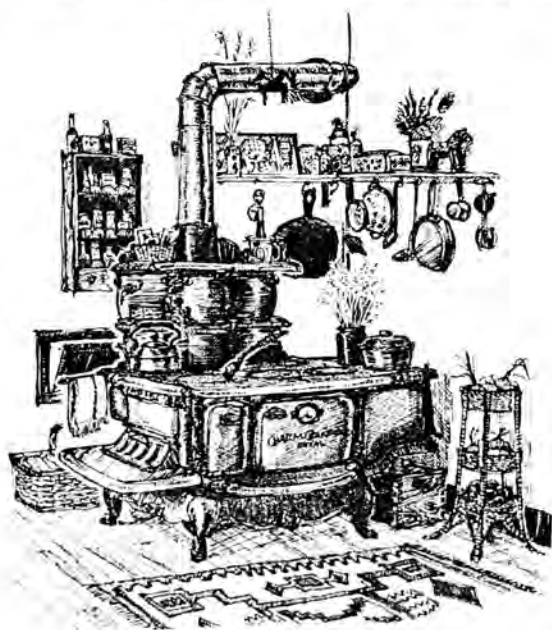
This was serious business and took a lot of tasting and conferring. Also, much peeling, slicing, and mashing of vegetables took place in order to feed a dozen or more members of the Timpany tribe.

Sometimes I was asked to go to the sand cellar to bring up some vegetables or a jar of relish. (One room of the cellar had a floor of sand where potatoes,

beets, and carrots that grew in Grampa's garden were buried for storage.) On the shelves was a treasure of ruby red homemade ketchup, emerald green piccalilli, and golden corn relish, in addition to a well-stocked larder of jams and preserves.

Uncle Clair contributed to the dinner preparations by checking to see whether the turkey was done. This always involved him sampling a piece. What a privileged character! I had to wait until dinner was served. What agony!

Aunt Jessie brought her scrumptious oyster casserole. The recipe for this dish does not have any specific amounts. I call it a by-guess-and-by-gorry recipe.



*Example of our big black cooking and heating stove
Illustration by Jan Adkins from The Art and
Ingenuity of the Woodstove, Little Brown*

AUNT JESSIE'S OYSTER CASSEROLE:

Buy as many oysters as your budget allows.

(1 quart is perfect if you can afford it.)

Pick over to remove any shells or pearls.

Simmer in their juice—just until the edges curl.

(Do not cook any longer, or they will shrink.)

Cover bottom of 1 1/2 quart casserole with oysters and liquid.

Add a layer of cracker crumbs. (Common crackers or saltines can be used.) Dot with butter, shake on pepper and salt if common crackers were used.

Repeat layers.

Bake at approximately 375 degrees until top cracker layer is brown, 20 or 30 minutes.

Aunt Doris brought dates stuffed with fondant and walnuts. She also brought her famous molasses popcorn balls. Aunt Edith brought her appetite!

Finally, we all gathered around a table groaning with the weight of dishes and platters of savory food. After giving thanks, the Timpany clan chattered and

laughed while everyone dug in. A feeling of warmth and togetherness surrounded me as I enjoyed the holiday feast.

Soon we were the ones doing the groaning, "I ate too much."

"Oh, why did I have that third helping?"

"The turkey was sooooo good, I couldn't stop eating."

After we worked off the dinner by clearing the table, doing the dishes, and cleaning up, we were able to manage dessert. Just remember, there was no dishwasher or vacuum cleaner, so we got a little exercise doing the housework.

Out came the pies with real whipped cream! The grown-ups had coffee with heavy cream. The milkman had delivered it to the kitchen door early that morning. Out came the nuts and nutcracker. Out came the cookies and candy. Just in case you'd like to sample some goodies from an old-fashioned Thanksgiving of the 1930s, here's the recipe for

GRAMMA'S FILLED COOKIES:

For Cookies:

- 1 egg
- 1 tsp. baking soda
- 1 c. sugar
- 2 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 c. Crisco
- 3 1/2 c. flour
- 1/2 c. milk
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. vanilla

For Filling:

- 2 c. chopped raisins
- 1 c. sugar
- 2 tbsp. flour
- 1 c. water
- 1 c. chopped walnut meats



*Gramma Timpany, Cynthia (standing)
and Judith Kinnear*

For filling, mix sugar and flour in saucepan, add raisins, nuts and water. Stir and cook until thick. Cool before using.

For cookies, cream Crisco and sugar, add salt, egg (well beaten), milk, vanilla, and flour sifted with baking powder and soda. Mix and turn out on floured board. Dough should be soft. Roll very thin, cut with cookie cutter, spread half of cookies with filling, then place remaining cookies on top and press edges together. Place on tins and bake at 375 for 15 minutes.

And here's my choice as the yummiest treat:

DORIS'S MOLASSES POPCORN BALLS:

1 extra large bowl full of popped corn (about 4 poppers full)

2 c. molasses, 1 c. sugar

Mix molasses and sugar in saucepan and bring to a full boil. Just before removing from heat, add a pinch of baking soda to make it light. Pour over slightly salted popcorn. Stir until well mixed. Cool until mixture can be handled. Wet hands with cold water, form mixture into balls, wrap balls in wax paper, and twist.

CAST OF CHARACTERS (MEMBERS OF THE CLAN)

Connie Riley (10-15 years old)

Bernard "Red" Riley (my brother)

Bernice Timpany Riley (my mother)

James Riley (my father)

Ma Timpany (Gramma or Jennie McConnell)

Pa Timpany (Grampa or Jim)

Uncle Clair Timpany

Aunt Edith Timpany Hooper

Uncle Fred Hooper

Aunt Doris Timpany Kinnear

Uncle Merrill Kinnear

Cynthia and Judith Kinnear

Great-Aunt Jessie McConnell Piper

Great-Uncle Fred Piper

WE WHILED AWAY THE HOURS



Connie and Red Riley

“Ally-ally-in-free!” On a warm summer’s evening, the call rang out through the South Main Street neighborhood.

A big gang of kids were hiding behind trees, in the tall grass, and various other secret places. This was one game that boys and girls of differing ages played together. I remember the Nelsons, Zarozinskis, Blakes, LeGrows, the Hawke brothers, Irma French, and Virginia LeClair. In addition to hide-and-seek, we played run-sheep-run, red rover, may I, and red light. Once in a while, some of us got really rambunctious and raided apple trees in the backyards of the Beitelspeackers and Quigleys. Miss Quigley was my piano teacher, so I always hoped she wouldn’t see that I was one of the marauders.

On summer afternoons, we often played croquet on my side lawn at 53 South Main Street. Teeny weeny golf became a fad in the ’30s. My brother Red and I felt fortunate when Dad bought the game for us to play in our yard. Even the grown-ups gave it a try, although the men usually preferred horseshoes. We were excited when a miniature golf course was built at Union Square. Dad worked at the nearby Boston & Maine Railroad yard office, so he watched the golf course being built. We were overjoyed that he was so enthused about the game because he promised to pay and play with us.

I had a few chores that earned me a little spending money. Both Red and I would throw wood into the cellar when a truckload came from the wood shop. I often took my dad’s lunch to him at the Boston & Maine yard office. I enjoyed that because I could spend time in the office using the various stamps they had for invoices. Also, near the depot was a large Mission-type chair that I climbed whenever I had the chance. It had been built by P. Derby & Co. in 1928, and these words were printed on it: “THE LARGEST CHAIR TOWN IN THE WORLD.”

I spent hours roller-skating up and down South Main Street. Our skates were metal and could be lengthened and widened to fit over our shoes. After they were

adjusted, they were tightened with a key, which we usually wore on a string around our necks. Girls did not wear jeans or slacks, and no one thought of kneepads. We just bled. My knees were a bloody or scabby mess for weeks on end.

"Can I have a turn, Connie? Please, can I ride your scooter?" the neighborhood kids begged.

Because scooters were quite rare, I was often the center of attention. Scooters are even more scarce today, so for those who have never seen one, they somewhat resemble a skateboard with a stick handle at the front.

We played jacks, marbles, hopscotch, jump rope, and a game with jackknives which I have since heard was called mumblety-peg. Many of these games were played in the schoolyard before school and at recess. In the first two grades, our teachers, Mrs. Bradshaw and Miss McCormick, would get us started on "Ring Around the Rosie," "The Farmer in the Dell," "London Bridge," or "Here We Go Round the Mulberry Bush."

Some of the rhymes I remember were for jumping rope, some for counting out, and others just for the fun of saying them. My favorite was

"I asked my mother for fifty cents
to see the elephant jump the fence.
He jumped so high,
He touched the sky,
And never came back till the Fourth of July."

Then, there was

"Sally over the water, Sally over the sea.
Sally catch a blackbird, but you can't catch me."

One saying for jumping rope was "Salt, mustard, vinegar, pepper." At the word *pepper*, the rope was turned faster and faster. Another was "R-A-T-T-L-E-S-N-A-K-E spells rattlesnake."

The following were some counting out sayings we used:

"My mother told me to tell you to be IT."
Also, "Eeny meeny miny, mo! Catch a feller by his toe!
If he hollers, let him go. Eeny, meeny, miny, mo!"
And then, "One for the money, two for the show.
Three to get ready, and four to GO!"

Other pastimes included climbing trees and lumber piles, going to the dump, and visiting the local blacksmith, Mr. Olds. Often, I could be found sitting in a

tree, munching on an apple and reading a book. Talk about living in the best of all possible worlds—the South Gardner Library was right across the street from my house! Mrs. Appleman ran the branch in the front room of her residence. My favorite books were the *Little Maid* series about girls who really took action during the Revolution and other historic periods. I didn't realize how unusual this type of literature was until much later when I surveyed school and story books. As coordinator of a women's center, I worked for women's equality in the 1970s and discovered that, in most books, girls were portrayed in passive roles while the boys climbed trees and were the active ones. In my preteen years, I also read all of my Uncle Clair's Horatio Alger books about boys who did things and became successes. Talk about mixed messages! I am happy that today's annual Horatio Alger Award was recently given to a successful woman, the poet Maya Angelou.

On Sundays, the funny papers in the *Boston Traveler* provided some laughs. There were the Gumps, Mutt and Jeff, the Katzenjammer Kids, Barney Google with his oogly-googly eyes, Little Orphan Annie who exclaimed, "Leapin' Lizards," and Harold Teen who had a car called Leapin' Lena. *Gasoline Alley* was a comic strip that had a long life, starting in the twenties and lasting well into the 1980s.

When I wanted a change from reading, I would sometimes wander down to the dump. There was a city dump between our land and Pew Brook. I spent many happy hours there, poking around in other people's trash. I had not a care about dirt or germs. Sometimes I would bring home some high-heeled shoes or a broken umbrella. My mother was horrified! It was on such occasions that she called me by my full name, Constance, as in, "Constance, how could you!"

It was always fun to watch Mr. Olds shoe a horse. I can still picture the open fire with its dancing flames, and I can almost hear the ringing sound of hammer on anvil. Mr. Olds welcomed us kids and made rings out of horseshoe nails for us. The blacksmith shop was between South Main and Travers Streets near a waterfall, which was also a fascinating spot to visit.

We also enjoyed playing cards and board games. Daddy played rummy with us occasionally, but mostly we kids played Old Maid, Go Fish, and Authors. I often fought off boredom by playing solitaire. The board games I remember were checkers and Parcheesi. Whew! Did my brother get mad when he didn't win. Temper! Temper!

At birthday parties, we played Pin the Tail on the Donkey; Button, Button, Who's Got the Button?; bean bag toss; musical chairs; forfeits; and had scavenger hunts. The summer after I completed first grade, my mother decided to become the hostess with the mostest and invited the whole elementary class to my birthday party. Those nasty boys took turns giving me birthday spankings and whacked me so hard that I vowed never to have another party. When I was eleven, I changed

my mind and had an all-girl celebration. We had a grown-up sit-down dinner, very elegant, at the dining room table. None of those rough-neck boys were invited.



A Neighborhood Birthday Party

*Back row: Jean Burrage,
Stella Syminouski, Ruth Carter,
Virginia Amidon, Connie Riley,
Marion Le Vasseur*

*Middle Row: Charlotte Carlson,
Eleanor Vincent, Ronald Burrage,
Paul Vincent*

*Front Row: Red Riley,
Paul O'Donnell, Wesley Amidon*

Can you imagine—no television? In the evening, the whole family gathered near the Zenith radio to hear the music of the *The A&P Gypsies* or to laugh at *Amos 'n' Andy*, *Fibber McGee and Molly*, *Jack Benny*, or the *Great Gildersleeve*. We also cheered on *Jack Armstrong, the All-American Boy*, and trembled at the frightening stories on *Inner Sanctum*.

Saturday night was always bath night when my brother and I were very small. Shiny clean and toweled dry by Mama, we would put on our Doctor Denton's with her help. (Doctor Denton's were warm winter pajamas with feet. They snapped up the front and had a drop seat in the back.) In New England, it seemed like we needed them most of the year to keep warm.

We would have an early supper at the kitchen table, close by the big black cooking and heating stove. We always had oyster broth for our Saturday meal. The bowls were filled with milk, which had buttery spots glistening throughout, a shake of black pepper on top, and a very few oysters. Westminster crackers always accompanied this delectable dish.

Daddy was working the night shift as clerk at the local railroad yard office, so it was just Red, Mom, me, and the radio. At five years of age, I loved to listen to Uncle Don. I think he was the Mr. Rogers of the 1920s. He sounded gentle, and he seemed friendly, almost twinkly. He played lilting little tunes on the piano and sang. It always seemed that he was singing directly to me.

Uncle Don had a sponsor—a toy company that made stuffed animals. He described the toys to his listeners and made them sound so lovable. A fluffy white kitten pulled at my heartstrings. I begged Mama for it. Our local department store, Goodnow Pearson's, sold the coveted brand of toys. Luckily, I had a birthday coming up, so I didn't have to wait too long for the marvelous kitten I craved. Uncle Don made another sale!

For ten cents, we could see movies like *Daddy Longlegs* with Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell, *A Dog of the Regiment* with Rin Tin Tin, cowboy movies with Tom Mix, musicals with Jeannette McDonald and Nelson Eddy, and horror films like *Frankenstein* with Boris Karloff. Almost every Saturday afternoon, we could be found at the Orpheum or Uptown Theaters. Mother and Aunt Doris took me to my first movie, *Gold Diggers*. Up until that time, movies had been in black and white, but for the first time, one of the musical numbers was in color. There were lots of gold costumes on the dancers, and the audience oohed and aahed. Almost always, there were two movies (double features), the news of the day, a short comic such as the *Keystone Kops*, and sometimes a serial adventure like *The Perils of Pauline*. We certainly got our money's worth. Occasionally, we squandered ten cents to ride to West Gardner Square on Flanagan's bus, but for the most part, we took shank's mare (an expression my grandparents used to describe walking.) It was approximately two miles from the village to the square, so we got plenty of exercise. In fact, my family didn't have an automobile until 1936, my freshman year in high school.

In those days, there were no school buses, so we walked to school. Classes were almost never called off because of snow. John Dubzinski, Rodney Sweet, and others from the Lovewell Street neighborhood came to Prospect School with their clothing cold and soaking wet. The teachers would have them put their outerwear on the radiators to dry. I only had a short walk and could even go home to dinner. That was lucky because we had our big meal at noon. Once, I froze the insides of my knees while walking to the high school on Elm Street. Ski suits were unheard of, and girls wore dresses with long stockings. I refused to wear those ugly heavy stockings and went to high school in ankle socks. For years afterwards, I was reminded of my rebellion because whenever I was exposed to the cold, my legs, near the knees, felt it first.

I loved to ice skate, so I spent many happy hours at Bent's pond. Little kids had double runners—metal skates with straps that were buckled on over boots. Older children had figure or hockey skates very much like those of today. Sometimes the roads were so icy that we could skate right down to the pond and back, about a half mile each way. My brother said he wore his skates from home even when the roads were bare because he did not want to freeze while changing at the pond. When we got old enough, it was a treat to go to Dunn's Pond, especially in the evening when there would be a bonfire to toast frozen fingers and noses. Another great adventure was to go to the Greenwood Pool where music played, and you might get asked to skate with a boy. Another excitement at all the ice skating places was crack-the-whip. A big group of kids lined up, each holding tightly to the one in front, and began to skate faster and faster. Those at the end of the line had the most thrills when a corner was

turned at a furious pace and we cracked the whip. Whoever couldn't hold on went flying!

Charles Street and the farther side of High Street were closed off to traffic during snow-sliding weather. Most of us had sleds that would hold one person lying down or two sitting up, but some kids had larger sleds. I remember one toboggan and one large double runner sled that could each hold at least eight of us. How privileged I felt to be invited to ride on one of those big ones. Sometimes we tobogganed from Kendall Street down through the fields to the ice on the Travers Street side of Bent's Pond. Another spot for sliding was from Summer Street across a hilly field down toward Pew Brook. I had my first and last experience on skis on that hill. The skis were made of wood with leather straps that went on over my buckled rubber galoshes. Even with the help of ski poles, I was totally inept. I stuck to skating. Of course, there were the usual snowball fights, making angels by lying in the snow, making snow forts and snowmen. We had a ready supply of coal for eyes, mouth, and buttons and could always dig up a carrot in the sand cellar for the nose. We had a delicious treat to eat when we poured maple syrup onto the snow.

I grew up during the Great Depression but never felt poor. Of course, Dad always had a job, but in later years, Mom told me that she really had to stretch the dollars to feed and clothe us. Even so, she shared with those who had less. I remember men coming to the door for a handout, and Mom would feed them on the back steps. However, there wasn't much money for toys, sports, and recreation.

Open house at the newly renovated South Gardner fire station was a momentous occasion. The whole family turned out to hear the speeches and tour the building. I got to slide down the pole. Another grand opening we attended was that of Moquin's Bakery. We watched bakers who wore white work clothes with aprons and tall chef's hats. They were mixing dough and baking bread in huge ovens. It was a treat to inhale that yeasty aroma. Indeed, life was simple but most enjoyable during my childhood in the village.

BAKED BEANS ON SATURDAY NIGHT

Grampa always said, "Don't plant your garden until after Memorial Day." Fifty years of experience told him that there could be a frost anytime before that date.

Our city of Gardner is in northern Massachusetts and high in the hills where, it seemed, winter hated to leave. By midsummer, we had a nice crop of radishes and Boston leaf lettuce, while a little later, along came the cucumbers, tomatoes, peas, string and shell beans, and eventually, the corn and potatoes. A few hours of weeding and a few minutes of shelling peas and beans was a fair trade for the wonderful meals my mother and grandmother concocted. In fact, the shelling and the husking of corn on the porch with Mom and Gram was often punctuated with laughter and conversation, a feeling of camaraderie.



Greenwood Memorial Swimming Pool, Gardner, Massachusetts

I fixed the lettuce myself the way I wanted it: drenched with cider vinegar and sprinkled generously with sugar. Cucumbers too were covered with vinegar, but topped with salt and pepper.

In addition to the garden, we had blackberries and raspberries, a cherry tree, and half a dozen apple trees. A big barrel in the sand cellar held the winter supply of apples. I remember that our Polish neighbors, the Wiktorskis, came every year to dig up horseradish roots, but our family never used any. The hottest relish we had was mustard pickle, made and stored in jars by Mom and Gramma.

Just a few steps from the back door was the henhouse with its bountiful supply of fresh eggs. In addition to having milk delivered to our door, we could also buy fish from a horse-drawn wagon that traveled down our street. Fish Morris did a thriving business, selling oysters, cod, and mackerel to South Gardner housewives. We had ice delivered to the house, too. When Mom put a card in the window,

telling how many pounds of ice she wanted, the iceman who worked for Kendall's brought the chunk. If it was a real hot day, he dripped all across the kitchen floor before he deposited his heavy load in the ice chest.

Dad loved to kid Mother. One of his favorite tales had to do with their honeymoon. They took the train from Gardner to New York City. Dad wanted to show her the city and took her to a fine restaurant.

"Well, Bernice," said the dashing James E. Riley to his beautiful bride, "what would you like to have for dinner tonight?"

True to her Yankee heritage, she responded, "It's Saturday night. I'll have baked beans, of course."

Dad couldn't get over it: not steak, not roast beef, not lobster, but baked beans. He would roll his eyes and shrug his shoulders as he told the story.

As I recall, the preparation of Boston baked beans began on Friday night when one pound of dried pea beans were put to soak overnight in cold water. Saturday morning, the beans were parboiled with about one quarter of a pound of salt pork until the beans were soft. Then the water was drained. Cold water was poured over the beans and then drained again. At midmorning, it was a special treat to eat a little saucedishful of parboiled beans with a dot of butter and a shake of salt and pepper. Next, the beans and the salt pork were put in a bean pot or large casserole. Then the following ingredients were added: 1 teaspoon salt, one quarter teaspoon ginger, one half teaspoon dry mustard, 4 tablespoons molasses, one-third cup brown sugar, and 1 good-sized onion on top. Add enough hot water so you can just see it when you tip the pot. Add more as needed. Bake 6 to 8 hours in a slow oven (250 degrees).

The house smelled so good on Saturdays—the rich, sweet odor of molasses blending with the yeasty aroma of home baked bread! My mother baked raisin buns for supper because we couldn't cut the bread until it was completely cooled. One time, I disobeyed orders. I wanted that freshly baked bread so much. When I tried to cut a slice, it all squashed down until it no longer looked like a loaf of bread. Uh-oh!

Revealing one of my favorite meals may also cause some eye-rolling. Sometimes the most ordinary thing seems perfection. One of my fondest memories of food concerns a dinner I had one summer day. A group of us kids from Bickford Playground walked almost two miles to the Greenwood Memorial Pool and, after a two-hour swimming session, walked back to South Gardner. I was ravenous from the morning's activities. Dinner was waiting when I arrived home. I'll never forget the great taste of creamed dried beef on boiled potatoes. This may be hard for many to believe because this dish has been so maligned, especially by those who had to eat it in the army. Nevertheless, my mother served a creamy, filling treat that was so satisfying the thought of it makes my mouth water, even now after over sixty years have passed.

My brother's favorite was a veal dish that seems to be unique to our family. Mom called it Fricassee of Veal. She stewed a good-sized piece of veal (three or four pounds, I think). She let it cool, sliced off pieces, and browned them in butter in a large frying pan. She made gravy from the pan drippings and popped some Westminster (round common) crackers into the oven until crispy and light brown. The gravy was poured over the meat and crackers and served with mashed potatoes and vegetables.

I remember the day that my childhood friend and Prospect School classmate Beverly Black stayed at my house for dinner. At first, she said, in answer to my invitation, "I don't like macaroni and cheese." We were having such a good time together that I finally convinced her to stay. She had to admit, after sampling Mom's macaroni and cheese, that it was pretty good after all. Later, we went to her house on Summer Street where I loved to view pictures with their stereopticon (the forerunner of the View-Master). After that, she walked me home, and then I walked her home.

Arm in arm we went, back and forth, back and forth—I don't know how many times, until Mrs. Black said, "Okay, girls, that's about enough for today."

Chicken à la king in pastry shells was a special company meal.

The following recipe serves 12:

- 1/2 c. margarine
- 1 can chicken rice soup
- 2/3 c. flour
- 4 tbsp. chopped cooked celery
- 1 1/2 tsp. salt
- 2 tbsp. green pepper
- 1/4 tsp. paprika
- 2 c. cooked chicken (cut up)
- 3 c. milk
- 4 oz. can button mushrooms

Melt margarine and add flour. Mix well. Add salt, paprika, and milk. Cook until thick creamy sauce forms. Add rest of ingredients and cook slowly, stirring frequently, until mixture is very thick. Serve in pastry shells. (Nowadays, you can buy frozen pastry shells at the market.) This recipe will fill 12 shells.

When Grampa cooked, it was a spectacular production! We gathered around to watch as he concocted seafood dishes. Everything was done with a flourish, and he never measured a thing. A special trip had been made to Brockelman's, the big market in West Gardner, to buy the most huge lobster available. Grampa threw

the live, writhing monster into boiling water in the largest pot in the house. My brother and I watched with fascination as the crustacean jumped around a little in the foaming water and gradually turned bright red. After cooling, the jumbo shellfish was dismembered. Because Grampa originally came from Digby, Nova Scotia, where lobsters were plentiful, he had long ago learned just how to open them up as neatly as a surgeon. Next, he cut up the meat into large chunks for salad. If there were red eggs and green tomalley, all the better. We learned that these were not to be thrown away, but were delicacies. Grampa, the master chef, added melted butter, a dash of vinegar, lemon juice, salt and pepper, along with a dollop of Mom's homemade mayonnaise. He tasted and added, tasted and added until he deemed the salad perfection. He served it on a bed of lettuce with slices of hard-boiled eggs sprinkled with paprika. Voila! Delicious!

Another dish he stirred up was called Hungry Buff. First, he browned small pieces of salt pork, adding onion slices until they softened and browned. This was combined with a mixture of mashed potatoes and codfish. Salt codfish had been soaked in cold water for several hours and then boiled before being added to the potatoes. This made a very appetizing, hearty meal.

Whew! I held my nose when I went past the pantry counter where Mother kept the sour milk. Like magic, she transformed this awful-smelling stuff into delectable blueberry muffins-or gems, as she called them. To make them, she mixed the following ingredients:

- 1/2 c. sugar
 - 2 c. flour
 - 1 tbsp. butter
 - 1/2 tsp. each of baking soda & salt
 - 1 egg
 - 1 tsp. baking powder
 - 1 c. sour milk
 - 1 c. blueberries
- Bake about 20 minutes at 400 degrees.



*"Magic Stewart" baseburner
like the Rileys had in their
1920-1930 living room
Illustration by Jan Adkins
from The Art and Ingenuity of the
Woodstove, Little Brown*

I was often in the doghouse when Mom made icebox cookies. I loved the dough as much as the baked cookies. When Mom's back was turned, I would go off with a gob of dough, which didn't make her very pleased with me, you can be sure.

Here's the recipe for icebox cookies:

(Did you notice that it's not refrigerator, but icebox cookies?)

1 c. light brown sugar
1/2 c. melted butter
1 egg well beaten
1 tsp. vanilla

Sift the following together three times and add to above mixture:

1 3/4 c. flour
1/2 tsp. salt
1/2 tsp. soda

Then add 3/4 c. chopped nuts.

Grease small cake pan and put mixture in, packing down hard. Put in icebox or refrigerator until hard and cold (overnight). Then turn out on molding board and slice off very thin. Bake in quick oven.

The wood and coal kitchen stoves did not give precise heat, so often, recipes referred to slow or quick ovens. I think 375 or 400 degrees would be right for this recipe.

My pal Dolly liked the marguerites my mother made. I have never seen them served elsewhere, although I have seen similar recipes in cookbooks. Here's Mom's recipe for marguerites:

1 c. confectioners' sugar
1 tsp. vanilla
whites of two eggs (beaten until you can turn bowl upside down without spilling contents)
Add 1 c. walnut meats.
Put on top of saltines and brown in oven, 350 degrees for 15 min.

Cream puffs were a special tidbit:

Boil together 1 cup hot water and 1/2 cup butter, and while stirring, stir in 1 cup flour.
Set to cool a little and stir in four eggs without beating them. Beat mixture well.

Drop by teaspoon on cookie sheet, not letting them touch.
Bake in quick oven, 450 degrees for 15 minutes.
Reduce heat to 350 degrees. Bake 1/2 hour more or until done.

Filling:

2 c. scalded milk
1 c. sugar
6 tbsp. flour
2 eggs (beaten)
Cook until thickened, then add 2 teaspoons vanilla.

One of my favorite things to eat was an apple, sometimes plain, sometimes with salt, or sliced and dipped in sugar or cinnamon and sugar. It was the perfect accompaniment to reading a book, which was my favorite pastime.

When we had eaten up all the sweets, there was always bread available. Bread with molasses, butter and sugar, sandwich spread, mayonnaise, and mustard as well as the standards of jam, jelly, peanut butter, and marshmallow. I tried them all.

The yearning for goodies sent my friend Dolly and me to the kitchen, often on Sunday afternoons. We made fudge and penuche. Sometimes we popped corn in the old-fashioned popper, which was a basket with a long handle that we pushed back and forth over the gas jets on our stove. We used salt and real butter on our popcorn. Mmm, mmm, good! Once we made taffy, and Aunt Doris helped us to pull it. What a sight it was to see us struggling with that taffy! Once was enough. We never tried again after that fiasco.

We used the Hershey's Cocoa recipe for fudge. Here it is:

3 c. sugar
1 1/2 c. milk
2/3 c. Hershey's Cocoa
1/4 c. butter or margarine
1/8 tsp. salt
1 tsp. vanilla extract

Butter 8- or 9-inch square pan. Set aside. In heavy 4-quart saucepan, combine sugar, cocoa, and salt. Stir in milk. Cook over medium heat, stirring constantly, until mixture comes to a full rolling boil. Boil without stirring to 234 degrees Fahrenheit (soft ball stage) or until syrup, when dropped into very cold water, forms a soft ball that flattens when removed from water. (Bulb of candy thermometer should not set on bottom of saucepan.) Remove from heat. Add butter and vanilla.

Do not stir. Cool at room temperature to 110 degrees Fahrenheit (lukewarm). Beat with wooden spoon until fudge thickens and loses some of its gloss. Quickly spread into prepared pan. Cool. Cut into squares. Makes about 3 dozen candies.

That rich, chocolatey, tantalizing smell, the sweet brown sugar odor of penuche, and the buttery aroma of popcorn were the perfumes we longed for.

PENUCHE (Makes about 1 pound):

1 (1 pound) box light brown sugar
3/4 c. milk
2 tbsp. butter or margarine
1 tsp. vanilla

Heat sugar, milk, and butter in a large heavy saucepan with a candy thermometer over moderate heat, stirring until sugar dissolves. Lower heat slightly and cook, uncovered, without stirring to 234 degrees Fahrenheit or until mixture forms a soft ball in cold water. Take off from heat, add vanilla. *Do not stir*, and cool to 110 degrees Fahrenheit. Beat until thick and no longer shiny. Pour into 8" x 8" x 2" pan, spreading to edges. Score in 1-inch squares and cool to room temperature. Cut into 1-inch squares.

Sometimes we added about two-thirds cup of chopped walnuts, or one heaping tablespoon peanut butter, or one heaping tablespoon Marshmallow Fluff, and sometimes we added all three to either the fudge or the penuche.

There was no McDonald's or Pizza Hut when we were growing up. I don't remember ever going to a restaurant until we had a car, which was not until my high school days. About that time, I recall Dad going to the Fairway on West Broadway where he bought french fries and fried clams to take home. When I was little, Daddy would take me to McKeough's drugstore at the depot. He would order a Moxie, and even though it tasted like medicine to me, I would always have one too. Most of my away-from-home eating purchases were penny candy. The minute we kids got a little cash, it was off to Olivari's Fruit Store to spend the money on licorice, Mary Jane's, Tootsie Rolls, root beer barrels, bubble gum, malted milk balls, and all-day suckers. Once in a while, we went into the Elizabeth Candy Store where chocolates and other fancy candies were sold by the pound. There were also little tables where ice cream sodas and sundaes (I think they were called college ices) were served. It seemed a little too genteel for us. We didn't feel quite comfortable there. Later on, when I was in high school,

Tony and Annie Kraskouskas ran the Broadway Soda Shop. My teenage friends and I went to the Gardner Merchants football games at Bickford Playground and delighted in piling into the Soda Shop afterward for hot chocolate topped with marshmallow. This was more my speed. I have fond memories of those autumn days.

GRAMPA'S LEGACY

"They're *not* going to spend the night in jail," declared Grampa. "Not in *my* city!" Instead, he brought the couple home for supper and later found them a free room for the night.

At age twelve, I was curious about the unexpected guests at the supper table. I was quite put out with Mom and Gramma because they didn't deviate from their planned menu but merely opened another can of Franco-American spaghetti. In the mid-'30s, in the depths of the Depression, our family had to scrimp and scrape to make ends meet. Still, I was mortified that they didn't have a fancier meal for company. Besides, I didn't much care for canned spaghetti.

The grown-ups told me very little about the husband and wife who were invited to supper except that they were stranded in Gardner without money for food or lodging. As I heard the story, they came to city hall for assistance, and someone suggested they be put up for the night in the jailhouse. That was when my grandfather spoke up and took them under his wing.

That same year, he rescued his nephew Bob, who had been staying at a state home for the indigent. At the time, I didn't know the circumstances of Bob's visit. Many years later, Aunt Doris informed me that my grandfather hired someone to drive him forty miles to pick up Bob and bring him to our home. Grampa took him in, fed him, and bought him new clothes.

It was difficult for Doris to accept her father's generosity toward Bob, who was flitting around the country sponging off his relatives, according to her view. She was working long hours at Grampa's hardware store. In addition, she had to take care of her house and cook meals for her husband. To Doris, Bob was a ne'er-do-well.

To me, he was charming. He was handsome! He was an artist! He had time for me. He talked to me.



*Grampa James Timpany
Mayor of Gardner 1933-37*

When you're twelve years old, it's unusual for a young man in his twenties to bother with you. Cousin Bob came from Philadelphia, which was pretty glamorous in itself. I had never known anyone from Philadelphia before. When he dropped in that summer, he entertained me with his stories and his drawings. Bob was an accomplished cartoonist. He was very clever with a pencil, a crayon, or a pen. He could whip up a funny portrait in a few seconds—just like magic.

When I learned the negative facts surrounding Bob's stay in South Gardner and Doris's low opinion of him, it was hard for me to let go of my romanticized view of this vagabond. Bob was a beatnik in the 1930s before the Beatnik Generation, a hippie before the drop-out era, a wanderer who was not interested in working. How disappointing to realize that this colorful Philadelphia bird was not only an artist but also probably a con artist.



Dad, James Riley, campaign manager for Mayor Timpany

Grampa knew what it was like to be low on funds. In fact, he was paid only \$1,500 a year as mayor. He was the first blue-collar worker to become mayor of the small Massachusetts city of Gardner. He never owned a car and took the bus to work every day. My Uncle Clair told about the icy, slippery day when Grampa tried to board the bus. Suddenly, the portly gentleman disappeared from view.

The bus driver called out, "Jim, Jim, where are you?"

In a muffled voice, Mayor James Timpany answered, "Here I am, under the bus."

In the beginning, he got involved in community affairs because the neighborhood children liked to play in his yard. Gramma needed some peace and quiet, so she spoke up about building a public playground in an appropriate place. Grampa worked with others in South Gardner Village to provide the children with a playground that had swings, teeters, a chute, sandbox, baseball field, and tennis courts. His neighbors admired his ability to get things done and encouraged him to run for office.

My dad was interested in politics at all levels. One Sunday when he had the day off from his job on the railroad, he sat by the parlor stove and listened to the radio.

He called my brother and me into the room, saying, "You listen to this, Connie and Bernard. This man may someday be president of the United States."

The man was Al Smith, governor of New York. Although he did not win the presidency, I can still remember the feeling that Dad was sharing something really grown-up and important with us.

Dad was always Jim Timpany's campaign manager, so there were meetings at the house to strategize and to write campaign ads. The air seemed to crackle with energy and enthusiasm. The famous "SNAKE IN THE GRASS" handbill was written at our dining room table.

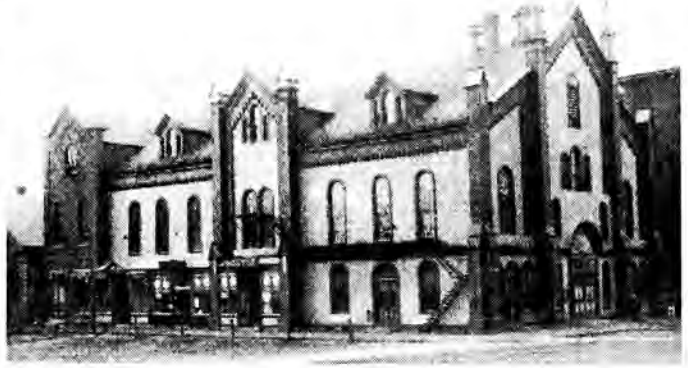
My grandfather's effort to be elected to town government was the age-old story of the upstart working man from the other side of the tracks who challenges the wealthy establishment. Grampa worked in one of Gardner's many chair factories, and my father, Jimmie Riley, worked for the Boston & Maine Railroad. Most of the elected city fathers were factory owners and their colleagues. The powerful often had friends in high places. Jim Timpany's followers believed the local newspaper was one of those places. Grampa hand-delivered a campaign ad to the editor, who agreed to print it the day before the election. To the consternation of the Timpany camp, the advertisement did not appear in the paper. What to do when there was only one newspaper in town?

The Timpany supporters' fury at the editor's betrayal blazed into action as they burned the midnight oil. They wrote a scathing condemnation of the snake in the grass, the dirty politics behind the editor's actions. Because of his connections with the powers that be, they believed that the editor prevented a candidate from getting his message to the people. Enough handbills were printed to reach all of Gardner's voters. Anyone who could drive, walk, or crawl was recruited to deliver them before the polls opened. Grampa won the selectman's race by a landslide.

A few years later, although still in grammar school, my brother Red and I ran our little legs off, delivering flyers for Grampa's race for mayor. We felt we were part of something big.

"Please, Daddy, what can I do? I want to help, please, Daddy," I begged my father on election day.

"All right, Connie," he replied. "You go with your Uncle Clair in his



Gardner, Massachusetts, Town Hall



Union Station, Gardner, Massachusetts

car. He's going to take old Mrs. Kendall to the polls. You go upstairs and help her down to the car."

He got me out of his hair, and off I went, delighted to be allowed on the Riley/Timpani bandwagon. I have memories of Dad, cigar in mouth, telephone in hand, yelling out the election returns as he received them from the city clerk's office. Whenever an election was lost, Grampa quietly drew the shades, and we went to bed early. It was not that he was a poor loser, but, as he used to say, that he didn't like to see the sad faces of his friends. When he won, Grampa's supporters drove a cavalcade of cars around town, honking out their joy! Red and I got to stay up until midnight to celebrate. It sure was great to be in on the action!

After three terms as mayor, Grampa retired. The little girl who helped voters to the polls grew up, graduated from high school, married during World War II, and had eight children. With so many to care for and so much work to do, I paid no attention to politics. When my mother-in-law came to live with the family, she would discuss the news of the day at the dinner table. I couldn't understand why she cared. I was only interested in the health and welfare of my family.



Parker and Central Streets in the 1940s

As the busy mother of a growing family, I shut the door on the world until one day, the outside world came knocking at my door. My oldest son decided to become a conscientious objector during the Vietnam War. I didn't know where Vietnam was or why young men were being asked to go there to kill or be killed. I began to listen, to study, to question, until I too decided it was wrong to fight that war. I joined with others to organize a peace group. We wrote letters to our legislators and letters to the editor, circulated petitions, held candlelight processions, and supported peace candidates for congress and the presidency. One day while driving voters to the polls, I realized that I had come full circle.

As a youngster, I had felt the thrill of being part of something big. The spark was still there! We had our failures but also a great success when we helped elect a peace candidate to congress. Father Robert Drinan served our cause well for several terms.

During the Vietnam era, I returned to college, and then to the workforce. I had intended to teach school. Instead, I found myself applying for human service jobs. Was it something deep within me, a subconscious pull that led me in this direction? In the 1980s, I worked for an antipoverty agency that supplied emergency food and shelter plus recreation programs for children. At the time, I wasn't aware that I was doing the same type of things that Grampa had done many years before.

Now, I see that it was Grampa's example that led me to realize that individuals can make a difference in the lives of those in need. His early influence also led me to believe that by working for competent, caring political candidates, people can elect a government that makes a difference. Grampa didn't leave much money when he died. Grampa's legacy was the wealth of enduring values.

MY SECOND HOME

It seems only yesterday that Dolly and I were in grammar school. We were the best of pals. She lived three houses up the street from me. Sometimes we roamed the fields and country roads together. Cooking lunch outdoors was one of our favorite things to do. We would start a little fire and cook raw, sliced potatoes in a frying pan with lots of butter until they were crisp and brown. Delicious! We called them German fried potatoes. In later years, when we both had children of our own, Dolly would comment on how free we had been to wander. Did only rich children like the Lindbergh baby get kidnapped in the 1920s and '30s? Were there no child beaters or rapists? Apparently, neither we kids nor our parents had any fears. Instead, my memories of that time include long summer days of laughter when Dolly and I often picked blueberries and wildflowers.

I loved to be at Dolly's house. The Blake house was my second home. There was always something going on there. Dolly had two older sisters, Estelle and Marion, and one older brother, Ed. In addition to the young people who all had their household chores, there were often many others working around the house. Mr. and Mrs. Blake often hired people to do the housecleaning, a woman to do the cooking, and someone to make and alter their clothes. Even though they were the hired help, they always seemed to be treated like part of the family. They all had time for a smile and a few words with Dolly and me. Also, Mr. Blake had many relatives who often visited. I had only one brother, so there was much less commotion at my house.

Everything was very dramatic with the Blakes. They did not have nosebleeds—they had hemorrhages! They didn't have headaches—they had migraines. Sometimes Dolly's two sisters would get in a fight over who was supposed to do the dishes. Wow! Such yelling and pulling of hair. Nothing that exciting ever happened at my house. When a thunderstorm came along, at my home we all tried to keep a stiff upper lip and pretend we were not scared. Not so with Mrs. Blake. She screamed, she cried, and she hid in the closet under the stairs and said her rosary beads. There was no pretending with Mrs. B. We all knew exactly how terrified she was.



*State Representative Fred Blake
and wife Ida*

The Blakes operated a laundry that was attached to the house. Sometimes Dolly and I went into the laundry looking for her mother, who often worked at one of the big ironers. She would have a towel wrapped around her head to soak up the sweat on her brow. The workers always put up with us and seemed glad to see us. Upstairs over the laundry, Dolly's brother had a pool table. We felt very privileged when we were allowed to play pool.

Mr. Blake was a state representative, so there were often people waiting in the parlor to seek his assistance. We knew this was private, so we were careful not to interfere. Occasionally, we were allowed to go into the parlor to use the player piano. Later, Dolly had a wonderful spinet piano. It was so much better than my out of tune old upright. I could have spent hours sitting there playing the popular music of the thirties. Dolly was very good at this. She even had a music teacher who came to her house.

I loved to eat and my mother was a good cook, but we never had such exotic food as the Blakes. They had venison and tripe, cooked by Mr. Blake. I also remember cookies that would melt in your mouth that were baked by Mrs. Johnson, the Swedish cook. When there were political gatherings with refreshments, Dolly and I were allowed to have some of the goodies. We were also permitted to hang around when Mr. and Mrs. Blake were getting ready to go out with friends. They often went to formal dances and parties, so there were ball gowns for the ladies and tuxes for the men. We kids admired their elegant outfits and thought it all very glamorous.

In the summer, Dolly and I would go bouncing off in the rattly old laundry truck with her father while he delivered clean linens to a nearby girls' camp. He always seemed jolly, and I liked it when he called me Irish. It was his special name for me. One day I got mad at Mrs. Blake and told her off. I wanted Dolly to come out and play with me, but her mother said she had work to do first. I guess I was spoiled because I didn't have many chores to do. I told Mrs. Blake that she should do her own work and let Dolly come out to play! Well, Dolly had to finish her tasks before she could play, but her mother never scolded me or held it against me for being such a fresh kid. What a lucky girl I was to be so welcome in that interesting household.

THE SOUTH GARDNER RASCALS

Our Gang made a comeback during the year 1994. Spanky, Alfalfa, Buckwheat, and the other Little Rascals appeared in a full-length motion picture. Back in the '30s, we used to see the *Our Gang* comedy in fifteen-minute short subjects at the movie theater. Later, in the '50s, my children watched reruns of those same films on television.

South Gardner had its own gang of rascals. No one remembers why, but they called themselves the Backwater Navy. Instead of Spanky, the ringleader was Red Riley. A gang of seven or eight boys used to gather in a small building, probably a tool shed, between Travers Printing and Dr. Heininger's on West Broadway. When the gang grew larger, they needed a bigger clubhouse. They moved from West Broadway to the Shack, which was in the backyard of 53 South Main Street and had once been home to Clair Timpany's chickens.

No girls were allowed in the Shack. I always wondered what mysterious things were going on in there. Recently, my brother Red told me that the gang gathered mostly to be together, sometimes to play cards, and often to plan sporting events. Except for school and playground activities, there were no organized sports programs in those days—no Little League, no Pop Warner Football, no gymnastics classes, no sports camps, and no city recreational director. The members of the Backwater Navy organized pickup teams to play games with kids from other Gardner neighborhoods. They cashed in milk bottles and also sold newspapers to Quality Pad on Summer Street so they could rent the gym at the Methodist Church to play basketball. It cost them twenty-five cents apiece. Some of



*Miss Grace Gearan's class of 1938 at the Prospect Street School
My brother Red Riley is the last boy on the right in the middle row.*

the gang members were Dick Heininger, Lungy Dernalowicz, Bob Tetzloff, the Olds twins, Earl Staveley, Paul Twine, and John Budwick.

Somehow, they got a potbellied stove installed in the Shack. They were not like the violent gangs we often hear about today. About the worst thing the Backwater Navy ever did was to steal scrap wood from S. K. Pierce's chair factory to keep the stove going. (Let's hope the statute of limitations has run out.)

The gang also spent many happy hours at Bickford Playground. There was lots of competition, and Red especially remembers baseball, boxing, and tennis. He also remembers Dad yanking him home for supper.

Earl Staveley moved into the neighborhood in 1937 when he and Red were about eleven years old. The two of them fought each other with their fists every day for two weeks. They must have been pretty evenly matched and as stubborn as two mules. Finally, after taking yet another pounding, they looked at each other's bloody faces and said, "What are we doing?" Thereupon, they became fast friends.

Earl and Red were the stars of the Prospect School basketball team. The championship game was approaching, and Prospect had high hopes of a victory. The two basketball aces were horsing around in manual training class, tossing Spit Whitney's magazine rack in the air like a basketball, when they accidentally broke the rack. Mr. Paul Waring, their woodworking teacher, turned them in to Miss Fernald, the principal. Coach Pauline Blouin pled their cause. It was no use. Miss Fernald had spoken. The verdict—no basketball for the culprits. The outcome—no championship for Prospect.

Every chance they got, the boys played sports. They played baseball in the schoolyard during recess and noon hour. One day, Tony Jurgelewicz hit a fly ball. It hit a teacher, Miss Doris Tappin, on the head. Tony laughed.

Miss Tappin hauled off and socked him in the head and said, "How does that feel?"

Tony replied, "Ouch! It hurts!"

One of the shenanigans that little rascal Red Riley pulled in grammar school involved grasshoppers. He would catch them, put them in a shoebox, punch breathing holes, tie a string around the box, and hide the box in the nearby cloak room. When the chance arose, he would pull the string so all the insects came hopping into the classroom. That made for much hilarity and excitement!

When Red started high school, his reputation had preceded him. On the first day, he climbed to the second floor, wondering where to go, what to do. He looked in through the panes of glass in a classroom door and saw some friends—John Budwick and Billy Carlson. He proceeded to make funny faces at them. The door opened, and there stood the teacher, Miss Sarah Clark.

Miss Clark said, "I've heard about you, Mr. Riley. I want to see you in my classroom after school. Your grandfather would not be pleased with you."

Grampa Timpany, as mayor of Gardner, hit the first golf ball at the Grand Opening of the Municipal Golf Course. Grampa was not a golfer, but he practiced in the backyard for a few weeks before the big event. Red shagged balls for his grandfather and saw that Gramps was not very good at hitting the ball. The big day came. State and federal officials attended. Mr. Redmond led the high school band. Our grandfather, Mayor James A. Timpany, hit the first ball right down the middle of the fairway.

The cry came out, "Hit another one, Jim."

Mayor Timpany declined. He said, "You've seen me at my best."

That was the last golf ball he ever hit.

Red also recalls that when Grampa was elected, a torchlight parade was held. The men ignited kerosene-soaked rags that were wrapped around the ends of long sticks and lighted the marchers' way during the celebration. They were accompanied by a band riding in a horse-drawn wagon. Mr. Twine, who was one of the musicians, fell out of the wagon and broke his shoulder. I wonder if the band was playing "There'll be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight"?

For years, I was envious of my brother, thinking that he had a bike and my parents never bought *me* one. Well, was I ever wrong. Recently, he told me that he *earned* the money for a bike, delivering the *Worcester Gazette*. How proud he was when he got his shiny J. C. Higgins from Sears. He had it about a week when a city truck backed over it at the playground and mangled it. The driver promised to pay for the bike but never did. So I've been jealous all these years for nothing.

Another job Red held was at the Burns and Vaughn diner, which was located in South Gardner Village at 15 East Broadway. I don't know when child labor laws went into effect, but I doubt if it was legal for him to work there. He was very young at the time, maybe twelve years old, when he started peeling potatoes in the cellar of the diner. Not long after, on a busy day, he was asked to pitch in, clearing tables, washing dishes. Eventually, he learned to be a short-order cook.

I don't remember Eva and Barbara at all, but Red does. They were the town horses, housed at the South Gardner Town Barn in the rear of the diner. They were driven by Charles Waterman and Eddie Reilly. Eddie belonged to a large extended Reilly family who lived in South Gardner also, but were not related to our Rileys as far as we knew. Probably the families descended from the same ancestor long ago in Ireland.

When there was a fire, Charley and Eddie would drive Eva and Barbara out of the barn. The men would back the horses into the fire station, where harnesses that were held in suspension would drop down onto the animals, and away they'd go. Snow plowing was also done by a horse with a wedge-shaped plow.

Herb Howe was part of the horsy crowd. When he met up with my father, he would say, "Here's Mr. Riley of whom they speak highly."

He was also known to say, "If this rain keeps up, it won't come down."

Red also chuckled over the way the barber Mr. Robichaud cautioned his customers, "Sit down more up in the chair."

Another colorful South Gardnerite was the proprietor of the South Gardner Hotel, Joe Blouin, who, it was rumored, had discovered gold on the Klondike. Joe was as famous for his French accent as he was for his clam chowder. At a gathering at the Fish and Gun Club, Joe ordered, "Ring da bell," and then he would yell out, "Dem dat's Society of Jean Baptiste, come get you clam. Dem dat's not, come anyway."

In those days, we did not realize that blackface in minstrel shows could be offensive to anyone. Once Red was in a minstrel show at the Baptist church. Mr. Fowler, who ran the drug store, was Mr. Bones.

He would say, "What keeps them hot air balloons up in the air?"

Red would answer, "What keeps you down?"

We loved to hang around the Boston & Maine Railroad yard office and tower where Dad worked. Red recalls that Mr. Warren Center pulled big levers to switch the tracks. Eventually, there was a modernized electronic switching system. Red was involved in a nightmarish incident on the second floor of the tower. When he picked up a hose that had been lying on the floor, someone on the first floor turned on the water. Can you imagine the scene? Water spraying all over the electronic switching system and a young boy trying his best to aim the water out the window. It was quite a while before things got back to normal.

When he was growing up, Red had a hero. John "Black Jack"

Reilly was the young man he admired. On the way back to Prospect School after noontime dinner, Red would stop and talk to Black Jack, who was waiting in the village square for his ride back to work at Heywood's. Black Jack, who lived on Summer Street, was a son of Tom and Mary (Flood) Reilly and a brother to



PITCHING ACE

George "Bucky" Reilly. Black Jack was a great athlete. He cared enough to spend time with the younger boy, and their talks forged a firm bond between them. My brother's hero and fellow South Gardnerite was killed in action in Belgium during World War II.

Red tagged along with a group of high school boys: Ed Blake, Eddie Tamulen, and Dab Dernalowicz. This all started when, one afternoon, the older boys invited Red into the Chair City Laundry, which was owned by Ed Blake's family. They led him over to three big wooden washing machines. They explained that there was an opening at the bottom of the washer where the rinse water went out. They knew there was also money that had fallen out of pockets and collected there. The plan was to lower the smaller boy into each washing machine so he could fish out the money while the teenagers slowly turned each machine by hand. Red also found other things like pens and purses—a treasure trove. He had a cloth bag to deposit everything in. If the older boys were not satisfied with the amount of coins, back into the washer went Red. Even though he was just a young kid, they always treated him well and gave him some of the swag.

Like all younger brothers, Red had a cross to bear—an older sibling. In his case, it was a sister: *me*. I must say, I didn't help the situation when I kidded him about how his ears stuck out and also teased him about his freckles. Dad would get in on the act also and tell my brother that there were several new freckles behind his ears. McKeough's Drugstore at the depot sold a product that was supposed to remove freckles, so Red begged Dad to buy it. Even though Red applied the salve faithfully, the freckles never went away.

Another change in appearance was desired by my brother. He wanted muscles like Popeye's. He would trudge up to Mel Austin's A&P to purchase cans of Popeye spinach. What's more, he would eat it. He was a believer!

I was taking piano lessons from Helen Quigley. Mother thought Red should have an opportunity to learn.

After Red took a couple of lessons, Miss Quigley called Mom and told her, "Bernice, save your money."

I think my brother was relieved, but he may have had mixed emotions. Not long after, when I was about to sit down on the piano stool, he pulled it out from under me. Ouch! It seems I can still feel the pain at the end of my spine. That kid was more than a pain in the neck.

My brother and I grew up together in South Gardner, in the same house. Sometimes, it seemed as though we lived in different worlds. An example of our contrasting views and reactions to events took place during the hurricane of '38.

Just beyond our backyard was a little, peaceful, bubbling brook where I often enjoyed watching the stream and the wildflowers that grew nearby. One day in 1938, the brook grew into a stranger, a monster, a roaring river. Swollen by days

and nights of driving rain, it covered a field, spilled over into our apple orchard and garden, and invaded our side and backyards. The familiar had become strange and scary. Our house was almost an island, partly surrounded by water and buffeted by hurricane-force winds. This was an unusual storm for our Central Massachusetts region.

My grandparents, Mom, and I were at home. Daddy was out in the storm, trying to locate Red and Ed Blake. Since the electricity and phone were not working, I do not know how we heard that the boys were out there somewhere on a raft. *What a couple of fools*, I thought. I'm sure they didn't look at it that way but were excited about the adventure of it. As time went on, the storm's intensity increased, with rain pelting the windows, wind whining through the doors and chimney, and tree branches snapping and crashing all around. We grew more concerned about those who didn't know enough to come in out of the rain, and about Dad, who was trying to rescue them.

Mom was so distraught she collapsed and was put to bed in an upstairs bedroom. The bed was beneath the largest tree in the yard. The tree branches were swaying, and it seemed to me in imminent danger of smashing through the roof. The whole house shivered and shook. I shivered and shook while I cried and pleaded with the grown-ups to move Mother. I was sure she would be killed if she remained there. Despite my fears, the tree did not fall, the boys were found, and Mom recovered.

On returning home, Red was amazed to see that the water in our cellar was almost up to the ceiling. Our large oil tank had pulled loose and was floating around the cellar. Uncle Clair's stamp collection was everywhere, with stamps stuck to cellar posts, ceiling, and all available surfaces. When the winds calmed down a little, one of the Zarozinski boys went out in a boat and rescued the Timpany chickens. What a sight to see those wet, bedraggled hens handed into the house through the pantry window.

One day, Red was really upset. He came home to find that those snooty girls had taken over the living room. The Sub-Deb Club was meeting at his house, and he had no use for this highfalutin crowd. Truth to tell, I was surprised to be asked to join as all the other members were from uptown. Living at that end of town usually meant having more money and being in the upper crust of Gardner society. I didn't know if I'd been asked because I was enrolled in the college course with most of these girls or whether it was because Grampa was mayor. Those were the days of highly publicized New York debutante balls. The *Ladies Home Journal* promoted sub-deb clubs, and at one point, we went to a statewide luncheon and get-together at Jordan Marsh's department store in Boston. Hoity-toity. This group of twittering style-conscious females was the last thing Red wanted to be around. He was thankful that he could meet at the Shack with those regular guys, the Backwater Navy.

THE OUTSIDER

There was an urgency to my thoughts. *Hurry, hurry. Can't miss Mass! Can't be late to church!* Through blazing sun, pouring rain, freezing cold and snow, we walked or ran about two miles to Sacred Heart Church on Cross Street.

There was no Catholic church in South Gardner or in Westminster either. I recall a family who drove in from Westminster one winter day. The daughter was a child of seven or eight. There were gasps from the congregation when she walked down the aisle in snowpants. Shocking!

Even though my Dad was the Catholic and Mom belonged to the Episcopal Church, she was the one who taught us our catechism and saw to it that our Sunday envelopes were filled. I remember one Sunday when I forgot to bring my offering. When the basket was passed, I was so humiliated I tried to make myself very small so no one would notice me. Another early memory was my total confusion of the choir loft with heaven. When the choir sang "Glory to God in the Highest," it all seemed so mysterious to me that I didn't dare turn around. Maybe God would be there, and I wasn't too sure He was friendly.

Many of my classmates attended the Baptist Church in South Gardner. Even my Episcopalian grandmother went to meetings of the Baptist Mission Circle because lots of her friends and neighbors belonged there. One spring afternoon, Mom allowed me to go to the celebration of Children's Sunday when my Baptist friends invited me to go along. *After all*, she must have told herself, *it's not a regular church service*. I thought the program was pretty neat. Flowering plants were distributed, and some children recited poems. When Dad found out about my visit to the Baptist church, he was furious! There was a whole lot of yelling going on, so I definitely got the message that I was to stay out of Protestant churches. The devil might get me, or at least, Dad would. I don't know whose wrath scared me more.

In those days, a mixed marriage could not be held in the church itself, but only in the rectory. The Protestant had to be instructed by the priest before the marriage and was obliged to bring up the children as Catholics. I always admired my mother for carrying out her responsibilities so honorably. It must have been difficult for her because we could never go to her church, but she would occasionally attend Mass with us. In later years, one of the first local meetings of the ecumenical movement was held at the Episcopal church. It was bittersweet.

For so long, I had wished I could go to my mother's church. Unfortunately, she was not there with me. She died before the barriers were breached.

I don't know why I wasn't sent to parochial school. Was it that, in my father's eyes, girls didn't matter that much? Anyway, my brother, who was younger than me, took the bus to Sacred Heart School. That didn't last very long. While getting off the bus from school one day, he was hit by a car. Although he was barely hurt, my parents had such a scare that traveling to school on a bus was over for Red. He attended Prospect School with me. This meant that we went to catechism class on Saturday morning. We were tested on our recollection of the rote answers to the questions in the catechism. It seemed very dry and boring. Once I caught a glimpse of the colorful pictures in a book of children's Bible stories that were read by Protestant children. This seemed very appealing to me, and I wondered why we couldn't have religious lessons like those.

Preparations for First Communion and Confirmation were held on weekdays after school. No matter how we hurried, we South Gardnerites were always late and subject to the scolding of the nuns.

Ash Wednesday brought stares from non-Catholics as they noticed the smudges on our foreheads and made comments like "Did you forget to wash your face?"

This often led to discussions of Lent, meatless meals, and giving up sweets or movies. It was a revelation to discover that Protestants were not obligated to follow the same rules as Catholics. Also, they usually wanted us to know they did not approve of praying to saints. My one visit to the Baptist church had disclosed to me that there were no ornamental altars, statues, or stations of the cross. From our conversations, I discovered that there were no fancy vestments, altar boys, rosary beads, incense, or Latin as we had in our Catholic services.

Dad didn't seem like an especially devout Catholic because he stood in the back of the church during Mass and also because we were never sure if he made his Easter duties. Catholics were required to go to Confession and Holy Communion at least once a year. This obligation had to take place during the Easter season. However, Dad and our catechism teachers expected us to receive the sacraments at least once a month.

Dad used to say, "Don't do as I do, do as I say."

Sometimes, especially on a hot summer Saturday, giving up an afternoon of swimming to go to Confession was a real sacrifice. Indeed, anytime I had to confess my sins was a trial. How many times did I disobey my parents? Did I lie or swear since my last confession? What else could a little girl be guilty of? I was always uneasy, wondering if I had left anything out and therefore committed another sin. Even while receiving Communion, which should have been a joyous occasion, I was plagued by worries. Would I stick my tongue out correctly? Would the Host stick to the roof of my mouth and give me difficulty in swallowing it?

I was sure that children who went to parochial school knew how to do all those things in the correct manner.

I got a shock one night while babysitting a neighbor's child. Being an incorrigible reader, I scanned through some of the books in the living room bookcase. I discovered that a Protestant author was issuing a warning to his readers to beware of a plot by Catholics for the pope to take over the governments of the world! Whew! I thought it was a wonder that these neighbors allowed a Catholic to take care of their child. I certainly had never heard of such a plot and hoped that not many people believed in such a thing. It reminded me that I had heard that the Ku Klux Klan burned a cross on Kendall Hill at one time. They were not only against Negroes and Jews, but also looked on Catholics as the enemy. One fallout from the cross burning was my father's extreme dislike of the people next door because of the man's statements approving of the Klan's actions. This made it difficult for me because I didn't want to stop playing with the daughter of that man. I felt pulled in two directions. I didn't want Dad's disapproval, but I wasn't ready to give up my playmate who, I felt, was not responsible for her father's opinions.

I think that my early feelings of being an outsider have helped me empathize with those who are not a part of the "in group." It provided me with the impetus to join an Ecumenical Living Room Dialogue group in the '70s to learn about different religious denominations and to get to know people of differing persuasions. Also, I participated in Consultations on Racism held by the Methodist Church, where I became more aware of the feelings of black Americans, who are often treated like outsiders in our predominantly white society. Another avenue I followed that has helped me to be open to people of varying philosophies and opinions was my involvement with the Great Books Reading and Discussion Program. I'm reminded of the saying "If you get a lemon, make lemonade." In that way, feeling like an outsider has enriched my life.

ON THE ROAD

Anyone who took a class trip or playground excursion on one of Flanagan's buses during the 1930s will remember that the ancient monsters almost always broke down. There we'd be by the side of the road waiting for another bus to lumber along to scoop us up and hopefully get us to our destination.

When Bickford Playground kids from South Gardner went on field trips, they were often joined by Ovila Case youngsters who lived in the area called Little Canada. Pulaski children were from the Polish Patch, Jackson youths from the uptown area, and Greenwood Playground kids lived in West Gardner neighborhoods. A favorite destination was Benson's Animal Farm in New Hampshire. We saw giraffes, zebras, monkeys, and many other fantastic animals. The first time I went, I was quite overcome by the beauty of the peacocks when they spread their colorful blue-and-green fanlike tails.

Whalom Park in Lunenburg was another place we loved to go. The Whip, merry-go-round, bumper cars, Fun House, skating rink, roller coaster—there was something for everyone. My most frightening experience at the amusement park was a ride on the roller coaster. As we neared the top of the highest incline, we realized that our car was slowing and would not reach the top! We plunged backward down the slope, then back up the first incline, and repeated this unusual ride until the car finally slowed to a stop. That was one escapade I could have lived without.

Boston was the big time. The boys in our eighth grade class decided it would be swell to go to the Braves baseball game in Boston for our class trip. Now, my Dad was a great baseball fan and listened to all the big league games on the radio. I thought the game was about as exciting as watching paint dry. Well, even those girls who weren't interested in baseball were so delighted to go to Bean Town that they resigned themselves to sitting through the game. We also went to the statehouse where we were met by State Rep. Fred Blake, who gave us the grand tour. He showed us his desk in the House of Representatives and the Sacred Cod hanging in that room. Some of us chanted,

"And this is good old Boston,
The home of the bean and the cod,
Where the Lodges talk to the Cabots
And the Cabots talk only to God."

I recall other trips to the big city, but I think I went as a passenger in someone's automobile. I remember that a highlight was attending the Metropolitan. This ornately decorated theater has been renamed the Wang. It had a massive concert organ and a beautiful blue ceiling filled with twinkling stars. We enjoyed the latest movies such as *The Gay Divorcee* with Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire or *It Happened One Night* starring Clark Gable and Claudette Colbert. Usually there was a stage show, often with big bands such as Kay Kyser and His Kollege of Musical Knowledge or Swing and Sway with Sammy Kaye.

South Gardner also provided a showcase at the Arcadia Ballroom for many nationally known dance bands. I attended the dances a few times with some girl friends, but I wasn't very talented at jitterbugging, so I felt quite awkward and uncomfortable. Most of the crowd who were a few years older, in their late teens and early twenties, seemed to be having a high old time dancing to Gene Krupa, Glen Miller, and other popular bands. Recently, I found the following ad in a 1935 edition of *The Gardner News*:

The Sensational Grey Castle Orchestra
Fourth Round, Inter-City Fox Trot Contest
Arcadia Ballroom
Admission, 50 cents

Down the road apiece, perhaps two or three miles, was another dance hall called Balalair. It was located on West Broadway near Hinds Pond. My memory of this ballroom is not very clear, but I do remember the two beaches on the pond. One was called Lit's and was owned by the Lithuanian Association, while on the other side was a public beach called Belair's, later to be owned by the PACC (Polish American Country Club.) Belair's had a raft that included a diving board. This beach was a popular spot for swimming, sunning, and chatting with friends.

A trip to Hampton Beach, New Hampshire, was a great excursion. One summer when I was in my teens, I was invited to spend a week there with four other Gardner High students. They had rented a cabin near the beach and needed one more person to share the expenses. I can still see, in my mind's eye, the dazzling crystal ball on the ceiling of the Hampton Ballroom. It's sparkling lights seemed to be winking at me. Thankfully, I can no longer feel the sunburn I suffered while I paced the floor all night after my first day on the sands.

Another summer, my family rented a camp at Lakewood in Westminster. My brother and I were overjoyed, but Dad was quite disheartened about the prospect of not being able to walk to a store to buy a cigar or to the neighborhood bar to buy a beer. It was before we had a car because I remember walking several miles to a hall in the center of Westminster to attend Mass.

Most of our early vacations were to visit Daddy's brothers. Uncle Bill was in charge of the office at the Brattleboro, Vermont, depot. We stayed at his apartment. Aunt Gen gave piano lessons and had a metronome that was fascinating to me. She was an excellent cook and had a candy jar full of candy-coated almonds. Uncle Jack and Uncle Bat were conductors on the New York, New Haven, and Hartford Railroad. Uncle Bat (short for Bartholomew) was very charming and resembled Barry Fitzgerald, the Irish movie actor. He would always slip a dollar bill into my hand. Uncle Bat was my favorite uncle.

Before dawn, we walked to Union Station in Gardner to take the milk train to Brattleboro. Dad would sing as we walked along, "It's so nice to get up in the morning, but it's nicer to stay in bed." The steam engine would come chugging into the Gardner depot, and we'd climb aboard. Streamlined diesel engines didn't appear until the late 1930s. I wrote the following letter to my friend, Virginia LeClair:

Brattleboro, Vermont
July 12, 1932

Dear Ginnie,

Having a good time. Wish you were here. My Dad, Red and I are on vacation in Brattleboro. That's where Daddy grew up. We are staying with Uncle Bill and Aunt Gen. Some days we go to visit Uncle Bill where he works in the office at the railroad station.

Sometimes Aunt Gen gives piano lessons in her apartment. She has a metronome!

Boy, does Aunt Gen have good food. She always has a dish of candy coated almonds in the parlor. Downtown at the drug store, I get yummy maple sugar candy. I'll bring you some.

See you next week. I hope I can come over and use your typewriter, if your father's feeling ok.

Affectionately yours,
Connie

Note: Virginia's father had been gassed during service overseas in World War I.

The only Riley brother who did not work on the railroad was Uncle Dan, who had a gristmill in Whateley, Massachusetts, and lived in North Hatfield next to his warehouse. Red and I always had a merry old time there, climbing all over the sacks of grain and flour.

By the time that the New York World's Fair was held in 1939, Dad had been driving only a few years. I don't know where he got the courage to drive my mother, brother, and myself to New York. Of course, he hadn't planned to drive through New York City. We had arranged to rent rooms at the house of a friend of a friend near Flushing Meadows, the site of the fair on the outskirts of the city. As we neared New York City, we all yelled at Dad, "Take the right! Take the right!"

"Now you tell me," was his exasperated reply as he drove on by, too far across the intersection to make the turn. His Irish was really up at this point, so we hardly dared say another word. However, Mom spotted a police officer and told Dad to stop for directions. Wouldn't you know, the cop had a thick Irish brogue. I remember how he rolled his *r*'s when he told Dad to drive down the "Grrrand Conccourrrse." Somehow, we country bumpkins found our way to our place of rest and eventually to the fairground.

The symbols for the '39-'40 fair were the Tylon, a needlelike tower, and the Perisphere, a two-hundred-foot globe. The exhibition was called "The World of Tomorrow." Focusing on science and industry, it introduced nylon, television, and home air conditioning to the world. There was a Futurama, a traveling sound chair that carried fairgoers into the exciting world of the future. The fairgrounds seemed like a large city where sixty nations had foreign pavilions and a court of states had such buildings as a full-sized copy of Independence Hall. Admission to the fair was fifty cents. Over 1,300 business firms were represented and many offered free samples (like Heinz soup and pickles), mementos, and movies. AT&T, which was the only national long distance telephone company at the time, offered free phone calls.

There were many ways to spend money, such as amusement park rides and special shows. Long lines of people waited to go on the Life Saver parachute jump. I was furious because I wasn't allowed to attend Billy Rose's Aquacade. The verdict pronounced by my parents was that it was too expensive, and anyway, we didn't have time. I'm afraid I did a lot of pouting during the remainder of our stay at the World's Fair.

A few years earlier, when I was thirteen and Red was nine, we took our only trip out of the country. Grampa Timpany wanted to go back to Canada to visit the old homestead and his sister Edith, who was the only family member still living there. He was born in Nova Scotia and came to Gardner as a young man of nineteen in 1888. In Gardner, he suffered from hay fever during the ragweed season, but his sneezing always stopped when he reached St. Mary's Bay near his birthplace. I was pleased to be invited along on the journey to Rossway. Mom, Dad, Gram, Grampa, Red, and I were chauffeured by Uncle Clair in his touring car as far as St. John, New Brunswick. I believe his automobile was either a Hudson or Packard with a canvas convertible roof.

We stayed along the way in a tourist home and also in tourist cabins. I presume you'd call them the forerunners of motels although they were quite spartan, having only the barest of necessities. We paused in Calais, Maine, to visit Perry's Nuthouse, a gift shop that sold all kinds of edible nuts as well as items made from nutshells. We thought the name of this establishment was a riot because of Fred Perry, a South Gardnerite who was a city councilor and later became mayor. He was such a colorful character that one of the local newspaper reporters called him the Stormy Petrel, so we giggled at the idea of a nuthouse called Perry's.

I was carsick a lot. My brother would point at me and tell my parents, "She's going to do it again." And I would.

Burma-Shave signs were spaced out down the roadway and kept us entertained. Here's a sample:

Every shaver
Now can snore
Six more minutes
Than before
By using
Burma-Shave

Each line was on a separate sign with quite a few yards in between, so it gave us something to look forward to. Here's another:

Does your husband
Misbehave
Grunt and grumble
Rant and rave
Shoot the brute
Some Burma-Shave

Uncle Clair delivered us to the Bay of Fundy waterfront where we said good-bye to him. We boarded the *Bluenose* ferry where we found our staterooms and bunks. We slept on the boat overnight and sailed for Digby in the morning, a three-hour cruise. After landing, we climbed aboard the mail truck that took us to our destination nine miles away in Rossway. Let me tell you, we were really out in the country. No car, no stores, no indoor plumbing, nothing exciting going on for a teenager. The cottage was in a beautiful spot at the end of Timpany Lane near the sparkling waters of St. Mary's Bay, where nearby cliffs were colored dark red. Being a bored, restless teen, I didn't really appreciate it at the time. About the only thing I enjoyed in the house was a windup Victrola. I can recall playing "The World is Waiting for the Sunrise" over and over again.

I met my cousin Virginia Timpany, who was about my age and was visiting from Philadelphia. It was interesting that she thought we must live back home on top of a hill in a big white house with pillars. Perhaps the mayor of Philadelphia lived in a mansion, but we lived in a very ordinary house that Grampa had renovated from a building that had served as a barn for the town horses.

One evening, we went to a hall where box lunches were auctioned off. Boys would bid on the lunches until the highest bidder would purchase the lunch and eat supper with the girl who brought it. I hadn't been informed of this quaint country ritual until we arrived at the meeting place.

Oh, Lordy, get me out of here, I thought.

I was lucky. No one bid on the new girl's box lunch, so I could eat with my family. What a relief!

I was also nervous about the student minister who boarded with Aunt Edith. He sort of followed me around and made eyes at me. *Deliver me from any passes from him,* I prayed.

Red had a wonderful vacation. The next-door neighbor, Farmer Banks, took him under his wing, rode him around in his oxcart, and let him be in charge of Penny the cow for the duration. My brother remembers that another farmer down the road had a sow that was so large she couldn't get up by herself. The farmer and his sons slid poles under the pig to turn her over. Another neighbor had a red fox farm. All this was fascinating to a nine-year-old boy, but was not my cup of tea.

One thing I did enjoy was Aunt Edith's cooking. One day, we walked a couple of miles down the road to Gulliver's Cove, where we waited for the fishing boats to come in. We purchased tinker mackerel that Aunt Edith coated with cornmeal and panfried. It was so fresh and sweet and, with that crispy coating, seemed the best fish I ever ate.

Besides the alleviation of his hay fever, Grampa had another pressing motive for taking the trip to Nova Scotia. When he was a boy, he heard many tales about pirates who buried treasure on the beaches of the coves and inlets of the region. In



Connie Riley stands behind the gravestone of her great-great-great-grandfather, Major Robert Timpany, in Digby, Nova Scotia, Canada. It reads: Sacred to the memory of Robert Timpany, a native of Newtownards, Ireland and Major of his Majesty's forces, who died Feb 10 1844 in this 102 year of his age.

later years, he repeatedly dreamt about pirates and treasure on the beach at St. Mary's Bay. Grampa hired some local men to help him dig for the treasure. We children were warned to stay away from the beach while this work was going on. It was all very hush-hush. As I recall, it was Gramma and Mom who didn't want us to know what was going on and who didn't want anything said back in Gardner about Grampa's project. I don't think they had faith in Grampa's dreams like he did. I know there was no treasure because we didn't suddenly become rich. I have a hazy memory of Grampa talking about leather straps or some such that led him to believe there had been treasure but someone had already dug it up.

We wended our way back from the land of my grandfather's birth to the land of my birth and childhood. I would be able to see Dolly, Ginnie, and my other friends again. I could go swimming at Belair's again. I could look forward to going to Gardner High School in September. I was happy to be back home. South Gardner was the place for me.

BREAK A LEG

I guess Dad inoculated me with theater fever. He was quite a habitué of Broadway musicals in his salad days. When I was little, he would pick me up and dance me around the room singing, "I'm forever blowing bubbles, pretty bubbles in the air."

Another song he often sang was "School days, school days, dear old golden rule days. Reading and writing and 'rithmetic, taught to the tune of a hickory stick."

When I was in second grade, Daddy took me to the Gardner Theater *at night* to attend a musical with real live actors. A touring company had come to town and acted on the stage of the theater where I usually saw cowboy movies. My mother was indisposed that evening, so Dad took me to the show instead. I was overjoyed to see my Brownie leader, Mrs. Hartshorn, there. I felt proud and privileged to be a part of this adult world. Later, I had mixed emotions when I realized there were no other children attending, and I was afraid that Mrs. Hartshorn might not approve.

I forgot all about any possible disapproval as I watched the glamorous actors dancing and singing on the stage.

"Let's all sing like the birdies sing. Tweet, tweet, tweet, tweet, twee."

For months, I reran in my mind the picture of that magical world, the twinkling beaded costumes, the gaily playing orchestra, the shining bright lights. I remember dreaming up original plays. In one of my imaginary productions,



Gardner High School, Gardner, Massachusetts

children were dressed as flowers. I rounded up some of the neighborhood kids and got them to act in my theatrical efforts. We pestered our parents for high-heeled shoes, fedoras, old clothes, and a blanket for the stage curtain. The only money I ever had was a few cents earned from doing chores, so the more elaborate costumes

remained only in my dreams. We dragged chairs into a large empty space under the Chair City Laundry, which was owned by my friend Dolly's family. We dragged

our parents and neighbors there to see us perform. Dolly and I made lemonade to serve the audience and teased our mothers into baking goodies for intermission. The promise of refreshments did wonders in attracting an audience.

I enjoyed reciting poems and acting in little holiday skits on the stage in grammar school until the fateful day that I overheard a teacher's comment.

Miss O'Neil said, "The rehearsal for the Memorial Day play went well, but I hope that on the day of the assembly, Connie will come dressed as a schoolchild, and not as a teacher."

What a blow! Didn't she realize that because of my early development I could no longer fit my budding figure into children's clothes? In those days, there was no such thing as preteen sizes. I was embarrassed enough about looking different from my classmates without hearing that remark. What a downer.

I got through the performance but retired from the stage until my high school French teacher convinced me to make another appearance. I was amazed that she wanted me to play a leading role in a play performed before an audience of nearly eight hundred students. I would be Madame Bal, and there would be only two other characters, Monsieur Bal and the maid. What was most amazing was the fact that the characters in this play spoke French! The two other students in the play, Francis Gingras and Estelle LeBlanc, had French Canadian backgrounds, but the only French I knew had been learned in Miss Chaffee's class, and I was always unsure of my pronunciation. Well, apparently, she was happy with it. I would try!

Madame Bal was very temperamental, so she was an actress's dream. There was a great deal of dramatics involved, with a lot of shouting and arm waving. Emoting! Histrionics! Hamming it up! All these come to mind when acting the part of Madame Bal. Okay, she was supposed to be amusing, but uproariously funny, no! Why were there gales of laughter when Madame Bal spoke? I told myself it must be my lack of a French accent. The majority of students spoke French at home, and they must think the way I spoke the language was hilarious.

Miss Chaffee! How could you do this to me? I thought.

Again and again, waves of laughter hit me. Remembering Miss O'Neil's comments on my clothes, I wondered if that was it. Perhaps I was a little too bosomy to be wearing a strapless evening gown. Was that what was so funny?

When the assembly was over, I wanted to go hide somewhere. I was surprised when students and teachers congratulated me. However, some of them were still laughing.

"The couch. The couch!" they said, screaming with laughter.

"What are you talking about?" I responded with an icy stare.

"Oh, oh, every time you sat down on the couch, all the stuffing started to come out the bottom, the couch sagged, and we thought it was going to collapse. Ha ha ha! It looked soooo funny."

If I had been one of the Three Stooges or even Martha Raye, I would have appreciated their hilarity. Unfortunately, my teenage self-consciousness led me to believe that they thought my weight had something to do with the sagging couch. I retired from the stage for the second time.

I still have the fever, and whenever I can afford it, I attend the theater to immerse myself in that world of magic, but so far, I've stayed on the audience side of the footlights.

THE VIEW FROM THE SODA FOUNTAIN

During the early 1940s, my friend Verna Simmons and I worked on the soda fountain at the Whelan Drug in West Gardner. It seemed more like Whelan Club than Whelan Drug because there were quite a few regulars who stopped in every day. There were lots of Finns and Swedes who greeted us with "Is the coffee fresh?" Some that I remember were Mr. Maki, owner and photographer at the Gardner Artist Studio; Weary Nyman, photographer; Emil Ekblad; Dr. Laakso, a dentist; and Dr. Tiihonen, an optometrist. We had to provide them with cube sugar that they placed in their mouths while they drank our fresh coffee.

One of the daily visitors was an elderly gentleman who was shy and retiring. He was teased by one of the drugstore clerks who was a terrible cutup. He hung signs on the man's back such as "Kick Me" and "Piano Lessons, Fifty Cents." The clerk also prevailed on Albert, another regular, to sing "You Are My Sunshine, My Only Sunshine" to Verna and me. With the clerk, it was anything for a laugh, but it was really mean because Albert was retarded. Albert cleaned and polished cars for a living and was very proud of his work.

Dr. Grant, a dentist whose office was across the street, was a widower who ate most of his meals at Whelan's. He often supplied his own exotic meat, such as buffalo, to be cooked for him. Because meat was rationed during World War II, the Whelan staff always wondered if he was able to get such unusual fare with ration stamps or if he bought it on the black market.

Frequently, a flock of telephone operators would alight on the fountain stools. In colorful, stylish clothes, they chattered gaily while on their fifteen-minute coffee break. Then, as swiftly as they came, they hastily flew back to the switchboard.



*Verna Simmons and Everett Rich
were married Dec. 26, 1942
in Lyme, New Hampshire*

There were a couple of young men who joined the club and had a lasting impact on the lives of Verna and me. Verna was dating a young man named Paul. He occasionally dropped in to see her at the pharmacy. One day, he brought his friend Terry. My first impression of Terry was negative. I remember that I didn't like it that he was smoking a cigar, although why it bothered me I'll never know, since my father smoked cigars constantly. Even so, Verna convinced me to double-date. When Verna and Paul went dancing, I went along with Terry. That was the beginning of a long romance, a marriage of twenty-seven years and the raising of eight children.

Verna met her husband-to-be at the Whelan Drug also. He was not a regular customer. He was a soldier who was on the way from Fort Devens in Massachusetts to his home in New Hampshire. He needed a break and stopped in to Whelan's for a coke. The next week, Mr. Giddings, the store manager, told Verna that he had received a letter from a soldier who had lost a pair of gloves. This young



man wondered if the soda fountain worker had found his gloves. He described the clerk who waited on him. There was no doubt from the description that it was Verna. She wrote to tell Everett Rich that she did not find his gloves. They corresponded. They dated. They married. In 1992, their two sons and three grandchildren helped Verna and Everett celebrate their golden anniversary. Sometime during the intervening years, the groom told his bride that he made up the story about losing his gloves because he wanted to see her again.

*Verna and Everett Rich celebrating
their 50th anniversary, Sept. 27, 1992*

NUMBER, PLEASE

In 1940 when I graduated from high school, there were only two substantial scholarships awarded: one to the top ranking female and one to the top ranking male. Even though my grades were good, I did not qualify, and there was no guidance to direct students to apply directly to colleges or other sources for tuition money. Disappointed that my family could not afford to send me away to school, I commuted to Fitchburg State College. I found the required courses to be the same subjects we studied in high school. Freshmen were not even allowed to study psychology.

I was bored and wanted the challenge of something new and different. I went to work as a telephone operator and was delighted to become a full-time wage earner. My first paycheck amounted to \$12. I was one of Rose's Clothing Store's best customers. I also spent plenty of money at shoe stores. Sneakers, except for boys, were unheard of, and I bought mostly baby doll pumps. They had rounded toes and spike heels. I had them in every color I could find. We certainly didn't go for comfort; a tight girdle was a requisite. The girdle had garters to hold up our silk or nylon stockings before panty hose were invented. I paid Mom \$2 for board, often borrowing it back before the week was over. Soon after, when World War II was underway, our salaries doubled.

It was the days of "Number, please." There were no dial phones until later. The operators, who were all women, sat on high stools in front of the switchboard that would light up when a customer picked up a phone. With one long cord, we plugged into the hole that corresponded to the light. After finding the number being called, the operator inserted the paired cord, pressing a button to ring the number. When a party made an out-of-town call, we plugged into the appropriate circuit and rang manually by pulling a key (a small lever) toward us. For instance, if calling a small town in Illinois, we would call our local rate-and-route operator and follow her instructions on how to proceed. In this case, the long distance operator would ring in on a Boston circuit, ask for the RX operator, then ask for Chicago, and finally, ask the Chicago operator for the small town and give the number to the small town operator. This operation required a total of twelve cords, so you see how high the chances were of one of the operators taking a connection down, thus cutting off the caller from the called.

One extraordinary day in 1945, the switchboard at the Gardner office lit up like a Christmas tree. We operators struggled to answer the flood of calls that surged in front of our eyes.

"What happened?" we wondered.

It seemed as though everyone in town had picked up the phone at the exact same time. At last, an operator answered a caller who was an acquaintance and heard the heartbroken announcement, "The President died. FDR is gone!"

For many of us, it seemed that Franklin Delano Roosevelt had been president our whole lives. He had lifted us out of the Depression and guided us through the dark days of World War II. FDR died April 12, 1945, only a short time before Germany surrendered on May 7.

V-J Day was another busy time at the switchboard. On August 15, 1945, the board lit up again as news spread that the Japanese had surrendered. When I left work at nine that evening, West Gardner Square was mobbed with jubilant people, shouting, laughing, crying, hugging, kissing, celebrating the victory.

KIDS, KIDS, AND MORE KIDS: RILEY AND LAROCHE FAMILIES



*Wedding photo of Henry "Terry" LaRoche and
Connie Riley LaRoche, July 1, 1944*

In 1944, I married Henry "Terry" LaRoche. His family lived on Park Street in Little Canada. The family of Eleusippe Laroche arrived in the Gardner region in 1867 from Canada. Eleusippe and Louise Nault had married on August 10, 1852, in St. Christophe d'Arthabaska. Terry's ancestor, Michel Rognon dit Laroche, who was born about 1637, came to Canada from France in 1665 as a soldier of the king.

According to Roger Casavant of the American-Canadian Genealogical Society:

A 'dit' name . . . was an extension to an existing name and became part and parcel of the original base name . . . [In the late 1500's] . . . 'dit' names became very popular in France. Families of 14, 16, and 18 children were not uncommon. Those large families produced enormous numbers of duplication of names. For the authorities it created a problem of proper identification, too many people with the same first and last names. Such people as judges, priests and others in authority had to know definitely whom they were dealing with, and this is when 'dit' names came into common usage . . . The custom of the use of 'dit' names . . . was carried into Canada.

The military who went to Canada were encouraged to stay to support the new colony. In order to foster the settlement's growth, the king of France recruited several

hundred women and gave each of them a dowry to become a Canadian wife. They were called *Les Filles du Roi* (Daughters of the King) and were accompanied by Ursuline nuns and lay female chaperones when they crossed the Atlantic. Michel Rognon dit Laroche married Marguerite Lamain, formerly of Rouen, on September 14, 1670, in Quebec.

Terry's father, Albert, was born in 1872 in Winchendon according to his marriage certificate. He married Marie (Mary) Richard on May 18, 1897. She was born in St. Marie de Kent, New Brunswick, in 1879. As a young girl of eight, she came to Gardner with her parents, Agnes Savoie and Isaie Richard, who had married in Bouctouche, New Brunswick, on September 8, 1878. Terry had two older sisters, Irene, who married William Anderson, and Yvette, whose husband was Harold Parkhurst. He also had four older brothers, Clifford, Alton, Harold, and Lester. Their father was called Stony and was a chairmaker who worked at Heywood-Wakefield all his life. The family owned their house on Park Street.

After our wedding, I accompanied Terry to Brooklyn, New York, where he was stationed at the Navy Yard. I worked at the telephone company long lines department in Manhattan. When my husband was shipped out several months later, I returned to my folks' home in South Gardner and my old job. My brother enlisted in the air force in 1944 before he finished high school. About this time, Mom went to work, I think mainly to keep her mind off the danger my brother was in, flying in a B-24 in the South Pacific. She was able to walk to work at the nearby Godfrey Co. on South Main Street. The leather company had stopped making horses' harnesses long before and was manufacturing Princess wallets. Both men came safely home, although the family spent many sleepless nights worrying about them. Mom and Dad were happy to have their boy home, and they were overjoyed when Red decided to finish his high school education at Cushing Academy in Ashburnham.



Ted Williams sitting on the 13-foot high, 750 pound Heywood-Wakefield chair on Gardner Day at Fenway Park, August 25, 1946

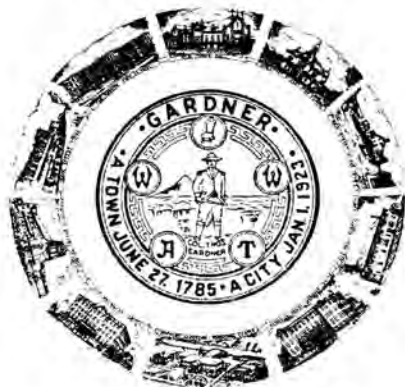
On Saturday, August 19, 1946, Gardner held a Welcome Home parade. *The Gardner News* reported that fifteen thousand spectators witnessed hundreds of marching veterans, gaily decorated floats, scores of pieces of modern army equipment, martial music from a number of bands, and Latin music from a steel band brought in from Trinidad by the Simplex Time Recorder Co. A three-day bash of entertainment and feasting was held in the city. Some veterans circulated a petition asking that the money to be spent on the celebration be used instead for a recreational center. The Gardner City Council decided to go ahead with the festivities, but told the veterans that they would also have their recreation facility at a later date. Unfortunately, the city fathers did not follow up on the request.

On August 25th, a few days after the veterans' homecoming parade, another spectacular event took place as hundreds of Gardnerites traveled fifty miles to Boston to root for the Red Sox during Gardner Day at Fenway Park. Preparations had been underway for many months in Gardner, the Chair City of the World. Furniture factories and baby and doll carriage shops had worked long hours on gifts for the players. A Heywood-Wakefield chair measuring 13 feet high and weighing 750 pounds was moved to the field on a flatbed truck. The Gardner High School Band played during the ceremonies as the players received their gifts. *Life* magazine took a photo of Ted Williams sitting on the big chair

holding a six-foot bat. Another twelve-foot bat, leaning against the chair, was made from a telephone pole by Gardner's Andersson Woodturning Company. The big bat is at the National Baseball Library, Cooperstown, New York. The photo is also on display at the Cooperstown Baseball Library. Fifty years later, I wrote an article about Gardner Day that was published in *Yankee Magazine's* "Collector's Issue of 20th Century Memories," June 1999.

In 1947, Cyrille LeBlanc, chief of police and chairman of Selective Service, District 70, and Col. Thomas Flynn, CMP (Reserve), published a book entitled *A History of World War II*. Each Gardner serviceman or woman is listed

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with vital statistics, service record, and photograph when made available. In the "Introduction," the authors inform their readers that 2,700 Gardner men and women were enrolled in the armed forces. That was 13.5 percent of the city's total population. Some of the returning veterans took time off, gradually getting used to civilian life while enrolled in the Fifty-two Twenty Club. The government allotted \$20 per month for fifty-two weeks to those who were unemployed. In Gardner, about forty veterans took a postgraduate (PG) course at the high school. Others took advantage of the GI Bill in order to go to college with Uncle Sam footing the bill for tuition, books, and \$75 per month for living expenses.

Terry went to work at Heywood-Wakefield for a few months before securing a position selling furniture at Goodnow Pearson's Department Store. Kathleen was born on February 2, 1946, while we lived with my parents and grandmother. Shortly after, we moved to East Broadway, upstairs over Mel Austin's A & P grocery store. There were distinctive odors in grocery stores in those days: the vinegary scent of the pickle barrel, the wonderful aroma of the coffee grinder, and the rich smell coming from the bulk peanut butter container. A potato was placed on the spout of the kerosene can, so you couldn't detect that pungent odor as much.

In those days, we were waited on by a grocery clerk who wore a white apron. We could tell the clerk what we wanted or we could just hand over the list and everything would be brought to us. Anything on a high shelf was taken down by a long stick that grasped the article. Meat packages were tied with white string that was dispensed from a large cone of string, and the rest of the groceries were packed in brown paper bags. It was also possible to call the grocer on the telephone, have the order put up, and pick it up later or have it delivered. The order could be put on the tab, which was another way of saying "Charge it."

During the war, sugar, butter, cheese, coffee, and meat were among the items that were rationed, and people were issued a certain amount of coupons depending on the size of their family. During and even after the war, many household items were not available because Rosie the Riveter and the other factory workers had been making products for the war effort. We had to settle for an ice chest in our apartment. Some months later, we were able to purchase a washing machine that spun the clothes in an attached tub instead of wringing them. There was no such thing as a clothes dryer. I hung the washing out of doors on a clothesline with wooden clothespins. In an era when there were no disposable diapers, I had lots of laundry. Many times in winter, the skin on my fingers cracked open and bled. One end of my clothesline was on a balcony at the rear of the apartment. The other end of the pulley was attached to a telephone pole many yards away. One day, soon after he returned home from the service, my brother came to visit me. I complained to him that the clothesline had come off the pulley and asked him to climb the pole to put the line back on.

Red said, "Oh no, I can't do that. I'm afraid of heights."

That was quite exasperating, albeit amusing. Red had been flying around the South Pacific in a B-24. Afraid of heights indeed!



Connie Riley LaRoche, Kathleen LaRoche, Bernice Timpany Riley, and Jennie McConnell Timpany in 1948

Following his discharge from the air force and graduation from Cushing Academy, Red attended Suffolk University. He married Martha Siebert and went to work at the family business, O. W. Siebert Co., manufacturers of baby carriages. Later, he was plant manager of Heywood-Wakefield Co., and then personnel manager at Nichols & Stone. He and Martha had five children—Gail, a Gardner elementary school teacher; Mark, a former ski instructor who manages Security at Snowbird in

Utah; Ann, once the assistant director of a Fitchburg social service agency and now an emergency room technician at UMass Medical Center; Beth, who was tragically killed by a car while still in grade school; and Jane, a UMass/Amherst lab supervisor after a number of years as a technician at Athol Memorial Hospital.

Back in 1946, the LaRoche's first apartment on East Broadway was across the street from the drugstore. It was still called Fowler's Pharmacy but was run by Leroy and Gladys Giddings. Patent medicines such as Lydia Pinkham's and Carter's Little Liver Pills were displayed, while packets of medications were stored in little drawers. Money was also kept in a drawer behind the counter. Flypaper hung from the ceiling, and there was a glass-covered showcase for cigars, including the 7-20-4 brand my father smoked. Trusses were sold with fittings done in the back room by Mr. Giddings. The U.S. Post Office for South Gardner, Station A, was also operated out of the drug store by the Giddingses.

It was difficult living in an upstairs apartment without a yard where children could play. I spent many an afternoon outdoors at my parents' with Kathy, and two years later, we were joined by baby Jim. Grampa Timpany died in 1942, before I was married, but Gramma Timpany lived until 1948 and enjoyed having the children come to call. Kathy was a very good baby. I had a *Better Homes and Garden Baby Book* that told me what to do, when to wean the baby, what to feed her, how to schedule everything. I followed it, and Kathy went right along with it with no problem. Jimmie was a different matter. He was a colicky baby, definitely in pain, crying after every bottle. We tried different formulas. He would drink them down and then throw them up. The doctor didn't know

what to advise, but a friend had a similar experience with her baby and said, "Just feed him again."

Sure enough, it worked. When Jimmie was a little older, his allergies showed up in hay fever-like symptoms and eczema. At the same time I was struggling with a two-year-old and a baby, I began to feel sick myself. One day, I managed to call Mom before I threw myself on the bed, where I lay prostrate with spasms of agonizing pain. I thought I was going to die. It was much worse than labor pains. The attack subsided after a few hours, but I was in poor health for several years until it was discovered that I had gallstones and my gall bladder was removed.

The apartment was becoming pretty crowded, so Mom and Dad took pity on us and invited us back to South Main Street. They modernized the upstairs into an apartment for themselves and rented the downstairs plus one upstairs bedroom to our growing family. Shortly after the move, Tommy was born, and three years later, David arrived. In between those two events, we gained an additional family member: Grandma LaRoche came to live with us. My children were so lucky to have two doting grandmothers and one devoted grandfather living in the house with them. Kathy remembers that Gramma Riley sat on the stairs and read stories to her. Grandma LaRoche enjoyed all the kids, but David, who was born shortly after she came to stay with us, was her baby. She held him, talked to him, played with him. Grandpa liked to take his grandchildren to walk, either pushing them in the carriage or taking them by the hand. When they were old enough, he always had a candy bar in his pocket for each child.

After Dave was born, in 1952, we had our first television set (black-and-white, of course.) I had always considered my mother to be such a lady, and Mrs. LaRoche seemed quite genteel, so I was amazed to discover them to be rabid wrestling fans. We also

watched Jackie Gleason in *The Honeymooners*, *Ozzie and Harriet*, *Father Knows Best*, *Leave it to Beaver*, Loretta Young, Perry Como, and Dinah Shore.

When Dave was still sleeping in a crib, he woke early one morning and discovered how to climb out of his bed. He had quite an adventure. I awoke to find his crib empty and the pantry door closed. On opening the door, I found that he had also learned to climb onto the pantry counter. He had opened every package and box he could get his hands on: chocolate pudding mix, sugar, cinnamon,



*Timpany Plaza on Timpany Boulevard,
Gardner, Massachusetts*

flour, you name it—they were all over the counter and the floor. Also, bright red was splashed everywhere! Thinking that he had reached the knife rack and cut himself with a sharp knife, I was scared. The red liquid turned out to be food coloring. I was so relieved I couldn't even scold him. Mom came downstairs and surveyed the disaster. She saved the day.

She told me, "Connie, you take care of the children, and I'll take care of this mess." Good old Mom. I sure appreciated her that day.

By this time, Kathy had graduated from Mrs. Young's kindergarten and Jim was attending, thanks to my mother paying their way. Kathy took the bus to Sacred Heart School, and her siblings followed her there every couple of years. Kathy remembers the first-grade rhythm band and that she was stuck with the sticks. In 1952, she had measles and recalls that Eisenhower was elected president at that time. Her Aunt Martha gave her the books *The Wonderful Fashion Doll* and *McCall's Make-It Book*. Also at that time, she had a Betsy Wetsy doll and she liked to play Old Maid and the Candyland game.

Kathy recalls the freedom she had to play and to run around the neighborhood. She decorated the shack in the backyard, trying to make it into an ideal playhouse. She also enjoyed going into people's houses. There were a number of older people who welcomed her. Mrs. Frye played Monopoly with her. The Olds family who lived next door were always happy to see her, and she could listen to Mrs. Olds's Cornish accent. Mrs. Blaisdell's was the best place to go on Halloween. She had doughnuts on strings and apples in a tub.

Mrs. Appleman across the street had Fiestaware, and Kathy loved the many bright colors. Mrs. Appleman's granddaughter, Sandra Murdock, had the largest size box of Crayola crayons with silver, gold, magenta, sienna, and many shades of blue—so luxurious! Kathy was allowed to use them to color in Sandra's bird coloring books. Mrs. Appleman had the South Gardner branch of the Heywood Library in the front room of her house. Kathy remembers an orange-covered biography series that included George Washington Carver; she was very impressed that he was a man who could knit and sew.

Because Kathy was taking out the maximum number of library books, returning them, and coming back for more several times a day, Mrs. Appleman became exasperated and said, "From now on, you can only come in here once a day."

Sandra lived in Westminster and sometimes invited Kathy there to go to a puppet show or to the doll carriage parade. Kathy's South Main Street friends were Cheryl Lison, Ernest King, and Judy Binnall. Kathy remembers that she had to bring a sit-upon to Brownie Day Camp at Dunn's park where she sang "Climbing Jacob's Ladder" and ate Some-mores. To make that delicious confection, the Brownies toasted marshmallows over the campfire, then put them on top of pieces of Hershey bars placed on Graham crackers. The leaders told the girls to

"Eat it and repeat it," although they really needed no urging to make more. Kathy also recalls riding in her grandfather's car, sometimes out in the country to Betty Spring Road, where there were no houses at the time. She was afraid that bears and Indians might be there. When she was five or six years old, she saw the movie *The Greatest Show on Earth*, and later, *The Wizard of Oz*. The flames in the circus film and the color sequence in *The Wizard* left lasting impressions.

Kathy was allowed to take the bus to West Gardner by herself when she was still in elementary school. She loved being amongst lots of people and shopping in many stores. W. T. Grant's had wooden floors and the fragrance of freshly roasted peanuts. Before Christmas, the biggest attraction at Goodnow's toy department was Jocko the Monkey. Some of Kathy's excursions were to buy Christmas presents. She earned money for the gifts by selling pot holders to the neighbors for twenty-five cents. She made them herself on a little loom. She also enjoyed making snowflakes out of white paper and loops from colored paper for the Christmas tree. It was fun to decorate the windows for the holiday with spray from a can.

Tommy's most vivid memories of South Main street were of his grandfather listening to the Red Sox on the radio and of the Money Chair. Grandpa Riley carried his change loose in his pocket and quite a bit fell beneath the cushion of his chair. The kids were given permission to keep any change they found in the chair. Tom also recalled the fall he had when a step broke as he was climbing up to the tree house in the backyard. He plunged many feet to the ground, receiving a long gash which left a permanent scar.

A big event was the excursion to Claude Marchegiani's IGA Market on Parker Street to have a photograph taken by *The Gardner News*. In the photo, Tommy and Jimmy sat in the little red wagon I won for them while shopping there.

I continued to make occasional grocery purchases in South Gardner, and in the late 1940s, the first supermarket opened there. Previously, grocery stores had shelves lining the walls and grocers waited on people. Supermarkets had aisles where customers could choose their own supplies. The South Gardner Market was operated by a Lebanese couple, Nadim and Sophie Tobia. The East Broadway store occupied the space that had once been Timpany's Hardware. The Tobias were part of a small group who came to the States at various times from Djajine, Lebanon. Between 1892 and 1924, a flood of immigrants came through Ellis Island from many lands. Most Lebanese who settled in Gardner were met at Ellis Island by Abdow Saad, who sponsored people from his hometown of Djajine. He provided them with beds in an old factory in Winchendon and found time to see that the newcomers were fed and got jobs. He himself worked as a peddler, walking to Worcester to get his wares that he sold from house to house in the Gardner region. Some of the Lebanese families who settled in Gardner were named Aziz, Asmer, Dahir, Atter, George, Karam, Marks, Rahaim, and

Helow. Ellis Island lists the arrival of Beshara and Theresa Helow in 1913 and the landing of Mahboud Atter in 1906. Mrs. Tobia's maiden name was Atter, and her brother ran Atter's Market in West Gardner.

The second supermarket in South Gardner was Stop & Shop on Pearson Boulevard.

About thirty years later, in 1971, Stop & Shop relocated to Timpany Boulevard at the newly established shopping mall called Timpany Plaza. About that time, my father came to live with us on Nutting Street. One day, a *Gardner News* reporter interviewed him and me for an article that appeared in the newspaper on January 14, 1971, about the new shopping plaza on Route 68 in South Gardner. It was the first large shopping center in the region, and because it was located on Timpany Boulevard, it was named Timpany Plaza. It seemed appropriate since James Timpany had been a mayor and a South Gardner hardware merchant. Edward Tamulen, city councilor from South Gardner, was instrumental in getting the road named Timpany Boulevard. Some of the stores at Timpany Plaza were Rich's Department Store; Thom McCann's Shoe Store; Hunt's Lodge; Papa Gino's; Timpany Liquor Mart, operated by our Nutting Street neighbor Tony Kraskouskas; W. T. Grant, where Peggy worked after school during her teens; and Radio Shack, where Chris worked after school.

Also in 1971, down the road on Route 68 in Hubbardston, Rita Levesque started a different kind of mercantile endeavor called a flea market. She began her business with four tables, and by century's end, Rietta Ranch had been expanded, with the involvement of her husband Ronnie, to an operation of four hundred tables holding all kinds of new and secondhand merchandise. A number of years later, our Nutting Street neighbor Ralene Williams became the manager.

While attending a writing class at Mount Wachusett Community College, I wrote the following short story based on my experiences selling items at Rietta Ranch:

Attic Treasures for Sale

They descended like a flock of vultures. The first day Steve and Carol Martin came to sell their attic treasures at the flea market, they had no idea that the dealers would swoop down on them as soon as they parked the car. The couple couldn't even get the boxes unpacked before the would-be buyers were trying to make deals. The Martins were babes in the woods, trying to fend off a whole pack of wolves. The dealers even started opening the boxes themselves.

Steve was firm. "We'll do that ourselves. You'll just have to wait until we get unpacked," he told the eager buyers.

Steve and Carol Martin had decided they wanted to simplify their lives and get rid of the clutter of things they never used. Rietta Ranch was the place to go. Tables could be rented on a Sunday for \$10. People came from all across the Commonwealth of Massachusetts; some came from all over New England and even New York. To get a good table, the Martins had to get up at the crack of dawn. They rented outdoors but there was also a building that housed more tables and a restaurant. There were picnic tables inside and outside of the building with folks drinking beer, soda or coffee, and eating pizza, hot dogs, burgers, or other fast food. Families really made a day of it with babies in strollers and grandparents in wheelchairs.

Carol found it great fun to watch people who came to the table looking for a bargain. Some knew exactly what they wanted and didn't linger. Others looked at everything, asking questions, turning items upside-down for identifying marks, and even examining things with a magnifying glass.

One woman was overjoyed with her dollar purchase. It was a hat Steve's mother had decorated for a contest at the Senior Center. That year, Mrs. Martin won a prize for the most unusual Easter bonnet. Besides flowers, it had bunnies, carrots, and Easter eggs attached to make it a most colorful hat.

The Martins had inherited lots of china, crystal, copper, silver, and embroidered tablecloths. The older generation entertained much more than most people do today. Nowadays, few want to spend their time polishing silver and copper or washing and ironing fancy linens. Carol and Steve were fortunate that some still wanted the old-time treasures. Usually, women bought these household items while men were more interested in shovels and pick-axes. However, one man was just thrilled with linen napkins, copper pots, and a brass coffee server. His wife kept trying to drag him away.

"You don't need those," she told her husband.

"But they're so beautiful! I've got to have them," he replied.

Steve's mother, like so many women of her day, spent hours crocheting, knitting, and embroidering. Steve remembered that she stored everything away, only to be used for company. Some of her most beautiful work was never actually used, but only taken out to be displayed and for visitors to admire. There were also fine linens that came with his folks from the old country. Some of them were over one hundred years old and seemed in quite good condition.

At the flea market, Carol overheard one woman tell another about the fancy work, "They have the best things of anyone here."

One gorgeous crocheted tablecloth had a disastrous flaw; there was an unraveled section right in the middle. Carol didn't know how to fix it and could find no one else to do it. What would have been worth at least one hundred dollars would bring only a few dollars. One woman kept coming back, trying to get it at a reduced price. She was so bold and unpleasant that she made the Martins angry. Later, Carol sold it for a few dollars to a woman who told her she was making an old barn into a home and described her plan to drape the crocheted tablecloth on one side of a picture window. Carol was delighted that the woman appreciated the delicate work and would display it in an original manner.

The Martins sold some items that were more modern, such as games they no longer played. Little kids were happy to pay \$1 from their allowances for games like Jeopardy and Yahtzee.

Life, *Look*, *Saturday Evening Post*, and *National Geographic* magazines from the '40s through the '60s were hot commodities. The sellers watched as buyers picked out issues featuring World War II, the Korean and Vietnam conflicts, the Kennedys, Martin Luther King, Jr., and the Beatles. One man who bought a stack of magazines commented that he knew what he'd be doing on winter evenings.

Carol and Steve left Rietta Ranch with a pocketful of money and a good feeling. The people who bought their attic treasures seemed happy to own them.

THE AMERICAN DREAM: A HOME OF OUR OWN

We bought the house at 26 Nutting Street in 1955. It was an old house, built for one of the Bents almost one hundred years before. It provided us with seven rooms. However, there was very little closet space. That was normal for old houses because people did not usually have a large supply of clothing in the nineteenth century. Alas, the only bathroom was upstairs. It was a long journey from the kitchen through the den, a long hallway, up the stairs, through the upstairs hallway, a bedroom, and finally, the bathroom! I would take the trip, dragging a couple of small children because I didn't dare leave them downstairs alone. At the time we moved there, we had five children: Kathleen, James, Thomas, David, and Mary Ellen. Margaret was born the next year, Christopher appeared in 1961, and Michael arrived in 1962 when Kathy was sixteen.



*Front row: Connie Riley LaRoche (expecting Michael) with
Christopher, Mary Ellen, Thomas, Margaret, and Terry
Back row: Kathleen, James and David*

The first couple of weeks on Nutting Street, it rained, so three-year-old Dave and

two-year-old Mary Ellen were confined to the house. When the sun finally came out, I couldn't get them to leave my side to go outside to play. Moving to Nutting Street must have seemed to them like going to Mars.

For the first and only time in my children's lives, I locked them out. They sat on the stoop and cried. A knock came on the kitchen door, and I opened it to find that the Polish priest had come to call on his parishioners, the Starzinski family, who had previously owned the house. I was mortified! The priest probably had no idea that the kids were locked out, but I felt so guilty! Another day when

Dave and Mary Ellen finally went outside, they ran down the hill to try to get back to their grandparents. They missed them so much.

Mrs. Canton, my former seventh-grade teacher, lived next door. She had retired from teaching and must have been dismayed to have all those kids move next door. If any of them so much as put a finger on her fence, she rapped on the window. One weekend, Jimmie invited his cousin Lester LaRoche, Jr., to sleep over. In the morning, I had a rude awakening. They confessed that they had cut Mrs. Canton's fence. She had caught them and wanted to talk to me. The only redeeming factor was that it was not the fancy fence between the two front yards, but a single wire that separated the backyards. Mrs. Canton didn't like kids, but she sure did like men, so when Terry went over, apologized, and told her he would fix the fence, she accepted it much better than she would have from me. A few years later, Joe and Janette Daly moved next door, which was a great relief to my nerves. They welcomed the children, even inviting them over for meals on occasion. Chris used to wait on their porch for them to come home from work. When Joe built a garage, Chris was his shadow, mimicking his every move.

Tommy used the little red wagon to collect junk and took the metal to sell at Garbose's junkyard, which was over a mile away on Summer Street at the time. The handle broke on the way, but somehow he got the wagonload there. He was such a little guy and such an eager beaver. He was always selling things—from school,

Russ Howard's variety store, the gas station, his father's samples of comb and nail file kits. He would go door-to-door peddling his wares. Mrs. Warner, one of our neighbors, commented that she didn't really need the things he sold her, but he was so cute she couldn't refuse him.

The boys also collected old newspapers, which they sold to Quality Pad on Summer Street. Eventually, they delivered newspapers, *The Gardner News*. They had a big route extending over Prospect, High, Lovewell, and Minott streets to the Westminster line. As the years went by, even little Mary Ellen delivered a few papers because she wanted the money. They certainly learned a lot about people. Some were always crabby and never satisfied, while others were friendly,



*World's Fair in New York City, 1964-65
Margaret, David, Thomas, and Terry LaRoche*

sometimes inviting them in for cocoa on a cold, wintry day. Some always paid on time with a sizable tip included, while others owed for week after week. Those

who deliver papers have to pay for them each week, so when their customers don't pay, the carriers don't have much money to show for their hard work. Christmas was about the only time they had a decent reward for their efforts. Also, if they wanted to go somewhere, they had to find someone to do the route. I can recall one day when we went to the beach, returning in the early evening to South Gardner. We saw the pile of newspapers in front of Fowler's drugstore, waiting to be delivered. The "friend" who had promised to do the route was not reliable. We all groaned, but got busy helping the boys deliver, taking the brunt of some of the complaints. Another way the boys made money was by shoveling snow. We had lots of big storms, and off they'd go with their shovels. The only problem was—my walks and driveway did not get shoveled out until late, after I'd begged, pleaded, and threatened.

Craig and Doug Morgan, who lived in the next house down the hill, were about the same age as Jim and Tom. They played sports together, built go-carts to race down Nutting Street, and went to Camp Collier Boy Scout Camp at the same time. Both Jim and Tom loved the sailing there.

In August of 1956, when Peggy was born, my Aunt Doris invited Kathy and Mary Ellen to stay with the Kinnear family in Natick. By that time, their older daughter Cynthia was married and Judy was a teenager, so Merrill and Doris got a big kick out of three-year-old Mary Ellen. When she saw the deer head on the playroom wall, she asked fearfully, "Do him come down?" And then, "Do him bite?"

They took great delight in saying to her, "Mary Ellen, stop your yellin'."

When the girls came back home, Mary Ellen saw me holding the baby and realized that Peggy was getting lots of attention. Mary put a towel over her head and hid in one of the bottom kitchen cabinets. Heartbroken, she wailed, "You don't love me anymore."

Soon after Peggy's birth, we acquired a color TV. Kathy would rush home from school to watch Dick Clark's *American Bandstand*. She especially liked Elvis Presley and the Everly Brothers. Some of the other shows the kids enjoyed were *The Lone Ranger*, *The Donna Reed Show*, the *Mickey Mouse Show*, *Howdy Doody Time*, *Make Room for Daddy*, *Leave It to Beaver*, *Gilligan's Island*, *Bonanza*, and *The Twilight Zone*. There was such a competition for good seats on the upholstered divan and easy chair that each family member had to remember to say "coming back" when leaving for a snack or the bathroom. Otherwise, someone else promptly moved into the empty space.

Radio was still popular, and we listened to Doc Snow joke, play music, and give the news on the Gardner station or tuned into WBZ Boston for music or a talk show. A few years later, we bought a stereo record player. I joined a record club to obtain such show tunes as those from *South Pacific*, *The Sound of Music*, and *Kismet*. Mary Ellen's favorite records were those by Judy Collins, Joan Baez,

and the Beatles. During Mary's teenage years, she and her friends often traveled to Cambridge or to the concerts in the park in Boston to hear singers such as Sha Na Na or Janis Joplin. To be in style in the mid-60s was to wear a mini skirt, fishnet stockings, and go-go boots. Slacks were still not acceptable for females in school or even at teenage dances sponsored by the City Recreation Department. Mary Ellen was determined to change the dress code. She attempted to no avail to get the school's Student Council to advocate for a new policy at Gardner High. One evening, the recreation director telephoned to say that I would have to pick Mary up at the city hall because she had arrived at the dance in jeans, and that was not allowed. All year, she tried to get pants accepted, but it was like hitting her head up against the wall. An interesting thing happened the next year. The principal of the Junior High okayed trousers for girls, so it was a foregone conclusion that when those students reached high school, that decision would not be reversed.

Other things were changing. Kathy remembers that until she started high school in the '60s, most mothers did not work away from home. After moving to Nutting Street, Kathy used to play board games at Anne Spofford's house on High Street. She also made friends with Sherry Watts from Union Street. They would ride bikes to Green Bower Cemetery, lie on a blanket in the sun, read, and picnic near the railroad track. Mahoney's Pond was also a great place to go. There was a path around the pond and lady slippers to be found. Also, there were blueberries that could be eaten there or carried home to be baked in muffins or cake.

One thing had not changed: Gramma Riley's special way with kids. Peggy recalls that Gramma would give her a dish of vanilla ice cream with maple syrup, would ask her if she wanted a "tumbler" of milk, and would let her wear high-heeled shoes, which Gramma called "clump-clumps."

Favorite toys were the Hula Hoop, Slinky, Frisbee, the Yo-Yo, and for the girls, the Barbie doll. Both Mary Ellen and Peggy were baton twirlers for the Sacred Heart School and Simplex Time Recorder bands. Mary Ellen's favorite books were the Nancy Drew series.

Three books from that era are especially memorable to me. I read *Peyton Place*, hiding it between the pages of the newspaper. Because Kathy read everything she could get her hands on, I didn't want her to know about the shocking sex described in its pages. I remember telling one of my neighbors how



*Connie Riley LaRoche in 1966
after winning the 54 volume set of
Great Books of the Western World*

scandalized I was by Grace Metalious's novel. My neighbor informed me that adultery and lewd acts mentioned in the book were just as common in our town as in Peyton Place. *The Catcher in the Rye* also had explicit sexual language and was about a teenager who was so distraught he was contemplating suicide. Much to our discomfort, Jim's father and I received the book through the mail from the rector of the Xaverian Seminary where Jim went to school during his high school years. It seems that Kathy sent her brother the book, and it was causing an uproar at the school. I read the book, and to me, this account of teenage life seemed terribly obscene, painful, and gloomy. I liked uplifting stories and happy endings. Kathy told me that many young people could identify with Holden Caulfield, and that I needed to look at real life rather than some fairy tale. I called the rector, who told me he thought the book had literary merit. He sent it back to us because the seminarians were so caught up in reading it and discussing it that they were neglecting their schoolwork. *Please Don't Eat the Daisies* was a fun book. Jean Kerr told of her children's amusing antics. Her stories were the basis for a long-running TV series. When I read the book, I realized we had just as many hilarious things happening in the LaRoche household, like the time the kids and their father went picking blueberries. Later in the day, when we were hurrying to visit the boys at scout camp, one of the kids opened the refrigerator door and an avalanche of berries poured out onto the floor.

October was a busy month in the LaRoche family. Mary Ellen's birthday was on the twenty-sixth and Tom's was on the twenty-seventh, so we had two birthday parties just before Halloween. How the kids loved Halloween! Costumes were sometimes assembled from old clothing, but were often bought, especially for the younger children. We have a home movie of Peggy in a tutu, Chris in a skeleton costume, and Michael as Tweety Bird. Everyone went trick-or-treating, the little ones hand in hand with Mommy. The older boys got a large haul of candy bars and other kinds of goodies as they ran, carrying pillow cases, all over town. A Halloween party was held that evening at Prospect School. On the way there or going home, over a hundred children stopped at our house, announcing, "Trick or Treat."

In the 1950s BC (before car), we did a lot of walking, although sometimes we took the bus to West Gardner. The children traveled to Sacred Heart School by bus. I had to take a taxi for my big grocery shopping at the IGA upstreet and for some other things like doctor's appointments. Occasionally, we would borrow my father's car for a special outing to the beach or to Spag's in Shrewsbury for the big pre-Christmas shopping sale on the day after Thanksgiving. Now, that was an experience! Mobs of people in a mammoth store with crowded aisles and a variety of every kind of goods under the sun.

When Terry got a job selling furniture at the American Supply Co. in Worcester, we had to buy a car. Several of our early cars were station wagons to

hold all those kids. In addition to our own, we usually had a few extra as each child begged to bring a friend. We took trips to Willard Brook State Park in Ashby, to the ocean, to the Freedom Trail in Boston. We discovered that most Gardner children who lived only sixty miles from the Atlantic Ocean had never been there.

Our first weeklong vacation trip was to Cape Cod, where we rented a one-room cabin that had the bathroom and sleeping space curtained off. Can you imagine six children and two parents in that cramped space? Of course, we spent as much time as possible outside on the sand and in the water. With all those kids, it seemed that we had to spend every cent buying more bread and milk. I cooked all the meals because we could not afford to eat out. There were no credit cards in those days, so we had to scrape by on whatever cash we brought with us. On the way home we stopped in Carver, where a small gauge train circled the cranberry bogs. After we bought train tickets, we had only a little change left. Everyone was starved, so we bought a few candy bars and had to survive until we arrived back in Gardner several hours later.

On Nutting Street, for the first time in my married life, I had neighbors who visited one another in the daytime. Arlene Williams, Mary Reid, and I all had small children, so we had long, boring days of housework and childcare. We brightened our afternoons by chatting and playing Parcheesi, Monopoly, Yahtzee, and Scrabble. We had a neighborhood cookout each summer. Often, neighbors Frank and Mary Crossman joined us when the couples went out to dinner in the evenings. Sometimes, when we went to a new restaurant, I felt embarrassed when the men turned over the chairs to see if they had been made in Gardner.

I was thankful to my Grampa Timpany for initiating the construction of Bickford Playground. The LaRoche children ran down the hill to the playground to spend their summer days on the swings, teeters, monkey bars, and merry-go-round, and in the sand box, on the ball field, and on the tennis court. I recall that I went to see Dave win a tennis tournament when he was about twelve years old. I also remember that when he was younger, he got his ear sliced when he fell off the merry-go-round. In another accident, he was badly cut and bled profusely when he fell on broken glass while climbing up the path from the playground.

In the late '50s, Terry's brother Lester, who was a partner in the Bettez-LaRoche Upholstery Co., offered my husband a job selling furniture to Massachusetts stores. This was an opportunity with a good future, but one with a reduction in income until he built up sales in his territory. We had a difficult time meeting our monthly bills, so I went back to work at New England Tel. (Telephone) and Tel. (Telegraph) about the time when Gardner went dial. My mother took care of Peggy, who was the only child not in school. Poor Kathy! She was the built-in babysitter who had to take over after school and on weekends. We were able to catch up on bills and begin to modernize the house. We installed a

shower, dishwasher, clothes dryer, garbage disposal (or "the pig," as we called it), kitchen cabinets, countertops, and new flooring. We wallpapered and painted. The old barn was torn down and replaced by a garage, breezeway, and mudroom.

In 1960, I was laid off, which turned out fine, because I was expecting a baby. Christopher was born February 14, 1961, and was the first of my children to be baptized at the newly built Holy Spirit Church on Lovewell Street. Our eighth child, Michael, was born June 9, 1962, the year before Kathy graduated from Gardner High.

THE SIXTH GENERATION: LAROCHE, FISKE, LUPACZYK, ROY

When Kathy started high school, it was a difficult transition for her. She was accustomed to nuns, the Sisters of Saint Joseph, who wore long black habits with starched white bibs. Some of the male teachers, like Mr. Black, even sat on the desks! Nevertheless, she did extremely well scholastically and graduated as the top female in the class of 1963. Kathy matriculated at the College of New Rochelle, New York, where she majored in French. At that time, she also learned of the Women's Rights Movement. In Eleanor Flexnor's *Century of Struggle*, she read that Lucy Stone had given her first speech on women's rights in 1847 at her brother's church on Green Street in Gardner. Kathy wrote a letter to *The Gardner News* asking for interested residents to join her with the goal of erecting a monument to Stone. There was no response.

Thirty years later, Kathy's request was answered. Toni Dahir, director of the Gardner AARP Women's Initiative, honored Lucy Stone as one of several women who had ties to Gardner and were pioneers in their fields. I joined with

her and Anita Aspen of the South Gardner Historical Society to establish the Lucy Stone Commemorative Project and held several public information programs based on our research of Lucy Stone's life. It was discovered that she also spoke for the abolition of slavery at a grove in South Gardner and at the town hall under the auspices of the Worcester County North Division of the Ant-Slavery Society. She also was a frequent visitor at the home of her sister Sarah Lawrence at 186 Elm Street. The Lucy Stone Commemorative Project,



*Memorial for Lucy Stone erected in 1997,
Green Street, Gardner, Massachusetts*

with the assistance of the Gardner Historical Commission and the City Council, erected two memorial markers for Stone. One was placed on the edge of the Old Burial Ground across the street from the site of her Women's Rights speech the other in front of the Lawrence house on Elm Street.

One of the ways I contributed to this endeavor was composing the inscriptions for the markers:

LUCY STONE

Suffragist and Abolitionist
gave her first speech on Women's Rights
October, 1847
at the Evangelical Congregational Church
across the street from this spot

150th Anniversary, 1997
Erected by the Lucy Stone Commemorative Project
Funded by the Gardner Historical Commission

LUCY STONE

Suffragist and Abolitionist
visited her sister Sarah and brother-in-law
Deacon Henry Lawrence in this house
many times between 1852 and 1893

The first minister's house was built in 1792
by Rev. Jonathan Osgood
of the First Congregational Church

Initiated by the Lucy Stone Commemorative Project
Funded by the City of Gardner in 1999
through the Gardner Historical Commission

Representing pioneers of the Women's Rights and Abolitionist Movements, several women spoke at Gardner's State Heritage Park Downtown Center. Some of them dressed in costumes of the nineteenth century. The speakers included the following: Toni Dahir, in bloomer costume, as Lucy Stone; Doris Forte as Clara Barton, founder of the American Red Cross; Sybil Brownlee as Sarah Parker Remond, a black woman who championed abolition; Brandeis University professor

Paula Doress-Worters, who detailed the lives and accomplishments of Paulina Wright Davis and Ernestine Rose, two of Stone's lesser known contemporaries; Karen Moran, who portrayed Abigail Rawson, a fictional character symbolizing the many women who attended the First National Women's Rights Convention in 1850 at Worcester; and Holy Cross College professor Carolyn Howe, who spoke of her role as president of the Worcester Women's History Project in organizing the recent reconstruction of the 1850 Women's Rights Convention and the completion of a Women's Freedom Trail. The two Lucy Stone commemorative markers will be among the features of the trail.

Following the dedication of the Lucy Stone marker, I wrote an article about her that later appeared in *Tapestries*, an anthology published by Mount Wachusett Community College.

A Lost Woman Is Found

If George Washington had slept in Gardner, Massachusetts, every schoolchild would have learned about it. However, by the middle of the twentieth century, almost no one remembered Lucy Stone had given her first public address in Gardner. In fact, most Gardnerites had never heard her name.

In the late 1800's, Lucy Stone had been so famous that P. T. Barnum tried to engage her for a series of lectures. Stone was known throughout the nation as an orator, abolitionist, suffragist, writer, and editor of the "Women's Journal." She gave her first speech on Women's Rights in Gardner in 1847.

Why should we remember Lucy Stone? What about her life is worth remembering? Lucy was a woman of "firsts." She was the first Massachusetts woman to earn a college degree when she graduated from Oberlin College, Ohio, in 1847. While a student at Oberlin, she organized the first debating society ever established for female students. She was determined to become a lecturer, even though society frowned on women speaking in public. Lucy was asked to write an essay for the Oberlin commencement exercises, but refused when she learned that a man would be required to read it.

On an October Sunday in 1847, a Gardner congregation was astonished to hear a speech on women's rights given by Lucy Stone from the pulpit of the Evangelical Congregational Church. The church pastor was Lucy's brother, Rev. William Bowman Stone, who supported the causes of Temperance and the Abolition of Slavery, as did his sister Lucy. Later that year, she was hired by William Lloyd Garrison to speak throughout the country, urging

freedom for slaves. In 1851, Lucy addressed the convention of the Worcester County North Division Anti-Slavery Society at Gardner's Town Hall.

When Lucy Stone married Henry Blackwell, she became the first American woman known to keep her own name. She signed her name "Lucy Stone (Only)." Those women who followed her example were known as Lucy Stoners. During their 1855 wedding ceremony in West Brookfield, Henry Blackwell read a protest against the marriage laws of the day which did not recognize the wife as an independent, rational being, while conferring on the husband "an injurious and unnatural superiority." Their manifesto was published on the front page of the *Worcester Spy*.

A few people in West Brookfield, where Lucy was born in 1818, tried to keep her memory alive. In 1968, a group from the region joined legislators and the Boston Postmaster to celebrate the issue of a postage stamp honoring Stone, crusader for temperance, the abolition of slavery, and legal rights for women. That same year a park was dedicated in her name near the Warren school she attended as a child.

During the 1960's, when some women throughout the nation began organizing a new movement for equal rights, a Gardner college student became involved. Kathy LaRoche read in Eleanor Flexner's *Century of Struggle* that Lucy Stone had given her first speech on women's rights in Gardner. Kathy wrote a letter to *The Gardner News*, asking for interested Gardner residents to join her with the goal of erecting a monument to Stone. There was no response.

In 1970, a Women's Liberation caravan stopped in Gardner to commemorate Stone's speech. The cavalcade of cars, carrying several dozen feminists, originated in Seneca Falls, New York, where the First Women's Rights Convention had been held in 1848. The women were on their way to Worcester, Massachusetts, where the First National Convention had been held in 1850, and also to Boston where Stone and others continued to speak out for equal rights and votes for women. The same weekend that the caravan visited Gardner, The First Unitarian Society presented a program honoring Stone and celebrating the 50th anniversary of women's right to vote. Diane Dumanoski and Thelma Hakkarainen discussed their experiences with sex discrimination.

In the weeks to follow, the Unitarian minister, Neil Bakker, spoke to members of various women's groups in Gardner, such as the College Club, about erecting a plaque to memorialize Stone's speech. Again, no one was interested.

In 1979, Thomas Malloy was chairman of the Gardner Historical Commission and professor of history at Mount Wachusett Community College. He authored a column in *The Gardner News* called "The Locals." Malloy wrote an article on excerpts from Stone's life and later included it in his book, *Profiles of the Past*.

It wasn't until 1992, when the Gardner Museum featured an exhibit on "Famous People, Famous Ideas," that Lucy Stone was recognized as someone of national significance who had an important connection with Gardner. By then, research revealed that Lucy spent a great deal of time in Gardner visiting her sister Sarah, who was married to Deacon Henry Lawrence. In fact, Lucy and her daughter Alice spent several months during 1864 at the Lawrence home at 186 Elm St. while Lucy's husband, Henry Blackwell, was campaigning for Abraham Lincoln.

Women's History Month was celebrated in Gardner in 1994. The AARP honored local women who were first in their pursuits. In addition to twenty living women, several from the past were honored, including Lucy Stone. Toni Dahir, who organizes the program every year, was so inspired by Stone that she speaks to interested groups about Stone's life. She even wears a Bloomer costume to exhibit that innovative item of clothing of the day.

Long overdue attention was given to Lucy Stone in the year 1997, the anniversary of her first speech on Women's Rights. West Brookfield held a celebration and in Gardner, the First Unitarian Society held a Symposium which included a panel of speakers, a keynote speech by Andrea Moore Kerr, author of *Lucy Stone: Speaking Out for Equality*, and singing by students of the Lucy Stone School of Dorchester, Massachusetts.

Anita Aspen, Toni Dahir, and Connie Riley, members of the Lucy Stone Commemorative Project, requested funding from the Gardner Historical Commission for two Lucy Stone memorial markers. The Gardner City Council approved funding and two beautiful rose granite monuments were erected. One is on the edge of the Old Burial Ground, Green St., across from the site of Stone's speech and the other is in front of the former Lawrence home at 186 Elm St. A dedication ceremony was held on June 25, 2000. Kathy LaRoche's request for some interested Gardnerites to join her in erecting a monument to Lucy Stone was answered and Kathy's mother, Connie Riley, was involved in organizing the efforts. Gardner had found a "Lost Woman" who had pioneered for equal rights and votes for all, and we wanted the world to know it.

Some recent exciting events honoring Lucy Stone are as follows:

1998: March 8 designated by Gov. Paul Celucci to be celebrated annually in Massachusetts as Lucy Stone Day.

1999: Dedication at the State House of sculpture memorializing Lucy Stone and five other women who were instrumental in changing Massachusetts public policy.

2000: Dedication at Mechanics Hall, Worcester, of portraits of Lucy Stone, Abby Kelly Foster, Clara Barton, and Dorothea Dix.

2000: Recognition at the Worcester Women's Conference of Lucy Stone's pivotal role in the organization of the 1850 First National Women's Rights Convention.

Kathy decided to leave college in her junior year. The following year, she married Richard Fiske, who had been a Gardner High classmate. They lived in Lewiston, Maine, until he earned his B.A. at Bates College. They moved to Boston, where my first grandchild, Carson Fiske, was born in 1970. Kathy received a B.F.A and the Art Associates Award for Photography when she graduated from Massachusetts College of Art in 1974.

Jim did not go to Gardner High but graduated from the Xaverian Seminary in Holliston, Massachusetts. He attended Mount Wachusett Community College and then went to Boston where he worked at a Catholic Worker House of Hospitality, helping to provide meals for street people and elderly residents of the South End. Jim was granted Conscientious Objector Status during the Vietnam War, later going to Canada rather than do alternate service. Under President Carter's amnesty, he was allowed to re-enter the United States.

My mother died on August 30, 1965. A few years later, my dad came to live with the LaRoche family. Shortly after, I held an open house for his eightieth birthday. Many relatives, former railroad co-workers, South Gardnerites, and other friends attended. My father lived to be ninety-two. We used to say that it was the Irish whiskey and cigars that preserved him.

About 1964, when Mary Ellen was eleven, she performed on the stage at Pearson Auditorium. It was a tryout for *Community Auditions*, a television program for one of the Boston channels. Whoever won in the local show would appear on television. Mary Ellen lip-synced to a recording of "Hello Muddah, Hello Fadduh (here I am at Camp Grenada)." She wore a beanie hat with a little propeller on top. She was so cute, but a rock band won the competition. That night was also memorable for another reason. On the way home from her performance, Mary told us that she had heard of a mother of eight children who had recently graduated from the newly organized community college. Terry said to me, "Why don't you do that?" I think he lived to regret his words because it meant that someone else had to take over whenever I was at school or studying. I started at

the Mount with one evening class in psychology and finished the two-year course in four years, receiving an Associate's Degree in 1969. Later, I commuted to the University of Massachusetts at Amherst where I earned a B.A. in sociology in 1973, went to grad school at the UMass School of Education, and was certified to teach English, history, and social studies. During this period, Terry and I were divorced.

Tom also attended the Mount. In 1968, he and I were students together in music and American literature classes. Because of a disability, Tom was unable to graduate.

David loved sports, so it was a good thing that Sacred Heart students were invited to play football at Gardner Junior High. He excelled at the sport and played for Gardner High also. In the summers, he was still at Bickford Playground, working there as an instructor.

After attending the Winchendon School for a year, Dave went to Boston University. In his junior year, he was captain of the football team. During his football career at BU, he received the Harry Agannis Award for Most Valuable Player and the Pappas Award for Outstanding Lineman. He also played on the All-East and All-New England teams. After he graduated, he was hired as physical education teacher and football coach at Oakmont Regional High School in Ashburnham. He married Carolyn Lashua. Their children, Timothy and Katie, were born in 1979 and 1981. Dave and his second wife, Catherine Aubuchon, have a daughter named Carly, born in 1996.

In the '70s when Dave was studying at BU, I was commuting to my classes at UMass-Amherst. When I finished my studies, I taught junior and senior high for a short while. However, my career went in a different direction when I coordinated two women's centers: the Montachusett Women's Center in Fitchburg, and later, the Gardner Women's Center. When funding ended for those jobs, I worked as equal opportunity officer for a low-income housing development agency, Rural Housing Improvement, and after that, directed an



Christmas 2005

Front row: Tom, Carly, and Kathy LaRoche, Connie Riley

Back row: Dave, Cathy, Denise and Chris LaRoche,

Peggy and Dave Derezinski

antipoverty agency, Fitchburg/Leominster Community Action, retiring in 1987. I married Stig Miller in 1986. We met through the Ecumenical Living Room Dialogue and had many interests in common, such as speaking out against racism and working for peace.

On May 17, 1975, I spoke at Faneuil Hall in Boston. I was a member of the peace panel at the Symposium on International Goals Involving Women: Peace, Development, Equality. At this program to celebrate the upcoming International Women's Year, I gave the following speech:

I am one of the thousands of American women whose consciousness has been raised through involvement in the Peace Movement, in political action, in the non-violent Civil Rights Movement and in the Women's Liberation Movement—women whose horizons broadened from being concerned with the immediate sphere of their own families to caring about the human family. History tells us that 200 years ago the Revolutionary Fathers met at Faneuil Hall to demand change. Today there is a worldwide Revolution led by the Mothers and Daughters—a Revolution for Peace, Equality and Development. I feel a strong sense of being a part of "herstory." Although the details of my life in many instances may differ from other feminists' experiences, there is a common bond that unites us. It is the dawning awareness that women have been excluded from all the power and decision making processes that have sent the world in directions that adversely affect women. War is a prime example.

I grew up in a society that taught me that Americans were virtuous and noble. It was the others who were evil and inferior. We played cowboys and Indians, and the cowboys always won. We were carefully taught that the good guys always win and concluded that the Indians were the bad guys and deserved to lose. They were the others. We did learn that there had been a few negative aspects to our history, but of course, all those problems had been solved. Lincoln freed the slaves, women got the vote, and the Statue of Liberty held high her torch to welcome the immigrant to the land of the free. We did not question, we accepted whatever those in authority told us. We truly believed that the United States was the land of equal rights and equal opportunities.

But where were the women in our history books? Mostly missing. We concluded that women had done nothing significant and this information was internalized so that we expected nothing significant of ourselves.

It was only a few years ago that I read, in Eleanor Flexnor's *Century of Struggle*, that Lucy Stone gave her first lecture on Women's Rights in 1847 from the pulpit of her brother's church in Gardner. Gardner! I had lived my whole life in Gardner and had never heard of Lucy Stone! I found that she had been a teacher, editor, lecturer, and worker for the abolition of slavery, a suffragist, the first Massachusetts woman to graduate from college, but her name had been unknown to me. In 1855, Lucy Stone said, "In education, in marriage, in everything, disappointment is the lot of woman. It shall be the business of my life to deepen this disappointment in every woman's heart until she bows down to it no longer!"

Many of my generation, weary of World War II, married, had children, bought homes, and shut the door on the rest of the world. We eventually found we couldn't isolate ourselves—the world came knocking on our door. It was through my children that the world came home to me. My oldest daughter and son began to question the competitive, materialistic, and most of all, the militaristic values of our society. Jim decided to take a stand against the war in Vietnam. In

1966, he applied for Conscientious Objector Status. He went to work in a Catholic Worker neighborhood hospitality house in Boston's South End and heard about the Draft Resistance Movement. Not far from here, at the Arlington St. Church, he participated in a holy, historic action. In community with a number of fellow pacifists, he turned in his draft card. Two weeks later, he joined a massive peace demonstration in Washington, and a bag containing the draft cards was placed on the steps of the Pentagon. Because of his convictions, his dismay at the continuation of the war, his determination to be a witness for peace, my son became an outlaw in the eyes of the government of his country. He decided to take



*Connie Riley in 1986 protesting
nuclear proliferation*

a look at the United States and traveled to California. Coming from a middle-class white background, he discovered what it is like to be

poor, and because he had long hair, what it is like to be different, what it is like to be the despised other. He did find kindness in unexpected quarters—truck drivers who had experienced being on the road and down on their luck shared food, and in California, the Hari Krishnas shared their sleeping quarters. Jim came back to the east coast aboard a Poor People's Campaign bus. The people who cried out against poverty, racism, and war joined together in Tent City near the Lincoln Memorial in Washington.

Back at home, I had a devastating conversation with a man I had always admired. He was my butcher, and over the years when I shopped at his store, he always inquired about the health and happiness of my family in a sincere and caring manner. At the time of the Poor People's Campaign, he made scathing remarks about "those people" messing up the Capital.

The butcher said, "We should take guns and kill them all."

Of course, he had no way of knowing that my son was one of those people, one of the others.

When Jim decided to be a CO, I knew it was right. When he decided to let his hair grow, I was not so sure, and we had some heated discussions. I spent years seeing that the children kept clean, had the proper clothes, behaved in the proper manner, and conformed to what the family, school, and church expected of them. What came out of the discussions was the realization of Jim's right to define himself inside and out.

At the beginning of the war, I didn't know where Vietnam was on the map or what was the history of our presence there. I began to listen, to read, to try to understand why our young men were asked to kill or be killed in a land most of us had never heard of. This questioning led to action in the McCarthy presidential campaign. I began, as did many other women who had previously left politics to the men, to learn to organize, leaflet, petition, and even to demonstrate. We came out of our homes. We found that we had the intelligence to understand the issues, the ability to work out campaign strategies, and the determination to keep working for peace candidates beyond the initial failures. Our first victory was the election of Congressman Drinan, and he has served the cause of peace in an outstanding manner.

One of the most difficult things for women in the peace movement was to liberate ourselves from conformity. We had been so accustomed to being agreeable. We were not used to making waves, and we were not used to being unconventional. It was helpful to have models

whose courageous acts strengthened us. Although you will never find the name of Carol Thompson in your history book, she was a draft counselor who was dedicated to peace. Marge Swann of Ashby was an inspiration to many because she fasted from solid food for 22 months to demonstrate her commitment to peace. Louise Bruyn of Newton walked to Washington, a pilgrim for peace. It is to give credit to these individual women who touched my life and give me courage that I mention their names, knowing that they are symbolic of many who dared to say no to war.

I would also like to mention Maggie Robinson of Cambridge who opened my eyes to another kind of violence—the violence done to the spirit of black children in our racist society.

There is much violence in the world, but now in 1975, for the first time in 36 years, there is no war. On the night after the Vietnam evacuation, I watched five Washington reporters calmly discuss the next war and declare that it must be a war to win.

"We will never stop shooting unless we understand that the face we have lined up in our sights, black, white or yellow, is our face," wrote author Morris West. We must heal the divided self, for what is not accepted in ourselves is projected onto the other, making the scapegoat a victim of discrimination, exploitation, and bombs. ¹⁷

A first step toward healing the divisions in this country should be unconditional amnesty for those who conscientiously opposed the Vietnamese War.

President Ford announced after the evacuation, "This closes a chapter in the American experience." I ask that we do not close that chapter until those that had the wisdom and the courage to oppose the war are granted amnesty.

Mary McGrory says it so well:

There is amnesty for the Rusks, the McNamaras, the Bundys, the Rostows, who made the murderous policies; for the generals who told us we were winning when we weren't; for the Senators who voted money for "search and destroy" and "lazy bombs" and "fat Alberts" and for six extra weeks of bombing Cambodia so Richard Nixon wouldn't feel bad; for Richard Nixon, who told us he was ending the war when he wasn't; for Gerald Ford, who told us it was Congress's stinginess that produced the tragedy when it didn't.

We can "avoid recriminations" about those who started the war and those who kept it going. But for those who tried to stop it, we still can find no mercy. They are condemned to live forever that "chapter in the American experience"—unless, of course, the President decides finally that enough is enough for everybody.

A catalyst for social and political change, I believe, is the Women's Liberation Movement. As Mary Daly wrote in *Beyond God the Father*, we now live under the Unholy Trinity of Rape, Genocide, and War. We are becoming increasingly aware that women are cast in the role of the inferior other, and that we are engaged in the struggle of becoming fully human. Dr. Daly says that to reach the Most Holy Trinity of Power, Justice, and Love, we must do away with sex role stereotypes and become whole persons, not allowing power to be isolated from love and justice, because then it becomes the power of dominance.

We are learning that we are linked together in an interdependent world. The International Women's Year Conference in Mexico City will provide an opportunity for dialogue so that new perspectives can be gained toward a continuing effort for a world of peace. I hope a clear statement will be made that hunger and violence are not separate, but interrelated issues.

As Dwight Eisenhower said, "Every gun that is made, every warship launched, every rocket fired signifies in the final sense a theft from those who hunger and are not fed, those who are cold and not clothed."

Women are reaching out to one another around the world, and they also reach out to us from the past. In 1876, at the Centennial celebration in Philadelphia, Elizabeth Cady Stanton and other suffragists were ignored in the festivities. Stanton denounced the government for its "injustice to women" and declared that they wanted to put on the record for the daughters of 1976 the fact that their mothers of 1876 had asserted their equality of rights. To the women who will take our place one hundred years from now, I leave the message that we not only asserted our rights in 1975, but many women also took on the responsibility of working for a peaceful world for our daughters and sons.

In conclusion, I would like to quote from the words of Jacques Brel:

If we only have love
we can reach those in pain.
We can heal all our wounds.
We can use our own name.

If we only have love
then Jerusalem stands.
Then death has no shadow,
there are no foreign lands.

If we only have love
we will melt all the guns
and give the new world
to our daughters and sons.

During the year prior to my Faneuil Hall speech, 1974, Mary Ellen's son, Matthew Roy, was born. When he was only a few years old, Mary went back to school, receiving her nursing degree from Mount Wachusett Community College. She moved to Raleigh, North Carolina, to pursue a career in nursing.

Peggy attended Katherine Gibbs secretarial school in Boston. She worked in the business office of WGAW, Gardner's radio station, for a few years before she was hired by the Digital Equipment Corp. She married Brian Lupaczyk, and their son Eric was born in 1982. They bought my house on Nutting Street, so Eric's childhood was spent in South Gardner. Peggy and Brian were divorced. She and David Derezinski married in 1995.

Christopher tried to play football when he attended Gardner Junior High in the late '70s. (Sacred Heart classes had been reduced to only six grades.) Sometimes when I would pick him up at school, he could hardly walk, but he didn't want to give up. Dr. Tracy diagnosed his problem as Osgood-Schlatter, a condition of the legs in growing youngsters. The doctor operated successfully, and Chris was able to continue playing football at Gardner High, where he won the



Connie Riley (on right) participated in the August 9, 1985, protest of GTE's manufacture of the MX missile communication system in Westboro, Massachusetts. This was the 40th Anniversary of the Nagasaki bombing.

Robichaud Award for the Most Improved Player. He was the first of the family to go to the newly opened high school on Elizabeth Street. After graduation, he continued to work at Radio Shack, eventually managing stores in Fitchburg, Worcester, and Wellesley. He enlisted in the Coast Guard Reserve, spending one weekend per month and several weeks in the summer on duty. Much of his time was spent on Cape Cod near Hyannis. The Kennedy Compound was nearby, and Rose would often call the Coast Guard station to report that a boat seemed to be in trouble so the passengers might need to be rescued. Chris left Radio Shack to work for a Boston firm that designed and sold space in marinas. He eventually operated a similar company of his own out of Old Orchard Beach, Maine. After a few years, he felt the call to enter the Catholic priesthood. He studied at St. Mary's Seminary and University in Baltimore, Maryland.

In 1995, Chris was ordained and served parishes in the Portland, Maine, diocese but left several years later. He married Denise Therrien in 2001 and works to provide housing for low- and moderate-income families.

Michael dropped out of Gardner High but passed the equivalency tests (the GED). He was trained by Digital as a computer technician and was hired by Data General in Portsmouth, New Hampshire.

Kathy, now divorced, moved back to South Gardner for a while, from 1979 to 1982, so Carson went to Prospect School for part of the third grade in addition to the fourth and fifth. He remembers that Smith's Variety was the hangout place. He had a bike and would ride down there and also ride to Green Bower Cemetery and along the railroad tracks and to the playground with his friends Derek and Derek (last names, Parent and Putnam.) They also played a game called King Kong. Carson liked to watch Benny Hill and the Muppets on TV. He especially liked the little guy with the saxophone. Carson would dance around and make believe he was holding a saxophone too. Could that have influenced him to play the sax at Elm Street School, in high school, and college? Following in his father's footsteps, Carson graduated from Bates College. In 1996, he entered graduate school at the University of Nebraska to study audiology. He married Rebecca Colman, and they live in the Albany, New York, area with their son Zachary and daughter Ainsley.

Eric is thirteen years younger than Carson, so life in South Gardner changed quite a bit. Smith's Variety was still there, but there were very few children in the neighborhood for Eric to hang around with. When his mother was growing up, Peggy had two sisters and five brothers in the Nutting Street household. Also, there were more than a dozen children to play with in the neighborhood. To keep Eric occupied, he had his own TV and computer, video games, and a portable CD player with earphones. He played organized sports like Little League Baseball, Pop Warner Football, and ice hockey in the Veterans Skating Rink off Central Street. There were hardly any summer playground activities, so his mother paid

for him to take golf lessons and go to baseball, basketball, and gymnastic camps. I often drove him to these activities because his mother worked, and she didn't think it safe for him to walk or ride his bike to the college and the golf course. Eric is now a graduate of the University of Hartford.

Shortly after Kathy moved back to Gardner, she called my attention to a picture in the newspaper that showed a clock set at just a few minutes to midnight. The Union of Concerned Scientists used this graphic to tell the world how close we were to nuclear holocaust. Accompanying the clock was an article telling of the build-up of nuclear missiles. There was also a notice of a meeting in Worcester for area folks wanting to speak out against this madness. Kathy and I attended the meeting, later demonstrating with the group at the site in Westboro where GTE planned to erect a plant to design and develop the command, control, and communications systems for the MX, Minuteman II, and Midgetman first-strike weapons.

Eventually, I was involved with starting the Montachusett Peoples' Action Committee (MPAC), organizing those in the Gardner/Fitchburg/Leominster region to work for a nuclear freeze and against the erection of Ground Wave Emergency Network (GWEN) Towers. We also demonstrated, held vigils and teach-ins, spoke on radio and TV, wrote letters to the editor and articles for our monthly newsletter, and testified before government bodies. MPAC presented speakers and films against nuclear build-up, military intervention in Central America, and apartheid in South Africa. I traveled to Washington as our congressional district's representative to the Citizens' Lobby for a Nuclear Freeze.

MPAC organized bus trips to the UN Session on Disarmament and the Martin Luther King Twentieth Anniversary Rally for Peace, Jobs, and Equality. MPAC's oldest member, eighty-three-year-old Dorothy Wilder, had attended the march in Washington twenty years earlier to hear MLK's "I Have A Dream" speech, and she accompanied us on the bus for the anniversary in 1983. Another friend, Nancy Marisseau of South Gardner, sat next to me on the bus, and we talked about her work as an English as a second language (ESL) instructor. Nancy taught for Catholic Charities and Mount Wachusett Community College, and later was a counselor for minority students at Fitchburg State College. She



Connie Riley gives a book to Head Start pupil Shawn Bjurling. She created the Magic of Books program for the Montachusett Opportunity Council (MOC).

was so passionate about diversity that she had adopted a black child into her white family. Nancy had spoken out against war since the Vietnam era and had a special concern for refugees. Many Laotians lived at Olde English Village, a low-income housing development near her home. She not only taught them English but also supported them in their efforts to obtain driving licenses, get jobs, and tackle everyday problems and occasional crises. Sometimes she invited some of her students to go fishing in her brook. And so another ethnic group had come to Gardner following the American dream.

My twelve-year-old grandson Carson also came along on the bus trip. The heat, the crowds, the intensity of the speakers, the long bus rides (about ten hours each way), trying to sleep on the bus, all made for quite a difficult experience. I imagined that Carson was also exposed to many new ideas that day. When I asked him what impressed him the most, I discovered that he was against military solutions.

Carson told me, "I'm not into pain."

During the summer of 1985, I arranged for the Third Annual Peace Walk of young people from the Boston area to the western part of the state. I had prepared a welcoming ceremony outside the Gardner City Hall, access to the community college pool, dinner, breakfast, and sleeping space at a local church. In the meantime, I received a call from a member of the GTE Peace Witness. Over the years, I had continued to demonstrate at GTE in Westboro as a member of the Worcester County Coalition for Disarmament. The GTE plant was now in operation, and on several occasions, groups of people performed acts of civil disobedience by purposefully trespassing on GTE's land to distribute printed material against nuclear weapons to the employees. Those involved had formed GTE Peace Witness and were planning to be arrested on the Fortieth Anniversary of the Atom Bombing of Nagasaki.

Would I want to be one of those to take a stand? I checked the calendar, saw that I would be on vacation from my job at the Fitchburg/Leominster Community Action Center (CAC), and agreed to participate. On August 9, 1985, I was one of nine activists arrested as we protested the nuclear arsenal that had grown from the two atom bombs dropped on Hiroshima and Nagasaki to forty thousand warheads. We were handcuffed and transported to cells in the Westboro jail. Ordinarily, cases such as ours were heard by the judge at a later date, but we agreed to go to trial immediately. The judge found me guilty of trespassing even though I called it civil disobedience. I was given a choice of paying a fine or going to prison. I chose prison as a matter of principle. I was unable to return to Gardner to meet the fifty teenage peace walkers, but my committee and some friends took over to make sure the young people's needs were provided for. A whole book could be written on the civil disobedience experience, but hopefully, the following descriptions will summarize the demonstration and its aftermath.

I wrote the following letter to the editor that was printed by the *Boston Globe* while I was incarcerated at the Massachusetts Correctional Institution for Women (MCI) at Framingham:

On Aug. 9, the 40th anniversary of the atomic bombing of Nagasaki, I was one of nine resisters who were arrested at GTE in Westboro where communications systems for the MX and other first-strike missiles are being developed.

We went to the two main entrances of the plant with posters showing the devastation left by the American bombing of Nagasaki. My poster showed a child lying amid the rubble "waiting for help—or death."

We need to say "no" to nuclear weapons or the same fate will await our children and grandchildren.

I am a middle-class 63-year-old grandmother of five and mother of eight from Gardner, with some teaching experience; at present, I am working with the poor and homeless.

Forty years ago, when the atomic bombs were dropped on Hiroshima and Nagasaki, I was happy the war was over. Our "boys" could come home, and I could get on with my life with my husband and the baby we were expecting. It did not occur to me until a few years ago that we had bombed civilians—babies, children, mothers and fathers, grandmothers and grandfathers. Not once, but twice!

Many people, especially of my generation, believe that dropping the bombs prevented a full-scale invasion of Japan which would have cost many more lives on both sides. Historical information recently made available from the National Archives show that there were alternatives.

Seven physicists working on the atom bomb, US Secretary of War Stimson and Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower, among others, are on record as having spoken out against the use of the weapons on civilian targets.

For my protest against the barbarism of first-strike nuclear missiles, which will be sent off by computers being developed by GTE, I was fined \$65 for trespassing. I refused to pay because I feel it is right to put my body on the line to stop this war machine.

Together we can turn around this mad race toward death. We must demand that Congress cut funding of nuclear weapons. That money is needed for life-enhancing programs which provide housing, food, health care, and education.

Write to President Reagan insisting on a ban on testing and contact your congressional representatives concerning a test ban and a comprehensive, mutual, verifiable freeze.

—Constance Riley, MCI Framingham

Following my release from prison, I wrote this article for the Montachusett People's Action Committee (MPAC) newsletter:

Civil Disobedience or Divine Obedience?

After spending 12 days at the Mass. Correctional Institution at Framingham, I want to share some thoughts with you. I wonder who needs to be corrected? Does it seem strange to say that I was happy in prison? I felt it was so right to step on GTE's land (paid for by our taxes) and thereby say "NO" with all my being to the insane nuclear weapons build-up. They called it "trespassing."

Much pain surrounded me—in the lives of the imprisoned women, in the bureaucratic life of an institution, in the injustices of our Government and our legal system, but I think of the Chinese characters for crisis—one stands for danger, the other for opportunity. Yes, my resistance to nuclear weapons may have been seen as dangerous, but how can it compare to the danger we are all exposed to every day by the threat of nuclear war? It was an opportunity to take a step that affirmed my rejection of war and my work for peace.

Looking back at my family tree, I realize that my ancestors moved from rural roots to small town branches. My life has been a journey of mind and heart from that small town, the village of South Gardner, to the awareness that we all live together in a global village.

CHAIR CITY FINALE: TAKE A SEAT

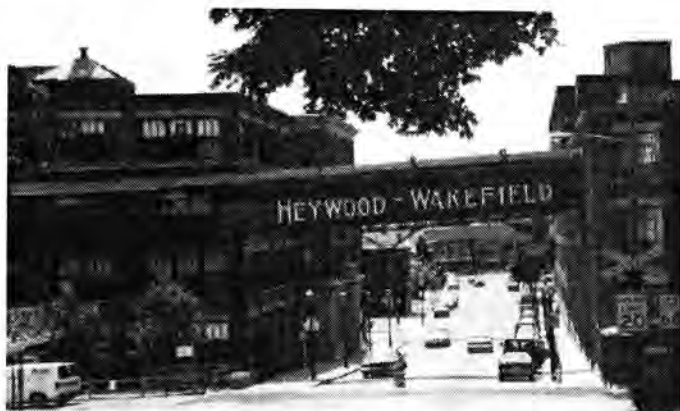
By the time my ancestors came to the States in the late nineteenth century, over a dozen factories were producing chairs in Gardner. It all started in 1805 when James Comee began making chairs with wood and flag seats. He hired apprentices who later went into business for themselves. This practice of employees spinning off new chair shops continued for many years. I've been told that entrepreneurs often started by building chairs in the cellars of their homes.

From 1805 to about 1860, the chair industry grew to about thirteen companies, employing approximately 440 workers. Elijah Putnam started using cane seating

about 1825. He also used horsepower and then waterpower. Waterpower was harnessed from an outlet from Crystal Lake called Pond Brook and used by Heywood Chair Mfg., Collester, Rugg & Co., L. H. Sawin, S. Wright & Co., P. Derby, A. White & Co., and Conant Brothers. South Gardner shops that used Pew Brook were Greenwood & Nichols, Greenwood & Wright, W. Hogan & Co., S. K. Pierce, E. C. & O. A. Travers, and John Sawin.

Some of the work was done at home. Up until about the turn of the century, rattan seating stock and seat frames were delivered to homes where all members of the family might work at seating chairs for Gardner factories at so much per chair. After that time, machinery was invented that led to factory-made reed-seated chairs.

In 1904, John A. Dunn was interviewed in the *American Cabinet Maker and Upholsterer* publication. He said



Downtown Gardner, Massachusetts, Chair City



L.B. Ramsdell Company was located at 170 Mill Street.

that seventeen concerns in Gardner made chairs. He said, "The workmen are well paid and are well content with existing conditions." He listed a pay scale for workmen of \$1.75 a day and artisans from \$3 to \$5 a day. Also, he said there were more than five hundred women hired by different factories for \$6 to \$10 per week.

In the *Retail Dealers' Guide* published in 1925, seventeen chair factories are listed. By 1967, when Esther Gilman Moore's *History of Gardner, Massachusetts* was printed, there had been forty-one chair manufacturing concerns doing business in Gardner at one time or another.

There were so many French people working in the chair shops that the whole city of Gardner shut down for two weeks in July for the vacation exodus of hundreds of chairmakers to Canada. Rita Bourgeois came from New Brunswick to Gardner in the 1950s. She said that it was possible to get a job in one factory in the morning, and if not satisfied, go to another company in the afternoon and get hired immediately.

The largest chair manufacturing plant was started in 1826 by five Heywood brothers. One hundred years later, Heywood-Wakefield Company employed 1,200 in Gardner alone. By 1979 when they closed, there were 5,300 workers nationwide in seven factories, thirteen offices, and a number of warehouses. Many Gardner Heywood-Wakefield employees were able to find jobs at Nichols & Stone or Simplex Time Recorder. John Dumanoski was recruited for his accounting skills by Simplex. Ernest Holmlund, one of Heywood's foremen, was hired by S. Bent Co. Russell Pelletier and Frances Aukstikalnis were picked up by Nichols & Stone. Bernard "Red" Riley, who had been managing Lloyd's, a subsidiary of Heywood's in Menomonee, Michigan, was called back to work in the Gardner plant. He said he could see the handwriting on the wall and went to work for a Worcester company.

"Shifting Gears" was a study done by Scholar-in-Residence Martha Norkunas in 1980 for the Massachusetts Foundation for Humanities and Public Policy to examine the changing meaning of work. In Gardner, Heywood-Wakefield Co. was the main focus. The conclusions concerning the failure of the company were myriad; however, some of them were as follows:



The Big Chair built by P. Derby & Co. in 1928

1. Economic advantages of moving south
2. An outdated, inefficient Gardner plant
3. Shortsighted management decisions
4. Low pay and abuse of the piece-work system by the workers
5. Declining work ethic
6. Declining labor availability for factory work

The study concluded that the union did not appear to be the cause of the failure. Although the 1956 strike hurt the company, losses could have been reversed because the products were still in demand.

At the beginning of the twenty-first century, only two chair factories remained in Gardner. Standard Chair was incorporated in 1959 by Melvin and Richard Ostroff and made upholstered Early American chairs and rockers in the beginning. They patented a laser-engraving process and found their niche by switching to the production of college chairs. According to Melvin Ostroff in the year 2000, employees numbered forty-five, many of them hardworking and conscientious French Canadians, some of them second generation.

In the year 2000, Nichols & Stone was the oldest furniture company still in operation in the United States. Starting out in Westminster in 1762, Edmond Nichols began making chairs and taught his seven sons the craft. By 1893, the need to enlarge and to be near the railroad prompted a move to Gardner. The company made its name by specializing in Windsor chairs and Boston rockers and later expanded into dining room, bedroom, and other types of furniture. Carlton "Tuck" Nichols, who was the eighth generation of his family to be involved with the business, announced the closing of the plant in 2008.

In 1905, a twelve-foot Mission chair was erected at the railroad depot. Painted on it were the following words: "GARDNER THE LARGEST CHAIR TOWN IN THE WORLD. THIS CHAIR MADE BY P. DERBY & CO." It was replaced in 1928 by a fifteen-foot Mission chair made by the same George Goodale of the Derby Co. This would have been the chair I enjoyed climbing on when I visited my Dad, who worked as Boston and Maine yard clerk and yardmaster at the depot.



Leon LaPlante's 1976 mahogany chair which made the Guinness Book of World Records as "Biggest Chair"

When Gardner became a city in 1923, the inhabitants proclaimed it the "Chair City of the World." For Gardner's sesquicentennial in 1935, Heywood-Wakefield built a Colonial Hitchcock chair that was sixteen feet tall. From 1935-70 it was located at various spots: the depot, West Broadway, and the corner of Central and Elm Streets. An exciting event involving that chair took place in 1946 when Gardner Day was held at Boston's Fenway Park. *Life* magazine took a photo of Ted Williams sitting in the Big Chair, which had been transported to Boston. Ted Williams was given a regular-size replica for his personal use, and many other Gardner products were presented to the Red Sox players. The picture and a twelve-foot bat can be seen at the National Baseball Library in Cooperstown, New York.

For Gardner's celebration of the American Bicentennial in 1976, Leon LaPlante of Winchendon rebuilt the chair in Honduras mahogany. It is twenty feet, seven inches and is located on Elm Street in front of the Helen Mae Sauter School. In 1978, Gardner's Big Chair was in the *Guinness Book of World Records* as the largest chair in the world.

South Gardner also has a Big Chair. It was built in 1989 by Leon LaPlante and placed in front of the Wayside Furniture Co. on East Broadway. It is a yellow ladder back chair, thirteen feet high. The owner, Leonard Curcio, still makes a rush-seated ladder back chair and his shop is open for retail sales. Mr. Curcio says he is also doing very well with sales on the Internet.

A sign erected on Route 2 approaching Gardner from the east tells travelers that they are nearing "THE FURNITURE CAPITAL OF NEW ENGLAND." Those that have watched ads on Boston TV channels for Greater Gardner's Furniture Outlets realize they are closing in on their destination. People looking for fine furniture and hoping to find a bargain can visit the Rome Furniture Center, R. Smith Furniture Company, the Factory Coop, and two LaChance Furniture Outlets in Gardner, and also Templeton and Winchendon furniture companies.

In 1986, the State Department of Environmental Management (DEM) opened Heritage State Park at Dunn's Pond for outdoor recreational activities. They also transformed the former Lake Street fire station into a Downtown Visitors' Center next door to the former Heywood-Wakefield



Wayside Furniture Company on East Broadway with the 13-foot yellow ladder back chair

main plant. By this time, the factory building had been made over into apartments. Some people were now living in or near the same space where they worked years ago.

The Heritage Park Downtown Visitors' Center closed in the year 2000 due to lack of funds. In 2008, Mayor Mark Hawke has been consulting with state agencies for funding to re-open the site.

It contains an eight-foot high Big Chair for children to climb on. There is also a mock Victorian gingerbread porch with 1901-style wicker furniture to sit on. Visitors will be able to punch in on a time clock that was invented in Gardner by Curtis Watkins when he worked at Heywood-Wakefield. He later founded Simplex Time Recorder to specialize in time clocks.

Another feature of this museum is an old-fashioned chairmaker's shop where live exhibitions of chair-caning and fibre-rushing may take place. There is also a video of these skills and another one of Gardner silversmiths at work. Samples of Gardner chairs line the walls: a Boston rocker, swing glider, wicker rocker, folding secretary, ladder back, and many other chairs. Also on the walls are photos of area scenes such as the Swedish Social Club at Wyman's Pond, Westminster; Vytantus, the Gardner Lithuanian Society Band founded in 1908 for the Lithuanian Outing Association; a 1913 picture of the Sokol Society, a Polish church group for activists; a delivery truck loaded with 210 pieces of rattan for Heywood Bros.; and a strike at John A. Dunn Co., where workers objected to ten-hour work days and the use of machine-made parts.



Levi Heywood Memorial Library, Gardner, Massachusetts

Large family portraits dominate one section of the visitors' center. They show examples of the many ethnic groups who came to Gardner because of the booming chair industry. By pushing a button beneath each portrait, the viewer may read the history of a particular ethnic group's arrival in Gardner.

The following are examples of family portraits at the Heritage Visitors' Center:

1. Michael Mahoney with wife and ten children in 1913. They represented the Irish. Many worked on railroad construction crews and farms. The women were often domestic servants.

2. The family of Thomas and Fredilina Mailloux. There were eleven children, one of them a nun. They were Acadians and came from New Brunswick, Canada.
3. Finns were represented by the family of Edward Karjalainen, 1916. Finns arrived in 1881 to work on constructing the Gardner waterworks.
4. There is a photo of Joseph and Rebecca Rome's wedding in 1886. Joseph Rome and James Rose were Gardner's first Jewish settlers. They were soon joined by those fleeing Russian persecution. By 1914, there were 250 Jews in Gardner.
5. The Polish are represented by Stanislaw Bogdanski and family in 1919.
6. The Brooks family is an example of an American born family.
7. Joseph Lucia and family of five children came from Italy.
8. The Acadian family of Laurent and Alice Cormier were shown in 1938 with five children. There are many Cormiers in Gardner.

Immigrants started coming in 1840 to work in Gardner's chair factories and do other needed jobs. The largest influx was between 1890 and 1900. People came from Ireland, Quebec, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Finland, Sweden, Poland, Italy, Russia, Germany, Lithuania, and Portugal.

The Gardner Museum at 28 Pearl Street also has artifacts on display from Gardner's history of chairmaking. On the wall, just inside the front door, is a framed page from Herrick's history of Gardner. It says that between 1868 and 1878, Gardner produced two million chairs. Heywood's made 450,000, Derby's made 150,000, and others lesser amounts. Hanging on the walls are many types of chairs: Comee's bow-back chair (1805-



The Gardner Museum

1826); a ladder back (circa 1805); S. Bent's potty chair for adults (1890-1910); and a baby jumper seat nursery chair (1857). Heywood chairs are well represented with the following: child's chair (1855-1860); lady's chair with rocking seat; a miniature sample of turnover chairs for railway cars; school chairs; and the American diner chair for restaurants and dining rooms (1868).

Two beautiful examples of furniture decorated for Heywood's by the Hill Brothers in 1860 (a chair and a bedroom set) are exhibited at the museum. Also,

hanging over an archway door are two seats from the Boston Garden. Other chairs displayed include one from Conant Ball (circa 1904), Fontaine's upholstered boudoir chairs, and a five-legged wicker chair (circa 1880) made by the Wakefield Rattan Furniture Co.

In 1850, Heywood's adapted a Viennese mechanized steam bending process to create their own Bent Wood furniture. Information at the Gardner Museum explains how this furniture was made.

With the near-demise of the furniture industry in Gardner, the largest employers are Heywood Hospital, the Massachusetts Correctional Institution at Gardner, and Mount Wachusett Community College. Three industrial parks offer employment through a number of enterprises, such as ACT Fastening Solutions. Many residents commute elsewhere to find work.

The chair industry, now mostly history, is Gardner's biggest claim to fame. Many citizens of Gardner are still proud to come from the "Chair City of the World."

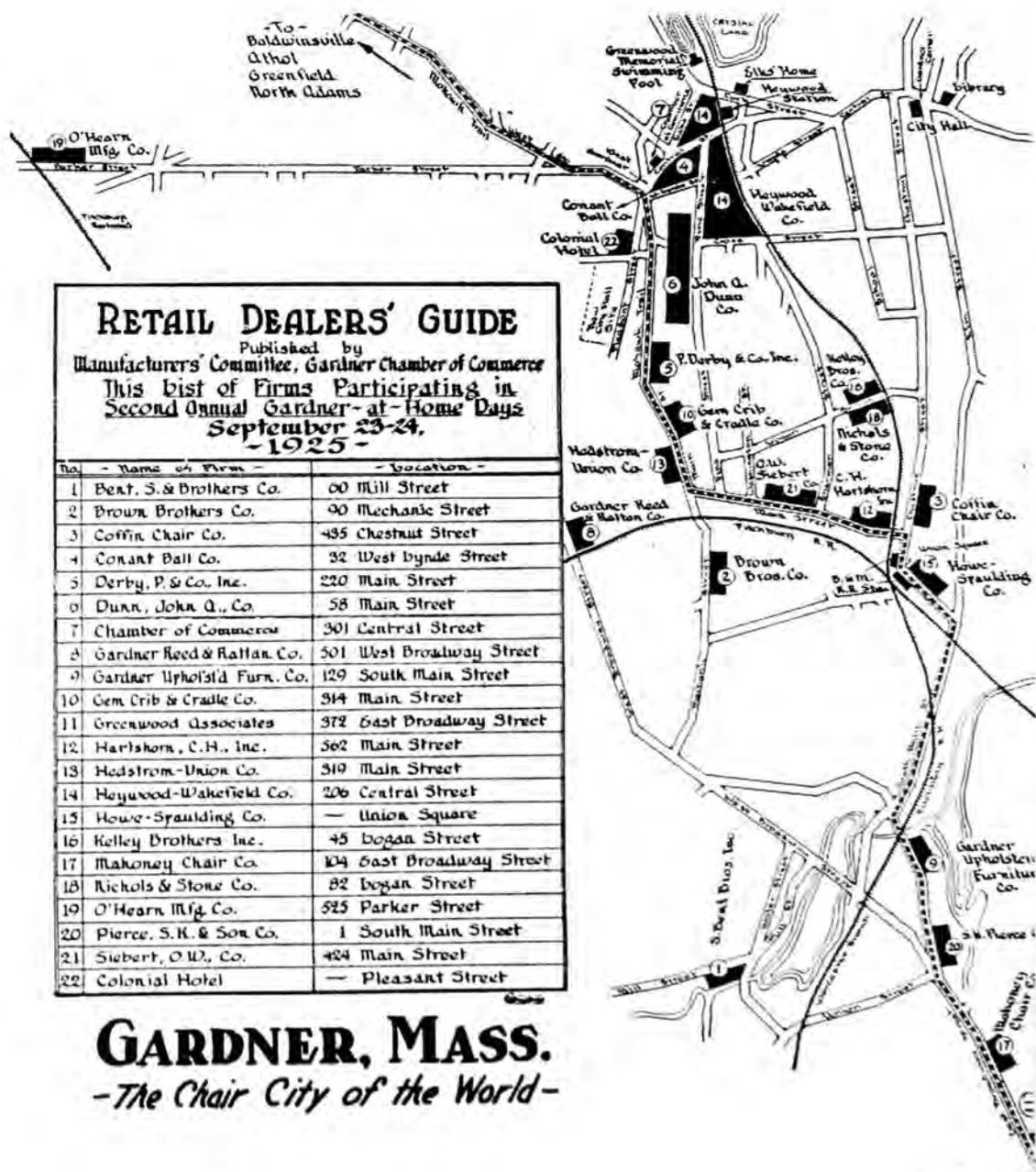


City Hall of Gardner, Massachusetts



*A billboard on the state highway, Route 2,
in Gardner, Massachusetts*

ADDENDUM



GARDNER, MASS.
-The Chair City of the World-

GARDNER CHAIRMAKERS 1805-1960

* Family members who worked in Gardner chair factories

- 1805** James Comee made chairs by hand at his home on Pearl Street.
- 1812** Elijah Putnam built a chair shop on Green Street where he used the following types of power: foot, windmill, horse (a treadmill), and finally, water.
- 1826** Heywood Co. was started in a barn adjacent to the Heywood farmhouse at the corner of Woodland Avenue and Central Street. This company went through a number of name changes such as Heywood Brothers and Company, Heywood Brothers and Wakefield Company, Heywood-Wakefield Company. By 1967, Heywood's had a thousand employees at the Gardner factory and had plants in Michigan, Tennessee, and Ontario.
- * Bernard Riley
 - * Albert LaRoche
 - * Henry LaRoche
 - * Thomas LaRoche
 - * David LaRoche
- 1827** Greenwood Brothers & Company/Greenwood Associates, Inc., East Broadway. Walter Greenwood built a dam and put in machinery for water power.
- 1830** S. K. Pierce & Son, South Main Street.
- * James Timpany
- 1837** E. H. Mahoney Chair Co., South Gardner. It was the only Gardner firm manufacturing folding and steamer chairs.

- 1852** Conant Ball Company. This chair shop started under the name Jackson & Greenwood, then became A. White & Company. By 1866, it was called Conant Brothers & Company, and in 1875, the firm name was changed to Conant, Ball & Company. It started on West Broadway and moved to West Lynde Street in 1888.
- 1863** P. Derby & Company on Main Street made the Mission-style chair that stood for many years at the north side of the Boston & Maine Railroad tracks at Union Square. It was called the largest chair in the world.
- 1865** John A. Dunn Company bought the mill privilege from Elijah Putnam and, by 1886, employed four hundred. Offices and warehouses were maintained in Boston and Chicago, with export trade developed in Cuba, Puerto Rico, and Great Britain.
- 1867** S. Bent & Brothers, Inc., on Mill Street employed 185 in 1966. Along with Nichols & Stone, they were national leaders in the manufacture of college and university chairs.
- * Seymour Hutchinson
 - * Thomas LaRoche
 - * David LaRoche
 - * James LaRoche
- 1868** A. & H. C. Knowlton on Main Street employed forty to manufacture chairs.
- * Albro McConnell
- 1879** L. B. Ramsdell Company made doll carriages and toy furniture and branched out into juvenile and adult furniture.
- * James Timpany
 - * Edgell Timpany
- 1883** L. A. Wright & Company, High Street. In addition to a lumber business, the firm made chairs and settees. In 1920, the mill was developed into the Arcadia Dance Hall and Recreation Center by Mr. Swartz of Providence.
- 1893** C. H. Hartshorn, Inc., Main Street. By 1966, the firm had added living room furniture, dinette sets, and juvenile rockers to the production line.

- 1893** Nichols & Stone Company, Logan Street. In 1967, the firm employed about two hundred and produced reproductions of Windsor and other Early American chairs.
- * Bernard Riley
 - * Brendan Riley
- 1900** Brown Brothers Company, Mechanic Street, employed about twenty-five people. They made chairs of all kinds and dinette sets.
- * Jessie McConnell
 - * Fred Piper
- 1911** Gem Crib and Cradle Company/Gem Industries, Inc., Sherman Street. They moved to Main Street in 1916.
- * Stig Miller
- 1917** Chair City Upholstering Company, Inc., was started as the Gardner Muslin Underwear Company on Emerald Street, became the Reed & Fibre Company in the early thirties, and in 1946, the Chair City Upholstering Company, making cricket chairs, rockers, and love seats.
- 1919** Denney Manufacturing Company on South Main Street was established as Gardner Upholstered Furniture Company. The name changed in 1955.
- 1923** O'Hearn Manufacturing Company, Parker Street, made fibre and maple furniture.
- 1925** Kelly Brothers, Logan Street, was started in 1889 to make reed baby carriages. When the business reorganized in 1925, they made reed sunroom furniture and, by 1932, made maple den and dining room furniture.
- 1927** Children's Furniture Corporation, Wasa Street, made all kinds of children's furniture including nursery training chairs.
- 1932** Custom & Modern Upholstering Company started on Park Street and moved to Main Street. Employing about a hundred, they made boudoir and colonial upholstered furniture.

- 1933** Royal Furniture Manufacturing, South Main Street, manufactured chairs and rockers. They employed thirty workers.
- 1934** Fontaine Brothers made cricket and occasional chairs. They employed about eighty workers.
- 1936** Rousseau Brothers Manufacturing Company, Inc., made boudoir chairs and colonial furniture and and exported to Canada.
- 1937** Greenwood-Carlton Corporation/Arlington Chair Company in South Gardner made school furniture and household chairs. They had thirty workers.
- 1937** LaPlante & Rousseau Manufacturing Company, Inc., on Ryan Street made children's rockers and cricket chairs and employed fourteen.
- 1938** Ralph Curcio Company, Inc., on East Broadway made ladder back chairs a specialty.
- * Thomas LaRoche
- 1938** Thayer Organization started on Sanborn Street and moved to Cross Street, then South Gardner, and, finally, School Street. The business made juvenile goods including nursery and high chairs.
- * Thomas LaRoche
- * David LaRoche
- 1946** Bettez-LaRoche Upholstering Company, Coburn Avenue, made rockers, recliners, and living room suites. The firm employed about fifty people.
- * Henry LaRoche
- * David LaRoche
- * Lester LaRoche
- * Jules LaRoche
- * Paul LaRoche
- * William LaRoche
- * Theresa LaRoche McGuinness
- * Harold LaRoche

- 1946** L & Z Kamman, Inc., started on Main Street and moved to Mechanic Street. They made Early American chairs and had about 150 workers.
- 1947** Colonial Chair Company, Main Street, manufactured Early American living room furniture and had about thirty workers.
- 1947** Rahaim Furniture & Carpets, Inc., Chestnut Street, produced custom-made upholstered furniture.
- 1948** Modern Furniture Upholstering Company, Sand Street, had eighteen workers.
- 1950** Gardner Craftsmen, Inc., Chelsea Street, made vinyl-covered, upholstered furniture and averaged sixty employees.

* Thomas LaRoche

- 1956** Brewster-Beauchemin, Inc., Leamy Street, made a full line of maple furniture and had thirty-five workers.
- 1959** National Reed Furniture, Inc., Mission Street, had twenty-five workers making rocking chairs, table and chair sets, and juvenile furniture.
- 1959** Standard Chair of Gardner, Inc., South Main Street, made Early American chairs and rockers with thirty-five employees.

* Thomas LaRoche

- 1959** Wiley Manufacturing Company, Inc., started on Main Street and moved to School Street. They made children's furniture and employed fifty-four.
- 1960** Gardner Colonial Manufacturing Corp., South Main Street, made rockers and club chairs. They had ten employees.

MAYORS OF GARDNER, MASSACHUSETTS

1923—Chester P. Pearson

1927—Albert H. Stone

1931-June 21, 1933 (resigned)—George C. Sweeney

August 15, 1933—James A. Timpany

1938—Fred E. Perry

1942—Oscar R. Anderholm

1947—Fred E. Perry

1950—Gabriel G. Morze

1954—Ulric O. Fredette

1958—Fred E. Perry

1960—Cyrille P. Landry

1970—Linus Allain

1972—Clarke K. Stedman

1974—Stephen J. Erickson

1978—Gerald St. Hilaire

1982—Charles P. McKean

1986—Alan L. Agnelli

1988—John S. Deveau

1990—Charles J. Manca

2000—Daniel J. Kelly

2004—Gerald St. Hilaire

2008—Mark Hawke

BLACK/NATIVE AMERICAN INDIANS GARDNER MARRIAGES AND FAMILY PATTERNS

(Nipmuc Hassanamisco Tribe)
Compiled by Reggie Chandler

Ancestors of Gardner residents Reggie Chandler, Howard Klash, James Wallgren:

- Catherine Freeman, married in 1847 to Tower Hazard, Jr.
- Livona (aka Leonora) Freeman, married in 1838 to Elbridge Gigger
- Henry Hemenway, married in 1849 to Elizabeth (aka Eliza) Gigger
- Clarendon Oxford, married in 1829 to Patty Freeman
- Anthony Abbot, married in 1824 to Esther Freeman
- Harriet Delina Freeman Abbot, married in 1848 to Rufus Hazard
- Henry Waterman, married in 1862 to Catherine Freeman
- Emery Waterman, married in 1863 to Anna Maria Oxford

How South Gardner families relate according to Reggie Chandler:

- Catherine and Livona Freeman were sisters
- Esther and Patty Freeman were sisters
- Elizabeth and Elbridge Gigger were sister and brother
- Henry and Emery Waterman were brothers and cousins to the Freemans
- Rufus and Tower Hazard were cousins
- Tower Hazard and Henry Hemenway were best friends
- Clarendon Oxford shares a grandmother (Eleanor Oxford) with the Freemans

Civil War Veterans:

- Henry Waterman was in the 54th Massachusetts Regiment, Company I, as was Theophilis Freeman, Company F
- Oliver Hazard, who has the statue in Carter Park, Leominster was also in the 54th (Townsend)

- My great, great grandfather, James Hazzard, was also in the 54th (Woodstock, Vermont)

The 5th Regiment Massachusetts Volunteer Cavalry had the following Gardner enlistees:

- Peter Bates
- Jerome Card
- William Carter
- John Chadwick
- Joseph Clark
- Joseph Guy
- William Morgan

THE PATERNAL LINE OF HENRY “TERRY” LEO LAROCHE

Traced Back to France and Described in Historical Context

by his daughter, Kathleen Sheila LaRoche

Dedicated to the Glory of God, with thanksgiving for
my French heritage of the Good News of Jesus Christ

And how can they believe in the one of whom they have not heard?

—Romans 10:14

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My father was born at 354 Park Street in the Little Canada section of Gardner, Massachusetts, on April 18, 1919. He spoke French as well as English, the French language being an audible connection to family origins in Canada and, ultimately, France. On his mother's side, the heritage is Acadian, returning to France through New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. On his father's side, it is French-Canadian, the designation of the French who inhabited Quebec. The purpose of this paper is to identify and to place in historical context my father's fathers through every Canadian generation and to name the last generation in France.

In the 1930's and early '40's, the Drouin Institute of Montreal undertook the task of microfilming the contents of French-Canadian church registers. The marriage records from 1608 to 1935 were subsequently indexed. Roger Casavant and Pauline Cusson of the American-Canadian Genealogical Society in Manchester, New Hampshire, helped me use the Blue Drouin index, parish repertoires, and the recently digitized Drouin microfilm to find and confirm my father's direct paternal line and to see handwritten marriage records dating as far back as 1670 on a modern computer screen.

Interestingly enough, the original family name is not LaRoche but Rognon, which, according to Roger Casavant, was pronounced *Ragnun* in French Canada. Laroche, originally with a small *r*, was added to Rognon at some point as a dit name.

In late sixteenth-century France, the assignment of dit names solved the very practical problem of distinguishing between multiple family members using the same name (Casavant dit Ladebauche). The military soon adopted the practice, Casavant dit Ladebauche states, by giving every soldier a "soubriquet" or dit name at the beginning of his career. Pronounced *dee*, "dit" simply means "say" or "so-called." As Casavant dit Ladebauche explains, a dit name is not a nickname, alias, or AKA (also known as); it is an integral part of a person's last name. Confusingly, dit names and surnames could be used together or separately, in which case they were interchangeable (Lalonde 5). Forebear Rognon dit Laroche could variously have been referred to as Rognon, Laroche, or comprehensively, Rognon dit Laroche. Inspiration for a dit name was quite unlimited and might reflect, for example, a physical characteristic, a personality trait, an occupation, or a place (5).

Rognon is not the only family line to use the dit name Laroche. Tanguay's *Dictionnaire Genealogique des Familles Canadiennes* lists twenty-three surnames with which Laroche was paired (553). A present-day LaRoche may have once been a Brisson, a Fontaine, or a Picard.

Michel Rognon dit Laroche, my father's great-great-great-great-great-grandfather, came to the settlement of Quebec on June 30, 1665 (Jette 1003). His marriage record states his father's name as simply Rognon, but one document is not definitive regarding the use of a dit name. Michel's dit name might have been received from his father, acquired on his own, or attached by the military.

In fact, according to the Web site of the Association of Laroche and Rochette Families, Michel and twenty-nine military cohorts each received a nickname (or, more aptly, dit name) beginning with *L* from their Captain, M. De Monteil, "when they were confined to the island of Orleans during the winter of 1666-67."

The twenty-eight year old* son of the deceased Charles Rognon and his wife Genevieve (LeParmentier), Michel belonged to the Monteil Company of the Poitou Regiment (Verney 176).

Of his life in France, "We are unable to locate any indication about the life of Michel Rognon before his departure from France . . . Research in Europe for this period is highly uncertain because France was being torn apart by wars and revolutions and several valuable documents were destroyed" (R said ML [1639-1684]).

The Poitou, direct from a year of engagement in the West Indies, and three other companies reached Quebec to merge with the Carignan-Salieres Regiment (Costain 253), described by Casavant in conversation as "elite." The men of these units were professional soldiers. "No longer were unwilling and badly trained levies from the farms and towns [of Europe] sent into battle; instead the armies . . . were well paid, well armed, well trained" (257).

In early 1665, the population of Quebec was 547; the entire population of New France** was only 3,215 (Coulombe 22). Compare this with New England's numbers of 22,800 in 1650 and 50,900 in 1670 (qtd. In Lalonde 14).

Blame for that perilously small population is often attributed to the fur trade monopolists for neglecting to fulfill their undertaking to bring in settlers, but that was not entirely the case. By and large the Compagnie des Cent-Associés, or the Compagnie de la Nouvelle-France, did meet its obligations and regularly brought indentured workers into the country. The problem lay in the large number who returned to France at the end of their three-to-five year period of indentured service. Rather than stay on as settlers in a country that had little to offer by way of creature comforts and security, with its forbidding winters, the difficulty of clearing land for agricultural use, the shortage of marriageable women, and the constant threat of Iroquois attack, they went back to France where conditions were far more hospitable. (Verney 4)

* Based on his stated confirmation age

**Technically, "New France" refers to all French land in North America. It is sometimes used, however, as a synonym for French Canada. That is the case in this paper.

In 1663, Louis XIV disbanded the Company of New France and established a new form of territorial governance. "To replace the absentee control of the investors, a council was set up, consisting of the governor and Laval as the head of the church, who were to select five councilors from among the leading citizens of the colony and a new civil official who was to carry the title of intendant" (Costain 248). "The governor was responsible for defense and for relations with the Indian tribes. The intendant was in charge of trade, industry, and many other daily life activities. The bishop controlled schools, hospitals and religious matters." (Coulombe 21).

The king then agreed to a far-reaching proposal designed to change "a struggling colony of puny health into a new empire" (Costain 249). This involved a campaign to contain the hostile Iroquois, the construction of a series of forts, and a land settlement program of soldiers turned into farmers once the peace was won (248-249).

To begin the plan, the Marquis Alexandre de Prouille de Tracy, "lieutenant general of the French dominions in the New World," arrived on June 30, 1665, with military support that included Michel Rognon (Costain 252; Lalonde 9).

The townspeople of Quebec had never seen such pomp as that which surrounded Tracy's arrival in 1665. They crowded the ramparts and the dock to watch all agog as from out of the ship walked a group of plume-hatted nobles, twenty-four guards in the king's livery, the sixty-two year old Tracy, noticeably pale and weak from fever, and two hundred blue-uniformed soldiers. The colourful assemblage formed a procession on the waterfront, the guards and four pages taking the lead, the Marquis de Tracy following under the white-and-gold flag of France, and the stiff-backed soldiers bringing up the rear. Then to the martial tap of drums and the blast of trumpets they wound their way up the cliffside road. Joy and relief filled everyone at the sight of these proud symbols of the king's protective majesty. They were cheered as deliverers, for as deliverers they had come; and bells clanged above the tumult as they entered the square in front of the church. Bishop Laval met Tracy at the door and the two then went inside, proud ecclesiastic and King's representative, to sing a *Te Deum* of rejoicing. (Toye qtd. in Coulombe 21)

Their discipline was perfect and they marched in splendid order through the lower town and up the steep incline to the summit; blue coats piped with white, plumed hats, buff leather bandoleers, muskets carried on slings over the shoulder, long leather boots turned back halfway of the calves. The drums were beaten furiously, the pipes screeched, the trumpets blew with a flourish which said, 'Thus begins the king's triumph and the ruin of the wicked Iroquois.' (Costain 254)

The troops sat tight until September, waiting for ten more companies to arrive from France (Costain 255). During that time, Michel received the Sacrament of Confirmation on July 25th (Charbonneau 6: C451):

The apostolic vicar of Canada, Archbishop Francis de Laval, mandated that the Jesuit priest Claude Dablon prepare unconfirmed soldiers to receive the Sacrament of Confirmation. On July 25, 1665, Bishop Laval presided over the ceremony and administered the sacrament to all soldiers; Michel Rognon was one of them and said he was twenty-eight. (R said ML)

Laval's act may have been sponsored by the devout and perspicacious Tracy, responsible for the moral behavior of soldiers in civilian surroundings (Costain 255). It may also have been aimed at the Huguenot* troops, who, according to Costain, were pressed to accept Catholicism (255). Whether these confirmations involved heartfelt spiritual motivation or were mere pro forma acts of submission, this was known only to God and to the individuals involved.

On the other hand, incidents of "spontaneous outbursts of religious fervor" leave no doubt as to the reality of lives deeply touched by spiritual concerns.

Apart from what might be called institutional acts of worship, which included Te Deums to mark great moments and the sermons and celebrations connected with the abjuration of the Huguenots in the regiment, the records show that spontaneous outbursts of religious fervour involving any appreciable number of the soldiers occurred only three times. One was on their arrival from France when they showed their thankfulness at having survived the Atlantic crossing by joining in several acts of piety and worship; another was during Tracy's march to the Mohawk villages when, apprehensive about the future, they kept the accompanying priests awake at night listening to confessions; and the third was at Fort Sainte-Anne, at the height of the outbreak of scurvy, when its victims sought to prepare themselves for death. (Verney 106)

The Mohawk, Oneida, Onondaga, Cayuga, and Seneca peoples were forged together in a confederacy called the Five Nations. These tribes were enemies of the Algonquin and Huron, who traded fur with the French (Lalonde 9).

So when the Iroquois waged war on the Algonquins and Hurons, as they had for many years, even before the Europeans arrived in North

*French Protestants

America, the French went to the aid of their commercial partners. By doing so, the French earned the hatred of the Iroquois. Prodded on by the English, who also wanted the French out of North America, the Iroquois began raiding French villages and slaughtering the people. (9)

Three of the five tribes—Onondaga, Cayuga, and Seneca—responded to the troop buildup in Quebec with an overture of peace; as a result, the French campaign moved against the Mohawks instead (Costain 256).

The French paid a heavy price for their excursion; the severe conditions of the Canadian winter took a toll in suffering and death. "The veterans of a stylized and relatively comfortable kind of war-making had never experienced anything like this" (Costain 259). On the continent, war ceased during winter, and on the continent, the winters did not compare with those of New France.

Regarding the military experience of our ancestor, Michel Rognon, historians confirm that his company was involved in at least one battle during the winter 1665-1666. According to the diary written by Francois de Monteil on his career in the army (1661-1670), there is a fact noted by several military historians. 'The Marquis de Tracy, wanting to finish as soon as possible with the Indians, went with the governor of Canada, Courcelles, in January 1666 in an attempt to surprise a village of Aniers [Mohawks], marching in a terrible cold which killed men and guides.' The regiment was lost in the forest and Iroquois Indians took advantage to attack them. According to Mr. Monteil, there were 400 deaths among the soldiers, militiamen, and Indians who accompanied Mr. Tracy. (R said ML)

Some of the Carignan never made it beyond Trois Rivières.

They suffered terribly. Marching up the sheer icy surface [of the St. Lawrence], they found that any part of their anatomy which was exposed to the blistering snow and numbing winds was quickly frozen. Backs bending with the weight of muskets, snowshoes, and supply bags, they staggered into Three Rivers finally and many of them were unable to proceed any farther. If a good percentage of the force had not been Canadian—it was estimated that about two hundred were native-born—the project would probably have been abandoned at this point. The places of those who were physically incapable of proceeding were filled by Canadian volunteers. (Costain 260)

The troops who continued on

made their way across the blinding white of Lake Champlain and through the bitter storms which greeted them at Lake George, and came to the Hudson River after nearly eight weeks of indescribable hardship . . . the Algonquin guides who were to direct the way had deserted . . . Somewhere to the south and west were the Iroquois villages, but the leaders had no idea how to find them.

The chief result of this ineffectual push into enemy territory was that they encountered a party of English officers. The latter informed them that all the Dutch possessions in America had been ceded to Great Britain by treaty. They, the French, were trespassing on British territory and must be prepared to return at once. (Costain 260-261)

Ultimately, the French prevailed.

The Mohawks had not liked what they had seen of the new French power . . . Even during the harassments of the retreat there had been times when the teachings of discipline had prevailed and the troops had marched in line. Sharp black eyes had watched from the wood cover and had been both mystified and disturbed. Nor had they liked the looks of the many hundreds of muskets they had seen slung over the bent shoulders. There was a lesson in this which sank deeply into Mohawk minds and from which great benefit would come when the second drive was made. (Costain 262)

Michel may well have taken part in the victorious ending of the king's campaign. In September of 1666, thirteen hundred men "marched into the Mohawk Valley. In dozens of canoes and boats the army went up the Richelieu River into Lake Champlain, and then through 100 miles of forest" (Coulombe 22). Of the total number of men, "six hundred of the regimental veterans were in the little army, the pick of the ranks. The rest were colonists" (Costain 263).

The Iroquois just gave up. One chief exclaimed, "The whole world is coming against us!" (Costain 265).

After a peace treaty was signed in 1667, Tracy and eight hundred men returned to France. Four hundred others, in cooperation with the growth strategy for the colony, stayed behind to become landlords (*seigneurs*) and settlers (*habitants*) (Costain 267). "In addition," Costain writes, "four companies of seventy-five men each were organized to remain in the country and act as garrisons" (267). "These soldiers are well aware that, back in France, they will find themselves on new

battlefields, as King Louis XIV continues to wage war against his neighbors" (R said ML). Obviously, Michel Rognon dit Laroche was one who chose to stay.

Between 1663 and 1673, the king recruited about a thousand women and girls, aged twelve and up (Lalonde 8), for marriage to the men of New France. They are referred to as *Filles du Roi* or Daughters of the King. During the Atlantic crossing, about two hundred of them died, most as a result of scurvy (Lalonde 8).

The king paid for their transportation to the New World and provided each with a dowry in cash. He also gave the following objects and coin:

a small money box, a hood, a taffeta kerchief, shoe ribbons, one hundred sewing needles, a comb, some white thread, a pair of stockings, a pair of gloves, a pair of scissors, two knives, a thousand pins, a bonnet, four braids, and two livres in silver coin. (Coulombe 27)

The Council of New France donated clothing to each fille. The intendant provided domestic goods once a match was made. "Each couple was given an ox and a cow, two pigs, a pair of chickens, two barrels of salted meat and eleven crowns in money" (Costain 285).

"All single men were under order to get themselves married within two weeks of the arrival of a shipload of King's Girls. 'Marry,' declared the King, 'it is my will!'" (Costain 287). Some may well have fled illegally to the woods in response to this demand (296).

To taste the full flavor of early life in New France, it is necessary to understand that activities and goods were strictly controlled by Louis XIV, who clearly defined his sovereignty with the words "I am the state" (Costain 286).

He did not allow habitants to move into town and thereby undermine his land development program; the price of disobedience was a dowry-sized fine and the state seizure of goods and chattel. He dictated livestock particulars. He would not allow habitants to work on many days with religious significance, a prohibition which, given a short growing season, made life difficult for them (Costain 289-91).

The king ruled that goods originating anywhere but France be "seized and publicly burned" (289). He disallowed the press and permitted only books of a religious nature, such as *The Lives of the Saints*. He further addressed behavior by forbidding rouge and by the punishment of cursing, which first brought escalating fines and then a term in the stocks; subsequent offenses caused a searing of the upper lip, the branding of the lower lip, and ultimately, removal of the tongue. A return to France was hardly ever allowed (Costain 289-91).

"Unwilling to be told what they could and could not do, the *coureurs de bois* set out in ever-increasing numbers, their canoes filled with goods for trading with the Indians, their resentful eyes fixed on the waterways and woods in front of them" (Costain 296).

Of the Filles du Roi, "They were submitted together to the inspection of the suitor; and the awkward young peasant or the rugged soldier of Carignan was required to choose a bride without delay from among the anxious candidates. They, on their part, were permitted to reject any applicant who displeased them, and the question, we are told, which most of them asked was whether the suitor had a house and a farm" (Parkman qtd. in Coulombe 25).

Civil contracts preceded the church nuptials. "Quebec, being a colony of France, ran under the principles of French law and all civil or non-criminal matters were handled by notaries" (Simmons).

Marriage contracts were sometimes annulled as the parties become more acquainted (Coulombe 26). Yet the plan worked; in 1671, for example, Costain states that "nearly seven hundred children were born in the colony" (286).

The Daughters of the King included some members of the upper class as well as the very poor, many of whom were widows or orphans, and those in-between (Reisinger 2; Reisinger interview). As French women needed a dowry in order to marry or even to enter the convent (Lalonde 8), the poor needed the king's gift to make a life for themselves. Additionally, "the prospect of coming to a new land and marrying a man who already had a farm and had built a house and was just waiting to marry, had to be a powerful incentive" (8). As to why those with more resources accepted the king's offer of marriage to a stranger in a wilderness, one can only speculate given the complexities of human relationships and the context of social conditions in France.

The filles were to be of childbearing age and "not unpleasant-natured or bad-looking. They should be strong and healthy to be able to work in this country, or should at least be trained in handicraft" (Talon qtd. in Brown).

Good character was also required. "The candidates were looked over carefully . . . and their recommendations from parish priest or confessor were read and considered" (Costain 283). "It is said that some King's Daughters were of less than favorable repute, but they were the exception rather than the rule" (interview). Costain says, "There were a few occasions when mistakes were made and girls were admitted who had been guilty of loose conduct or had criminal records" (283). "Although prostitutes were being sent to the West Indies at this time, there is no proof that they were sent to Canada. Female immigrants in Canada were almost above reproach" (Coulombe 23).

La Hontan says the plumpest girls were taken first, and this undoubtedly was true. The bachelors wanted healthy partners who could be depended upon to do their share, or a little more, of the work. A bad complexion or a squint could be overlooked if the figure was buxom. The Truth might as well be stated at once: there was little of romance in the coming of the King's Girls and their absorption into the life of the colony, little

more than at a sale of livestock. The marriages followed immediately after the selection, priests being on hand to conduct the ceremony and notaries to make out the necessary papers. (Costain 284-285)

In September of 1670, thirty-three year old habitant Michel married a fourteen year old* Daughter of the King named Marguerite Lamain at Notre-Dame-de-Quebec. Marguerite was also the daughter of Jacques and Marguerite desHais of Rouen, Normandy. Like Michel, a Parisian, she was urban bred.

In addition to fifty livres from the king, Marguerite had "goods or wealth [her own dowry, in other words] estimated to be worth three hundred livres" (Dumas 267); this indicates that her social rank was "a cut above the peasant" (interview). Marguerite was unable, however, to sign her marriage contract. (In contrast, Michel signed in a very legible hand, now available to be seen on the internet at www.rolaro.org.) "Marguerite had been in New France for almost five weeks when the contract was signed" (Translation).

Costain speaks negatively of city girls as candidates for life in New France:

The preference seems to have been most decidedly for peasant girls because they were healthy and industrious. Girls from the cities did not prove as satisfactory; they were inclined to be lightheaded, lazy, and sometimes sluttish, and the sturdy young habitants had no desire for wives of that type although they might be prettier and trimmer than the broad-beamed candidates from the farms. (283)

Marguerite, however, must have had something positive to recommend her to Michel and to spare her from joining "the culls:" "There were sometimes bitter complaints that the best were snapped up in Quebec and the culls were then sent on to Three Rivers and Montreal" (Costain 283).

Perhaps they recognized some measure of compatibility based on their shared urban background. The making of their relationship, however, was subject to a third-party influence.

Daughters of the King were escorted from France by female chaperones. "Anne Gasnier, widow of Jean Bourdon, lord of Dombourg, accompanied . . . king's daughters [including Marguerite] from France, and she was involved in the choice of a husband for Marguerite" (Translation). She was "a very precious ally in the choice of [Michel's] wife . . . he had shared his intentions with [her] . . . [she was the] widow of Jean Bourdon, seigneur of Dombourg, who had granted . . . [Michel's land] concession. Anne Gasnier guided her protégé in the choice of a good girl to marry" (F du R).

*Based on her recorded age at the time of hospitalization in Quebec

Anne Gasnier made a number of trips to recruit Filles du Roi. "Madame Gasnier is designated by the Governor to travel to France to participate in the selection of recruits who have the greatest potential for adaptation to the particular context of New France" (F du R).

Once married, Michel and Marguerite settled on Michel's roture in the Dombourg Seigneurie, established in 1653 "on an uprise seven leagues" (MR dit L) to the southwest of Quebec.

A *roture* was one unit of a *seigneurie* granted by the king to a seigneur. The seigneur reserved a domain for himself and conceded rotures to habitants. The size of the average roture was forty to eighty arpents, an *arpent* measuring a little less than an acre (Lalonde 12).

Michel's roture was two plus arpents by forty, with the small end at the northern bank of the St. Lawrence River (Gagnon). It was the fourth lot on the eastern side of the seigneurie. The spot can be found today off Route 138 in Neuville, a parcel of land bearing the number 39 (Laroche).

"Anne Gasnier, who was herself [like Michel] a native of St-Germain-l'Auxerrois, may have influenced the decision of Michel Rognon to accept a land concession from her husband[']s seigneurie.] In addition, an immediate neighbor, Charles DeLaurice, was originally from St-Germain-l'Auxerrois" (MR dit L).

One of the reasons for the roture's shape was the practicality of placing homes near rivers such as the St. Lawrence and the Richelieu. "A strip pattern gave frontage on a major transportation artery . . . to a maximum number of rotures" (Harris 120). "The rectangle with a low ratio of width to length permitted families to live on their farms . . . close to their neighbors" and "permitted maximum access to the river for fishing" (120).

By the time of Michel's death, Dombourg Seigneurie had become Neuville Seigneurie. Both were alternatively known as Pointe-aux-Trembles.

"Immediately after his dismissal from the military in 1668, Michel went on his land" (R said ML). By September of 1670, he would have cleared land and harvested crops, which could have been wheat, barley, oats, flax, and hemp (Coulombe 32). Coulombe notes the habitant's obligation to help two others with clearing their lots (32); presumably, Michel would have both given and received help with this task.

Since Michel came from St-Germain-l'Auxerrois parish in the very heart of Paris, one wonders how he learned to farm. It may be that "in the more settled times after 1666" (Verney Chapter 7), he was employed with fellow soldiers in "work[ing] beside the habitants in the fields" (7) and picked up knowledge then.

A challenge for all was the fact that "agricultural implements were primitive in early Canada" (Harris 85).

The colony's dearth of material goods also had an impact on the quality of life. Heneker reports, "During the 17th century, many of the people were so poor that the women were obliged to keep at home from sheer lack of warm clothing" (239). When people did have the means to acquire goods, they had to wait until ships arrived from France in August, September, and October (239).

Michel's survival may have been assured by his tenancy at Dombourg rather than one of the seigneuries granted to former Carignan-Salieres officers along the Richelieu River. The Iroquois wiped out some Richelieu River seigneuries completely. Despite the formality of a peace treaty with the French, individual Indians had the tribal right to form a war party and strike as they pleased (Costain 267-268).

The seigneurial system was feudal in nature; a legal code known as the Custom of Paris articulated the particulars. Application of the code was "modified in Canada" (Harris 6), which worked well given the Canadian temperament: "In 1689 a report was sent to France on which its anonymous author remarked wistfully that 'There is not doubt that . . . the people of this country, neither docile nor easy to govern, are very difficult to constrain, for they like freedom and no domination at all'" (Harris 180).

Class structure was not fixed in Canada as it was in France. "Hence, seigneurs often lost their seignories and the thrifty habitant who had accumulated sufficient means bought up a seignory and thus gained seignorial rank" (Heneker 239-240). Additionally, "some soldiers were made Seigneurs even though they were not of noble birth. They were given money and land as an inducement to stay" (Coulombe 23).

This was "significantly different from what the immigrants had left in France. In France the farmers were peasants . . . the 'Seigneur' . . . was rich and powerful and usually lived in a grand chateau. The contrast in class status and wealth was striking" (Lalonde 12).

The system required seigneurs to make land available for settlers to inhabit and farm (Lalonde 12). In return, they had the right to an annual payment of cash and grain or poultry, and, if they provided a gristmill, a small percentage of milled grain. Over time, this was changed to cash alone (Harris 64).

Every habitant had a written title-deed from his seigneur [although Harris notes a 1707 report that 'some . . . held correct title deeds; others, vaguely worded notes; and many, no written agreement at all' (65)] and the terms were explicit. The seigneur could extract nothing that was not stipulated in the deed. These title-deeds were made by notaries, of whom there seem to have been many in New France. The habitant took his farm, subject to yearly payments known as 'cens et rentes.' The amount was small, a few sous together with a certain

donation in grain or poultry to be delivered each autumn. The 'cens et rentes' amounted to half a dozen chickens or a bushel of grain for each fifty or sixty acres of land. Yet this was the only payment which the habitants of New France regularly made in return for their farms. Each autumn, at Michémas, they gathered at the seigneur's house, their carryalls filling his estate. One by one they handed over their quotas of grain or poultry and counted their payments in copper coins. The occasion became a festival to which the women came with the men. (Coulombe 30-31)

"After the period of service was ended, a tenant could purchase the property outright. After the death of the owner, the parcel of land . . . was subdivided among the male descendants, the oldest receiving the largest portion. Often lands were exchanged with other buyers" (Boudreau 28).

According to Heneker,

Most of the seigneurs lived upon their own lands and not in the towns of Quebec, Montreal or Three Rivers, so that absenteeism, the curse of the seigneurial system in France, never prevailed in Canada to any extent, and in general the seigneurial rule was mild and benevolent. Where the seigneur shared the daily life of his habitants with its round of hardship and privations due to pioneer life in a virgin soil, a spirit of camaraderie and mutual familiarity arose between them which served to give the Canadian seigneurial tenure a strength and real vitality, long since lost in France. (228-229)

"Most of the seigneuries of New France were simple fiefs; but there were a few exceptions"; two eventually became earldoms (Coulombe 29). Many seigneurs, like their habitants, started out in log cabins (Costain 377). A seigneur "needed at least 25 censitaires to . . . break even. When he got up to 50 censitaires he was living well, and when he had 100 he was wealthy" (Lalonde 12).

Gradually the system took hold. Many of the seigneurs became prosperous and their houses took on manorial proportions. Furniture was imported from France. Elegant chandeliers, snowy napery, and fine table appointments became the rule rather than the exception. There was never a great deal of wealth in the country by continental standards, but the land, helped out by participation in the fur trade, provided enough for the seigneur to become a *gentilhomme* [gentleman] in practice as well as name. (Costain 377-378)

Michel remained a humble habitant and died in 1684 at the age of forty-seven. His son Louis, the youngest of six, and the next male in my father's direct paternal line, was only one at the time.

Marguerite remarried within a year. She and Pierre Mercier had eight children of their own; five died before the age of sixteen days and one died at two. All of Michel's offspring survived to adulthood.

Between Michel's death and Louis's marriage to Anne Grenon in 1707, war broke out once more in response to Iroquois attacks on Montreal. In 1689, the Iroquois killed twenty-four settlers and captured seventy-two at the Lachine Massacre near Montreal.

"From 1689 until almost the end of the century . . . the colony was fighting for its life against the Iroquois" (Harris 32). French military activity extended into New Hampshire and Maine, and "New England fought back trying to take over Canada, but gave up the attempt after a few feeble tries." On top of all that, "1,000 died from smallpox and measles" in 1687 (Coulombe 29), and harvests were bad in 1689 and '90. *La Petite Guerre* [the Little War] continued until 1700 (29).

As a couple, Louis and Anne may well have been affected by the "King's *Corvée*," as it was called, established in 1706: "days of corvée could be extracted by the royal officials at Quebec for the construction of public works . . . many decrees may be found ordering the habitants in all parts of the colony to give free labour in this regard" (Heneker 133).

Coulombe further describes some distinctive aspects of "every-day living":

The Canadians developed their own small nation with its own peculiarities of behavior: tuques [a knit stocking cap] to keep them warm; patates (not 'pommes de terre') [both terms mean potatoes]; breads of wheat and rye, and corn cakes; smoked eels from the river; fat salted pork; meats from wild ducks and geese or partridges; venison and caribou feasts; salted or smoked fish; wild blueberries, strawberries, raspberries, and wild grapes; brandy; vegetables such as peas (for 'soup aux pois' [pea soup]—a national dish of French-Canadians) grown in sandy soils; and wonderful Canadian meat pies ('tourtiere'); beans, cucumbers and melons. All of these foods and clothing became favorites; some as customs brought from France; others unique to Canada. (30)

"Dancing was by all odds the most popular pastime, and every area had its fiddler . . . The habitants liked to sing, especially when working with others in the woods or while walking. Most of the songs were from Old France" (Coulombe 32).

These included "Alouette," passed down through the years to my father's non-French-speaking children, who nevertheless could sing this song in French.

At twenty-four, Louis wed his twenty-one year old bride at Neuville and, like his father, had six children; one of them died young. Documents show his last name as both Rognon and Roignon. The couple started out in Neuville but moved to St. Antoine-de-Tilly (Gagnon).

Louis owned a rifle and built a sixteen-by-twenty-five-foot house, a barn, and a stable. He farmed a roture three arpents by twenty and was equipped with "four horned beasts, two pigs, four sheep, one chicken, and a 'cavalle' (mare) all coupled, pulling a handcart" (Laroche).

Louis died a few weeks shy of turning thirty-five.

Anne married Jacques Baron in 1721 and gave birth to four more children, all of whom became adults. She lived until 1758, leaving a good reputation behind. "She was a mid-wife and lived about six or seven arpents from the church. She privately baptized many newborns in danger of death. That's why one finds the name 'the good wife Rognon,' 'the widow Rognon,' and 'the good wife Baron' in the registers of Saint-Antoine-de-Tilly" (Laroche).

Louis's son Louis Joseph was baptized a Roignon. He married, at twenty-one in 1730, as a Rognon. The marriage to Marie Francoise Croteau took place at St-Antoine-de-Tilly, directly south from Neuville and across the Saint Lawrence River.

The couple settled on land, three arpents by forty, given by Marie Francoise's father, Charles Croteau (Gagnon). Louis Joseph later added two arpents of frontage and acquired other plots of land as well. As a single man, he had obtained, worked, and sold a parcel of land in the St-Antoine-de-Tilly Seigneurie (Gagnon).

Louis Joseph and Marie Francoise produced eleven children. Three died young. He died in 1754 at the age of forty-six and was buried at St.-Antoine-de-Tilly. She passed away two months later, leaving behind nine children who were aged twenty-one to two.

The posthumous inventory of their goods, much of which was auctioned off to cover debts and provide an inheritance of cash (Gagnon), describes a farm well-equipped with a wide range of tools and with significantly more livestock than possessed by the previous two generations. Kitchen and dining implements, however, were relatively sparse.

Each child received a share of land. Some sold their lots, but son Louis Joseph and his son-in-law Jacques Croteau eventually recovered it all (Gagnon).

This son Louis Joseph was named Louis Francois at birth, but

he was often confused with his brother Louis Joseph. In the notarial register, his name was Louis Francois before his marriage. At his marriage, he was given the name Louis Joseph, whence the confusion. Following that, he was called Louis Rognon. After the death of his

first wife, he was named Louis Laroche in the notarial acts, but Louis Rognon in the civil acts, until the end of the eighteenth century. After that, he kept the name Louis Laroche. (Gagnon)

In 1754, the year of the first Louis Joseph's death, the power struggle between France and England erupted in the French and Indian War. This lasted until 1760 and was finalized with the Treaty of Paris in 1763.

During this time, the French experienced "a period of military storm and stress for the entire colony, and the energies of the entire people were centered on the attainment of victory in the great struggle [against the English] . . . the whole adult male population was concentrated at Quebec, Montreal and other strategic points" (Heneker 245).

War "placed a heavy strain upon agricultural conditions . . . although . . . militiamen were allowed to return during the seeding and harvest seasons, if at all possible, agriculture was bound to suffer, lands went out of cultivation—or else were only half looked after—and the harvests became increasingly poor" (Heneker 245-6).

Fields were "abandoned, and the problem got worse every year. The shrinkage of the food supply made prices rise. Next came rationing, with officers scouring the countryside for food and stored grains to confiscate. They took the habitants' beasts: first the cows, the pigs, the sheep; then, those that one finds disgusting, even the horses, which went into casseroles" (Gagnon).

"The winter of 1757-58 produced grave shortages, resulting in a Draconian reduction of rations and protests in the streets of Montreal and Quebec. In addition to that, smallpox devastated a population already weakened by being undernourished and by a winter much more severe than usual" (Gagnon).

After the capitulation of Quebec in 1759, "from May until September of the following year the English fleet sailed slowly up the river accepting the submission of the inhabitants who surrendered up their arms" (Heneker 252). Montreal fell on September 8th. England now owned Canada.

In 1760, the twenty-six year old second Louis Joseph had been married for two years to Marie Joseph Houde. She was thirty-two. The register documents him as Rognon dit Laroche and both as parishioners of St-Antoine-de-Tilly.

This was the first generation in my father's line to essentially begin married life under English rule and this was the time when the French began to refer to themselves as "French-Canadian"* (Therese 36).

In October of 1760, the British General Amherst described the French as follows:

*Used with or without a hyphen

Canada does not seem to be in need of cows, bullocks, sheep or poultry. There are already too many horses . . . Clothing stuffs of all kinds are very scarce; these will now be purchased from other colonies. The greater part of the houses throughout the country are built of stone and are in excellent condition. The troops have good quarters in the various parishes of the three districts. They are being fed by the King's government and live in harmony with the country folk. (qtd. in Heneker 257)

Heneker states that "the poverty within the district of Quebec was however extreme owing to the poor crops and the ravages of war" (257). With a true spirit of mercy, British officers raised funds from both officers and troops to provide aid to the French. This generosity was an unexpected turn of events for the French, well aware of the ruthless English expulsion a few years earlier of the Acadian French from Nova Scotia (257).

After his parents demise in 1754, the young Louis Joseph—who was still called Louis Francois—had maintained the farm with his older brother and younger siblings. A male between sixteen and sixty, he bore the added weight of membership in the militia. This was a long-standing requirement of survival in New France (Gagnon).

In the census of 1762, the now-married Louis Joseph had a roture of two arpents by twenty-four, a cow, two young bulls, a horse, and two pigs (Gagnon).

In 1775, Marie Joseph passed away after giving birth to fraternal twins; neither child survived. Two siblings were dead as well. Louis Joseph, now "alone with seven children," married Marie Genevieve Beaudet in 1776 (Gagnon).

Claudette Laroche says that this was the time when the name Laroche came into exclusive use:

We have traced Rognon families who changed their name to Laroche about 1774. We have not been able to find the reason for the change. Is it possible that, after the English conquest, the young Rognons wanted to adopt the military name of their ancestor Michel Rognon dit Laroche? The name Rognon does not appear in the Lotbiniere registers after 1800.

Or could it have been, as one member of the American-Canadian Genealogical Society suggests, that the English did not want to deal with the perplexity of dit names and surnames? "The English got fed up with that. Pick one!"

It was said that Louis Joseph became financially comfortable as a result of doing business with the English (Gagnon). He had sufficient means to buy land

for five of his offspring, my father's great-great-grandfather included. In 1784, Francois received a plot, three arpents by forty, at a place called La Belle-Plaine in the second roturial row from the river at St-Antoine-de-Tilly (Gagnon).

Louis Joseph was sufficiently well-off to be able to lend significant amounts of money, such as five hundred and nine hundred livres. In 1788, seven hundred livres would buy a roture two arpents by fifty.

In addition to providing for the future of his children, Louis Joseph planned for his old age with an agreement between himself and his second oldest son, Jacques.

Today one takes pensions for granted, but for the elderly who lived before our modern social safety net was cast the deed of donation (often to the oldest son) created the security our governments now provide.

Under these deeds, the parents would give everything they owned to the son in return for the right to a home, clothing, food, heat, medical care, care of any minor aged children still at home, and at their death a decent burial. The deeds usually stipulated cash bequests to be paid siblings after both parents were dead.

The deed could be revoked (and in a surprising number of cases were revoked) if the stipulations—often detailed down to changes of clothes, bushels of corn and cords of wood—were not met. (Simmons)

At the division of his estate, the survivors “declared that the distribution their father had designated was unequal. Wanting to maintain their unity and friendship, they divided equally among themselves the furnishings and money he had left them” (Gagnon).

After the Treaty of Paris in 1763, the French population of Canada declined as “the majority of the noblesse and most of the administrative officials” exercised their option to return to France (Heneker 262). Under British law, Catholics could neither vote nor hold public office.

Many habitants now had an English seigneur to whom the French seigneur had sold his land. “The new English seigneurs . . . had little sympathy with a system they did not understand; they were prone to insist rigidly upon the letter of their rights, and were often somewhat overbearing in their manner towards their dependents” (262).

On the plus side, the French wrote in a 1773 petition to the king:

At the time of the Conquest, far from being made to feel the sadness of captivity . . . we were left in possession of our laws and customs. The free practice of our religion was preserved and confirmed by the treaty of

peace; and our own citizens were named the judges of our civil disputes. We shall never forget this great kindness . . . and we shall not allow it to be forgotten by our descendants. (qtd. in Heneker 256-257)

Despite the English conquest, Quebec was to remain "essentially a French province . . . By the Quebec Act of 1774 French became an official language and the French civil code, law . . . In the rural communities . . . very few people spoke English even as late as 1905" (Rose 15-16). Even the feudal seigneurial system stayed in place until 1854.

In 1788, using the name Rognon, Francois married Marie Francoise Houde. She died in February of 1794, leaving her spouse with a little girl.

In November of that same year, Francois, using the name Laroche dit Rognon, wed Marie Louise Croteau at their home parish of St-Antoine-de-Tilly. They had six sons (Gagnon) and Henry LaRoche is descended from one of them.

The parish book shows that the couple received a dispensation to marry due to "a third or fourth degree of consanguinity and a fourth or fifth degree of affinity." A third or fourth degree of consanguinity indicates that they were second or third cousins (Boudreau 35). A degree of affinity, according to conversation with Cusson, indicates a form of being related without a blood tie.

In 1797, his son Joseph's baptismal record notes Francois's occupation as *laboureur* (farmer). He died in 1834 at the age of sixty-nine.

Another son, Jean Baptiste Laroche, noted as a minor (younger than twenty-one), married Adelaide Biron, also a minor, in 1830. Their nuptials took place at Ste-Croix parish, still along the Saint Lawrence River but slightly to the southwest of St-Antoine-de-Tilly where the previous three generations had exchanged their vows. By this time, Jean Baptiste's mother was deceased, and he and his father were parishioners of Ste-Croix. Jean-Baptiste would have three boys and two girls.

The French were not doing well economically:

Wheat was the key crop for decades, with peas and potatoes other staples of the earth. Yet they were not often raised, or marketed, in profitable quantities.

It was difficult to earn a profit from a bumper crop. Consider the small farmer's problems: roads were poor, and thus they had trouble transporting their crops to a proper market. Communication was minimal, so growers had little knowledge of market prices until they actually reached the community market . . .

The tools of the habitants were rudimentary, and their techniques outdated. Because they were rarely exposed to the outside world, they did not learn new farming methods. Habitants refused to rotate

crops; they were wary of attempting new types of produce. Even the French have written that the rural peasants were stubborn to the point of hurting themselves when it came to agricultural technique. (Hendrickson 18)

Additionally, many pieces of the roturial pie had shrunk to inadequate size. The long strips of land had become narrower and narrower as they were subdivided among succeeding generations. (The Rognon/Laroche family seems to have done better than most in avoiding the downsizing of their land.)

With the shrinking of rotures, the exhaustion of the soil, and a lack of cash to acquire more land (Brault 52), the stage was set for the Great Migration to the United States to staff the Industrial Revolution.

"The huge expanse of Canadian territory should have provided alternatives to staying on the family homestead. Indeed, beginning in 1820, the English did encourage relocation. But the opening of the Eastern Townships [*Cantons de l'Est*] required some cash outlay. Few habitants possessed hard currency" (Hendrickson 19). Moreover, "until 1849, the Catholic Church, so central to seigniorial life, was not allowed to purchase any land, or establish any parishes in the area due to English Protestant laws and control" (French Settlement). When the Eastern Townships were truly available to the French, the Great Migration had already begun.

Between 1840 and 1860, approximately twenty thousand French-Canadians left for the United States, lured by recruiters and the reports of friends and relatives. They left a "stable and slow moving" life centered on family and the local Roman Catholic parish, "a homogeneous community, with a nearly equal economic status, one race, one language, and one religion for all its inhabitants" (Rose 20).

In 1850, new railroad connections facilitated the exodus. Between 1865 and 1900, as textile and other industries grew, more than four hundred thousand French-Canadians immigrated to the U.S. (Langlois qtd. in Rose 24).

Sometime between 1852 and 1872, Jean Baptiste's son Eleusippe Laroche joined the southward flow.

"The first French-Canadians to sample the offerings in the south were usually young men with a sense of adventure. They would spend winters in the mills of New England, then return for the summer harvests on the farms" (Hendrickson 32).

Recruiters could make an effective appeal:

When the Amoskeag Textile Company of Manchester [New Hampshire] was in need of workers, representatives and recruiters were sent to those small farming settlements in Quebec to find people. Often, the recruiters were former Canadians, fluent in both French and English. Recruiters would pass through a small town and make

the announcement that a few people would be hired to work in the textile mills. Interested people were to gather at a local building on the following morning.

The turn-out would fill the hall, and three people would be randomly chosen, given train tickets to Manchester, along with \$10.00 pocket money. They were told to report to a specific boss at the Amoskeag mills. For many of the farmers, the ten dollar bill was something they had never seen.

Amoskeag recruiters would repeat their announcement in other towns, always picking three more people to send to Manchester. In a month's time, the textile workers were settled and wrote home to their families and friends about their wonderful life in 'the States.' (source misplaced)

Due to the effect of word of mouth, "large numbers from one parish would wind up in the same mill town" (Rose 24).

The original intent of most French-Canadians was to make money and return home. Between 1865 and 1900, most went back to Canada in the summer to share their wages and to work on the family farm.

"It has been estimated that fully half of the French Canadians who emigrated to New England before 1900 subsequently returned to Quebec" for good (Vicero qtd. in Brault 82). Many were induced by free land offered by the Canadian government, "worried at the loss of nearly half its population" (Coulombe 35).

Nevertheless, "a lot of families said they would go back to Canada, but they never did . . . They visited [instead]" (Janelle qtd. in Hendrickson 6).

"When I was a girl, said Mother Chapdelaine, pretty nearly everyone went off to the states. Farming did not pay as well as it does now, prices were low, we were always hearing of the big wages over there in the factories and every year one family after another sold out for next to nothing and left Canada" (Hemon 87-88).

For French-Canadians, the decision to trek to the mills in the States was something well thought out. Life on the farm meant working from dawn to dusk. From May to October, no shoes were worn except on Sundays to go to church. There were long hours, hard work with three meals a day, but not much else after all was said and done. At the end of each week, there was Sunday when everyone went to church but even that, only after morning farm chores had been done.

Sunday afternoon was for visiting relatives and neighbors but again, people had to return to their animals for the evening chores. The next morning (very early) began the same six-day grind all over again!

Women took care of the 'yard' chores (chickens, sheep, pigs) plus the house work, washing, and cleaning. Mending was done during the evenings along with sewing, as there was no spare time for this type of work during 'work hours.' Many women would rush through their house and yard work and run to the field either for planting, haying or harvesting to help their men and children who were 'out there' morning 'til night. Is it any wonder that the mills of New England looked appealing to struggling farmers and their families? (Binnette 9-10)

The United States was not completely hospitable to the French: "French Canadians as relative newcomers . . . were seen as dubious additions to the melting pot. In 1881 . . . an official of the Massachusetts Bureau of the Statistics of Labor described French Canadians as 'sordid and low' labeling them disdainfully 'the Chinese of the Eastern States'" (Early 2).

This opinion was later reversed: "the Massachusetts Bureau of Labor Statistics (1891 report) said that businesses 'prefer them (the French) in their mills, for they are industrious in the extreme, do not grumble about pay, are docile and have nothing to do with labor agitations'" (Hendrickson 37).

French-Canadians were the largest group to power the textile mills of New England. They also worked in paper mills, factories—as in Gardner—and the timber industry.

In addition to working in mills and factories, "The French were builders. Many were involved in making bricks, and then fashioning those bricks into the massive mills that still startle the uninitiated in cities like Manchester, Woonsocket and New Bedford. Many worked on the buildings that are now regional landmarks, including several statehouses" (Hendrickson 82).

By the end of the Great Migration in 1920, French populations had made their mark on many New England cities and towns:

- Barre, Burlington, Rutland, St. Albans, St. Johnsbury, Swanton, and Winooski, Vermont
- Auburn, Lewiston, Biddeford, Brunswick, Rumford, Waterville, and Madawaska, Maine
- Berlin, Suncook, Somersworth, Nashua, and Manchester, New Hampshire
- Salem, Fall River, Chicopee, Lowell, Lawrence, Worcester, Haverhill, Lynn, Springfield, North Adams, Fitchburg, Southbridge, Holyoke, Ware, Gardner, New Bedford, and Northampton, Massachusetts
- Central Falls, Pawtucket, Warren, Warwick, and Woonsocket, Rhode Island

- Danielson, Moosup, North Grosvenordale, Putnam, Willimantic, Waterbury, and Hartford, Connecticut (Coulombe 35; Hendrickson 36)

According to the Gardner census, there were 62 Canadian-born residents in 1865, 202 in 1875, 766 in 1880, and 1,035 in 1885 (Storch Associates 85). *The Gardner News* reported that two hundred and seventy French families came to town in 1884 and that eleven single-family homes were built by the French in Little Canada (qtd. in Rose 29). These numbers reflect the growth over time of industry in Gardner and the resulting need for help.

Additional numbers describe dramatic change in the landscape of Gardner during the Great Migration era. Moore states, "In 1875, Gardner was an agricultural community of 3,730. A few small but successful chair factories were on the brink of expansion" (90). By 1905, the population, swelled by a number of immigrant groups, was 12,012; by 1920, 16,971 (Rose Appendix A).

Eventually, there was a move for naturalization within the French-Canadian community in the United States. In Gardner, the Club de Lorimer opened a night school for that purpose in 1890 (Storch Associates 86).

The French-Canadians took pride in their ability to work. My father would compliment a person by saying, "He (or she) is a hard worker."

Ask any French Canadian textile worker and he will tell you how well he got along with his overseer. We got along well because we never killed time, gave our attention to our jobs and turned out work that the company could sell. That is why we got the reputation of being skillful operatives who could be trusted to remain on the jobs even if the bosses weren't always around to watch them. It is for that same reason the local textile corporations sent agents to Canada . . . to bring more of those French Canadians. (Doty 21-22)

The French began to work at a young age. French children in Canada were accustomed to work on the family farm by virtue of practical necessity since families might have as many as ten or more children (Brault 29; Searles 8). Family priorities allowed the average child only a few years of education (33), which took place at "parochial schools run by nuns or country schools taught by older students" (Searles 7).

Even this level of education was a development over time. The conquering British described the French as "in general extremely ignorant," with few being able to read or write (Heneker 25). The second Louis Joseph, for example, signed his name with an X (Gagnon).

"Education was not popular with rural French Canadians. Many families considered it a luxury and insisted their children were needed at home" (Brault 33).

In the United States, French children joined the adults working in the mills until, and sometimes beyond, the enactment of child labor laws. "Child labor was acceptable and commonplace as late as 1905" (Searles 25). "Though many states adopted child labor laws in the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, these laws were not strictly enforced. It has been estimated that at the turn of the century nearly one-fifth of all American children between the ages of ten and sixteen were employed in various commercial enterprises" (Brault 63). "Indeed," says Rose, "the charge of child labor was one of the strongest made in Commissioner Wright's famous report on Massachusetts labor" (Rose 86).

"Most French-Canadian immigrant parents at this time counted on their children's secondary wages: seven in every ten French-Canadian children between the ages of ten and sixteen labored full-time in the textile factories" (Early 12).

Did I, when I was boss, hide some who weren't quite sixteen when inspectors visited the mills? . . . You see, I started working in the Lowell mills when I was only eight years old and I could understand. If boys and girls were big and strong enough to work, even if they were a little under the legal age, I gave them a chance to keep their jobs. Their parents were poor and needed every cent they could get. So I'd tell the younger workers to keep out of sight until the inspector had gone away. There was no harm to anybody in that and it did a lot of good. And besides, the law wasn't so strict in those days. (LeMay qtd. in Doty 37)

One negative consequence of child labor was the stunting of physical growth: "The French in Canada grew with the land—they are physically big people, the men are over six feet tall. Those who came to New England and worked in the mills, they're short" (Lagasse qtd. in Hendrickson 153).

"In French Canada, an abiding and orthodox faith in a just and merciful God gave meaning to daily tasks and to the yearly round, and enabled people to surmount many adversities" (Miner qtd. in Brault 16). "French-Canadian habitants felt close to God and believed he intervened not infrequently in their affairs. Everyone knew of miraculous occurrences: disasters averted, sicknesses cured" (Brault 16).

Rose notes that "the rural parish . . . was the basis of political and social as well as religious organization" (19).

As soon as possible, the French built churches and parochial schools in the United States to express and maintain their religion, language, and culture. "Franco-Americans often possessed limited resources, but they found ways to build churches, often the most striking buildings in the city" (Demers qtd. in Hendrickson).

"Assimilation was the great fear of all the immigrant leaders" (Rose 40).

My reading of church history is that the French in North America, in Canada and the United States, felt threatened at being a minority. They identified the English as threatening the faith and a great effort was made to keep the language and to keep the faith. The Catholic Church and Catholic schools felt it necessary to stress the language and faith, as a reaction to what they felt was an effort to wipe them out. (Proulx qtd. in Hendrickson 180)

"The cornerstone on which the Franco-American school was built was the profound conviction that abandoning the French language was tantamount to abandoning the Catholic Faith" (Brault 73). Moreover, "The public school was seen as an essentially Protestant and even Godless institution" (Rose 40).

The first foreign-language speakers in Gardner (Rose 47), Franco-Americans "established a community within a community . . . a compact unit free from dependence on outsiders" (Moore 91). True to form, they built Holy Rosary Church, considered one of the finest structures in Gardner, and Holy Rosary School, which was able to operate full-time as of 1895 (Rose 40).

Eleusippe Laroche, seven generations removed from France and grandfather to Henry, came to Gardner in 1867, according to his obituary in *The Gardner News*. He may, however, have lived in Winchendon for a number of years before settling in Gardner. Although the town of Winchendon has no documentation, his son Albert, my father's father, was born there according to his marriage certificate. Albert is also on record as having been baptized in Winchendon—as Norbertum, Latin for Albert—in 1872. Two years later, daughter Belzimere was also baptized at the same Immaculate Heart of Mary Church.

As this new generation came into the world, Eleusippe's father left it, in 1873, at the age of sixty-three. He was the only one of his siblings to die in Arthabaska in the Eastern Townships; the rest remained in St-Antoine-de-Tilly.

By 1885-86, Eleusippe and his brother Deziel were definitively living in Gardner, on Nichols and Park streets respectively, as noted in the town directory.

Eleusippe and Louise Nault, both under twenty-one, had married in 1852 at St-Christophe-d'Arthabaska in the Eastern Townships, much further south than Lotbiniere County where the previous four generations had made their wedding vows. This was now the parish of his parents, as though the family were moving towards life in the United States without realizing it.

Evidence of their presence in St-Christophe-d'Arthabaska is visible today in the street name Rue Laroche.

Jean-Baptise and Eleucippe took part in

the final phase of settlement in the Eastern Townships . . . during the 1850's, which is sometimes referred to as the "French Invasion." Due to overcrowded seigniorial lands in the rest of Quebec, many French Canadians migrated south to the Eastern Townships of Drummond, Arthabaska, and Megantic first as summer farm labourers and later as colonists. The French chose these specific areas of the region because the American [Loyalist] and British [English, Irish, Scottish] settlers had already taken most of the uplands, and also because the heavy clay soils of the valleys were similar to those they were accustomed to in the St. Lawrence lowlands. Once settled in the townships, the French would colonize the land, work as labourers, or purchase a farm from an English family that was moving out of the region.

The settlement of the French in the Eastern Townships was made possible by the establishment of the Association des Townships, by Father Bernard O'Reilley in 1848. This was designed to alleviate the overcrowded seigniories by providing new land, to prevent the French immigration into the United States, and to ensure the survival and preservation of French culture. The influence of both the Catholic Church and the Association helped raise the population of French Canadians in the Eastern Townships to a majority by 1860, due to high levels of immigration as well as the high natural increase rate of the French. (French Settlement)

The family's geographical move represents a break from the past with its very limited area of land set aside by the French for habitation. "At the end of the French regime, there were two ribbons of settlement, one extending for more than one hundred and fifty miles along the north shore of the St. Lawrence, the other for almost two hundred miles along the south" (Harris 100). Quebec was at one end; Montreal marked the other.

By contrast, "The Eastern Townships is a huge section of Quebec, strung out along the American border, basically beginning at Lake Champlain. It stretches along as far eastward as the Quebec-Maine border (not far from the Chaudiere River) . . . It's made up of all the land south of the St. Lawrence River which was not granted under the seigneurial system" (Simmons).

Despite the promise of a fresh start, the reality was that "the majority of soil [in the Eastern Townships] is not as rich as that in the seigniorial lands of Quebec and families had to adjust to this problem in order to survive" (Agriculture).

Given the limitations of life in Canada, Eleusippe and his brother Deziel ultimately chose what the United States had to offer.

Deziel eventually owned residential properties at 13 and 197 Nichols Street in Gardner. He became a citizen, as demonstrated by his payment of the poll tax.

Eleusippe did not, nor did he acquire real estate. Both men worked for Heywood Brothers, and Eleusippe is specifically described as a chairmaker. He lived the classic French-Canadian/Franco-American transitional life: from Canadian farmer, as documented in his marriage record, to American industrial laborer.

At the time of his death, Eleusippe was described as "one of the best known French speaking citizens of Gardner" (*Gardner News*).

Tragically, he took his own life. The 1914 *Gardner News* obituary reads "LAROCHE DROWNED IN PERLEY BROOK: Aged Man Jumps into the Reservoir in Fit of Despondency." It goes on to state:

His body was found by Dennis Chicoine, a farmer, who lives nearby. His coat, vest and hat were found lying on the bank, carefully folded, near the highway.

Mr. Laroche left his home on [353] Park street, at 8:30 o'clock and told members of his family that he was going to St. John's cemetery. He then walked down Clark street and from indications jumped off a cement walk near the gate house about 20 feet from the bank and was drowned in six feet of water.

He sustained a shock in January and had been in poor health since that time.

He was survived by nine children (one having passed away since the death of Louise); his brother Deziel, now in Worcester; and a brother, Alphege, of Quebec. In addition, some of Albert's seven children (Irene, Clifford, Alton, Harold, Yvette, Lester, and Henry) were alive at the time.

In 1906/07, Albert Laroche lived at 353 Park Street. In 1907, *A Copy of the Valuation and Taxes of the Town of Gardner* spelled the name Laroche with a small *r* for all Laroches listed. In 1909, the same publication spelled LaRoche for all with a capital *R*. In the 1936 *Gardner Directory*, there are several LaRoches, but Albert, identified as a chairmaker, is a Laroche. On his death certificate and in his *Gardner News* obituary, Albert is, with finality, a LaRoche, capital *R*. My father, who began life as a Laroche, according to his birth certificate, was a LaRoche on his marriage certificate, and LaRoche it has always been since then for our family.

In 1909, Albert is listed as follows in *A Copy of the Valuation and Taxes of the Town of Gardner*: "354 Park Street, 1 poll, 25/100 a[cre] land, west side Park st." Oral family history says that Albert built the family house at 354 Park Street, and in the 1936 *Gardner Directory*, Albert is recorded as living there with his wife "Mary (L)." My father stated to his children that he himself was born at 354 Park Street.

As for the "1 poll," Albert was the first male in his direct paternal line to be born into U.S. citizenship. His personal journey of assimilation shows in his

sometimes use of Stone instead of Laroche or LaRoche. This was in keeping with a trend among some Franco-Americans "to change one's surname to anglicize it for greater acceptance" (Hendrickson 72). Albert's use of the name Stone is shown in the 1900/01 version of *A Copy of the Valuation and Taxes of the Town of Gardner*. Oral family history also verifies his use of the surname Stone.

It is noteworthy that Albert's wife, Marie Richard, was Acadian; she belonged to a French subculture different than that of Quebec. (See <http://www.acadian.org> to learn about Acadian history.)

"Between 1930 and 1950, the Depression and World War II changed the lifestyles of people around the world forever. In the United States, all of the American ethnic groups had to work together to staff countless new jobs created by the Conservation Corps, the defense industries, and the Armed Forces. These needs lifted many young Franco-Americans from their closed communities and propelled them into the mainstream of American life" (Searles 45).

My father married Constance Louise Riley, who was not French, and moved out of Little Canada to South Gardner, a non-French neighborhood. After serving in World War II, he became a furniture salesman, first at Goodnow Pearson's department store and then "on the road" for his brother Lester's "shop," Bettez-LaRoche, and other manufacturers. His was the generation of "emergence from the mills" (Hendrickson 73). Since his children* did not learn French and speak it at home or go to a French parochial school, we did not identify with the French people. Ten generations away from France, we became the generation of total assimilation into American culture and identity.

*From one man he made every nation of men, that they
should inhabit the whole earth; he determined the times
set for them and the exact places where they should live.*

—Acts 17:26

*All born in Gardner, Massachusetts, USA:

1. Kathleen Sheila, February 2, 1946
2. James Michael, March 14, 1948
3. Thomas Henry, October 27, 1949
4. David Alan, June 29, 1952
5. Mary Ellen, October 26, 1953
6. Margaret Ann, August 17, 1956
7. Christopher John, February 24, 1961
8. Michael Anthony, June 9, 1962

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LA ROCHE-ROGNON FAMILY TEN GENERATION STRAIGHT LINE CHART

Compiled by Kathleen Sheila LaRoche

<i>Direct Ancestral Line</i>	<i>Marriage Date/Place</i>	<i>Spouse</i>
<i>LaRoche, Henry Leo</i> F. Albert M. Mary Richard	1 Jul 1944 Sacred Heart Church Gardner, MA USA	<i>Riley, Constance Louise</i> F. James Edward M. Bernice Timpany *(LeBlanc, Pearl)
<i>Laroche, Albert</i> F. Lusippe** M. Louise Noult	18 May 1897 Holy Rosary Church Gardner, MA USA	<i>Richards, Marie L.</i> F. Isaac Richard M. Agnes Savoie
<i>Laroche, Eleusippe</i> F. Jean Baptiste M. Adelaide Biron	10 Aug 1852 St-Christophe-d'Arthabaska Arthabaska County Quebec Province Canada	<i>Nault, Louise</i> F. Pierre M. Angelique Baril
<i>Laroche, Jean Baptiste</i> F. Francois M. Louise Croteau	1 Jun 1830 Ste-Croix Parish Lotbiniere County Quebec Province Canada	<i>Biron, Adelaide</i> F. Joseph M. Agathe Sevigny
<i>Laroche dit Rognon, Francois</i> F. Louis M. Marie Joseph Houde	(24 Nov 1788) 3 Feb 1794 St-Antoine-de-Tilly Lotbiniere County Quebec Province Canada	*** (Houde, Marie Francoise) <i>Croteau, Marie Louise</i> F. Francois M. Felicite Chaine

* Second wife, 24 Feb 1981, St. Camillus, Fitchburg, MA, USA

** Spelling on his Copy of Record of Death

*** First wife

<i>Direct Ancestral Line</i>	<i>Marriage Date/Place</i>	<i>Spouse</i>
<i>Rognon dit Laroche,</i> <i>Louis Joseph</i> F. Louis Joseph M. Marie Francoise Croteau	16 Jan 1758 St-Antoine-de-Tilly Lotbiniere County Quebec Province Canada	<i>Houde, Marie Joseph</i> F. Jean Baptiste M. Marie Francoise Demers ****(Beaudet, Marie Genevieve)
<i>Rognon, Louis Joseph</i> F. Louis M. Anne Grenon	19 Jun 1730 St-Antoine-de-Tilly Lotbiniere County Quebec Province Canada	<i>Croteau, Marie Francoise</i> F. Charles M. Marie Guyon
<i>Roignon, Louis</i> F. Michel M. Marguerite Lamain	30 Aug 1707 St-Francois-de-Sales Neuville Quebec Canada	<i>Grenon, Anne</i> F. Pierre M. Marie Lavoye
<i>Rognon dit Laroche, Michel</i> F. Charles M. Genevieve Le Parmentier	14 Sept 1670 Notre-Dame-de-Quebec Quebec Canada	<i>Lamain, Marguerite</i> F. Jacques M. Marguerite desHais
<i>Rognon, Charles</i>	France presumed	<i>LeParmentier, Genevieve</i>

**** Second wife, 19 Aug 1776, St. Louis, Lotbiniere, Quebec, Canada

NOTED ANCESTORS OF CONSTANCE RILEY

Ancestors mentioned by Robert Charles Anderson in his book *The Great Migration Begins: Immigrants to New England 1620-1633*:

Mayflower passengers: Joseph Rogers, Thomas Rogers, Richard Warren
William Bassett, 1621, *Fortune* passenger, Plymouth
William Chase, 1630, Roxbury and Yarmouth
John Daggett, 1630, Watertown, Martha's Vineyard
Samuel Eddy, 1630, Plymouth
Richard Kettle, 1633, Charlestown
Governor Thomas Mayhew, 1632, Watertown, Martha's Vineyard
Governor Thomas Prentice, 1621, *Fortune* passenger, Plymouth
Edward Rainsford, 1630, Boston
Philip Sherman, 1633, Roxbury

Additional Noted Ancestors:

Steven Chase, b. 1709 Portsmouth, Rhode Island, d. Cornwallis, Nova Scotia,
Canada, believed to be the first Quaker to settle in Nova Scotia
David Farnsworth, founder of Fort #4, Charlestown, New Hampshire,
1744
Edgell Timpany, Private, U.S. Marines, killed 1898, USS *Maine*, Havana, Cuba
James Almon Timpany, mayor of Gardner, 1933-37
Major Robert Timpany, loyalist, 1777-1783
Thomas Tupper, founder of Sandwich, Massachusetts, first town on Cape
Cod, 1637

Tupper Descendants:

Sir Charles Tupper, Canadian prime minister, 1864-67
Earl Silas Tupper, Leominster, Massachusetts, inventor of Tupperware,
1907-1983

AHNENTAFEL: CONSTANCE LOUISE RILEY

An Ahnentafel is an ancestor table in a narrative form. The number of a person's father is twice the person's number, and the mother's number is twice the person's number plus one. Gaps in the sequence of numbers indicate individuals about whom I found no information.

For the purpose of consistency, modern country names are used throughout.

The information provided in this document is based on many years of research and should be used only as a guide in your own search. It has been compiled to the best of my ability and presented as a genealogy of my ancestors; it is only as accurate as the sources I was able to find. Some of them are listed after the Ahnentafel.

FIRST GENERATION

1. **Constance Louise RILEY**: born on 20 JUL 1922 in Gardner, Massachusetts, USA

SECOND GENERATION

2. **James Edward RILEY**: born on 8 OCT 1888 in Brattleboro, Vermont, USA; married on 29 SEP 1921 in Gardner, Massachusetts, USA; died on 16 OCT 1980 in Gardner, Massachusetts, USA
3. **Bernice Rebecca TIMPANY**: born on 5 NOV 1898 in Gardner, Massachusetts, USA; died on 30 AUG 1965 in Gardner, Massachusetts, USA

THIRD GENERATION

4. **Jeremiah RILEY**: born in 1844 in Ireland; married in 1879 in Ireland; died on 25 AUG 1908 in Brattleboro, Vermont, USA
5. **Honora MCAULIFFE**: born on 24 DEC 1850 in Newmarket, County Cork, Ireland; died on 14 JUN 1922 in Brattleboro, Vermont, USA

6. **James Almon TIMPANY**: born on 23 MAY 1869 in Rossway, Digby County, Nova Scotia, Canada; married on 5 OCT 1893 in Gardner, Massachusetts, USA; died on 28 APR 1942 in Gardner, Massachusetts, USA
7. **Jennie Maud MCCONNELL**: born on 31 MAR 1876 in Gardner, Massachusetts, USA; died on 10 SEP 1948 in Gardner, Massachusetts, USA

FOURTH GENERATION

8. **Patrick RILEY**: born in Ireland; married in Ireland; died in Ireland
9. **Bridget RILEY: (maiden name unknown)**: born in Ireland; married in Ireland; died in Ireland
10. **James MCAULIFFE**: born in Ireland; married in Ireland; died in Ireland
11. **Julia LANE**: born in Ireland; married in Ireland
12. **Major Robert TIMPANY**: born on 15 MAY 1835 in Rossway, Digby County, Nova Scotia, Canada; married on 20 JUL 1858 in Rossway, Digby County, Nova Scotia, Canada; died on 12 OCT 1925 in Rossway, Digby County, Nova Scotia, Canada
13. **Almira ROBBINS**: born on 20 OCT 1831 in Nova Scotia, Canada; died on 13 AUG 1876 in Rossway, Digby County, Nova Scotia, Canada
14. **Albro MCCONNELL**: born 16 AUG 1844 in Aylesford, Nova Scotia, Canada; married on 2 AUG 1872 in Nova Scotia, Canada; died on 2 APR 1888 in Gardner, Massachusetts, USA
15. **Rebecca RAND**: born on 27 DEC 1844 in Cornwallis (Weston), Nova Scotia, Canada; died on 18 MAY 1913 in Gardner, Massachusetts, USA

FIFTH GENERATION

24. **Robert Kingsley TIMPANY**: born on 15 OCT 1807 in Rossway, Digby County, Nova Scotia, Canada; married on 18 DEC 1829 in Trinity Anglican Church, Digby, Nova Scotia, Canada; died in 1888 in Rossway, Digby County, Nova Scotia, Canada

- 25. **Clarissa BURNS:** born on 4 MAY 1807; died on 27 JUN 1876 in Rossway, Digby County, Nova Scotia, Canada
- 26. **John ROBBINS:** born on 28 JUN 1798 probably in Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, Canada; married before 1831 in Nova Scotia, Canada
- 27. **Sarah Anne CORNWALL:** born in 1806 probably in Nova Scotia, Canada; died on 9 NOV 1884 in Nova Scotia, Canada
- 28. **Alexander MCCONNELL:** born on 17 MAR 1796 in Colrairie or Londonderry, Northern Ireland; married on 22 APR 1819 in Nova Scotia, Canada; died on 1 AUG 1881 in Auburn, Kings County Nova Scotia, Canada
- 29. **Isabella PATTERSON:** born on 3 NOV 1801 in Aylesford, Kings County, Nova Scotia, Canada; died on 19 FEB 1897 in Lake George District, south of Aylesford, Kings County, Nova Scotia, Canada
- 30. **Alfred Skinner RAND:** born on 18 DEC 1808 in Cornwallis, Digby County, Nova Scotia, Canada; married on 2 JUN 1841 in Cornwallis, Digby County, Nova Scotia, Canada
- 31. **Ruth TUPPER:** born on 2 JAN 1818 in Cornwallis, Kings County, Nova Scotia, Canada; died on 21 FEB 1890 in Weston, Nova Scotia, Canada

SIXTH GENERATION

- 48. **John Aldington TIMPANY:** born on 26 JAN 1783 in New York, New York, USA; married on 31 DEC 1806 in Trinity Anglican Church, Digby, Nova Scotia, Canada; died in 1861 in Digby, Nova Scotia, Canada
- 49. **Mary Eliza HAINES:** born on 25 AUG 1786 in Poughkeepsie, New York, USA; died on 29 AUG 1849 in Digby, Nova Scotia, Canada
- 50. **Jacob BURNS:** born about 1777; married on 18 OCT 1804 in Digby, Nova Scotia, Canada; died in JUN 1853 in Digby Neck, Nova Scotia, Canada
- 51. **Hannah TUCKER:** born on 23 MAR 1776 in Townsend, Massachusetts, USA ; died in 1846 in Gullivers Cove, Nova Scotia, Canada

- 52. **Abiel ROBBINS**: married on 23 NOV 1786 in Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, Canada; died in 1844 in New Albany, Annapolis County, Nova Scotia, Canada
- 53. **Mary SAUNDERS**: born in 1768; died on 10 JUN 1845
- 54. **Jacob CORNWALL FIFTH**: born on 25 APR 1778 in Durham, Connecticut, USA ; married on 14 JUN 1800 in Centerville, Nova Scotia, Canada; died on 17 APR 1864 in Waterford, Nova Scotia, Canada
- 55. **Sarah TITUS**: born in 1777 in Bedford, Westchester County, New York, USA; died on 15 FEB 1854 in Waterford, Nova Scotia, Canada
- 58. **Alexander PATTERSON**: born in 1775 in Armagh, Northern Ireland; married on 8 JAN 1800 in Wilmot, Annapolis, Nova Scotia, Canada; died on 15 MAY 1859 in Nova Scotia, Canada
- 59. **Elizabeth OGILVIE**: born about 1781 in Banff, Scotland; died on 14 APR 1818 in Nova Scotia, Canada
- 60. **William RAND**: born on 26 AUG 1777 in Cornwallis, Nova Scotia, Canada; married on 20 APR 1803 in Cornwallis, Nova Scotia, Canada
- 61. **Mary BIGELOW**: born on 22 JUN 1783 in Cornwallis, Nova Scotia, Canada; died on 27 MAY 1862
- 62. **Eliakim TUPPER**: born on 18 JUN 1776 in Cornwallis, Nova Scotia, Canada; married on 21 APR 1803 in Cornwallis, Nova Scotia, Canada; died on 12 FEB 1843 in Cornwallis, Nova Scotia, Canada
- 63. **Rebecca LOOMER**: born on 25 NOV 1785 in Cornwallis, Nova Scotia, Canada; died on 23 DEC 1872 in Cornwallis, Nova Scotia, Canada

SEVENTH GENERATION

- 96. **Robert TIMPANY (Major)**: born on 25 DEC 1742 in Newtonards, County Down, Northern Ireland; married on 8 FEB 1777 in New York, New York, USA; died on 16 FEB 1844 in Argyle, Nova Scotia, Canada

97. **Sarah CLARK:** born in 1761; died on 29 AUG 1822 in Digby, Nova Scotia, Canada
98. **Bartholomew HAINES:** born on 16 SEP 1750 in Rye, New York, USA; married on 18 FEB 1776 in New York, USA; died in Freeport, Long Island, Nova Scotia, Canada
99. **Glorianna KNIFFEN:** born on 19 SEP 1754
100. **William BURNS:** married before 1777
101. **Amie BURNS (maiden name unknown):** died after 1801 probably in Digby Neck, Nova Scotia, Canada
102. **Reuben TUCKER:** born on 19 JUN 1747 in Kingston, New Hampshire, USA; married on 4 JUN 1771; died on 5 JUN 1803 in Grand Joggins, Nova Scotia, Canada
103. **Relief FARNSWORTH:** born in 1749 in Groton, Massachusetts, USA
104. **James ROBBINS:** born on 23 SEP 1727 in Plympton, Massachusetts, USA; married on 20 MAR 1749 in Duxbury, Massachusetts, USA; died about 1827 in Yarmouth, Maine, USA
105. **Ruth PRINCE:** born on 20 JAN 1730 probably in Duxbury, Massachusetts, USA
106. **Joseph SAUNDERS:** born about 1740; married before 1768
107. **Mrs. Joseph SAUNDERS (maiden name unknown)**
108. **Jacob CORNWALL Fourth:** born on 9 OCT 1748 in Middletown, Connecticut, USA; married in FEB 1777; died on 5 DEC 1838 in Waterford, Nova Scotia, Canada
109. **Hannah WELD:** born on 27 DEC 1750 in Durban, Connecticut, USA; died on 25 DEC 1828 in Waterford, Nova Scotia, Canada
110. **Isaac TITUS (Capt.):** born on 6 JUN 1746 in Wheatley or Oyster Bay, New York, USA; married about 1768 on Long Island, New York, USA

- 111. **Jemima MEADE**: born about 1755 in Long Island, New York, USA
- 116. **Alexander PATTERSON**: born about 1740 in Ireland; married about 1760 in Ireland; died about 1850 in Nova Scotia, Canada
- 117. **Nancy DAWSON**: born about 1745 in Ireland; died in Nova Scotia, Canada
- 118. **William OGILVIE (OGALVIE)**: born about 1760 in Scotland; married about 1780 probably in Banff, Scotland
- 119. **Isobel OGILVIE (OGALVIE) (maiden name unknown)**: born about 1760 in Scotland; married about 1780 probably in Banff, Scotland
- 120. **Thomas RAND**: born on 14 FEB 1734 in Martha's Vineyard, Massachusetts, USA; married before 1777 in Massachusetts, USA; died in 1799 in Cornwallis, Nova Scotia, Canada
- 121. **Mary MARCHANT**: born probably in Martha's Vineyard, Massachusetts, USA; died in 1789
- 122. **Amasa BIGELOW**: born on 11 FEB 1755 in Colchester, Connecticut, USA; married on 9 NOV 1773; died before 1806 in Cornwallis, Nova Scotia, Canada
- 123. **Rozina (Rosina, Roxana) CONE**: born about 1757 in Colchester, Connecticut, USA; died about 1792
- 124. **Charles TUPPER**: born on 19 AUG 1748 in Plymouth, Massachusetts, USA; married on 24 OCT 1771 in Cornwallis, Nova Scotia, Canada; died on 29 APR 1821 in Cornwallis, Nova Scotia, Canada
- 125. **Elizabeth WEST**: born on 9 FEB 1754 in Rochester, Massachusetts, USA; died on 19 MAY 1839 in Cornwallis, Nova Scotia, Canada
- 126. **Levi LOOMER**: born on 20 FEB 1758 in Bozrah, Connecticut, USA; married on 3 APR 1783 in Cornwallis, Nova Scotia, Canada; died about 1832 probably in Cornwallis, Nova Scotia, Canada
- 127. **Lois CHASE**: born on 7 MAY 1765 in Cornwallis, Nova Scotia, Canada; died on 18 AUG 1820 in Cornwallis, Nova Scotia, Canada

EIGHTH GENERATION

- 192. **Robert TIMPANY**: born about 1720 in Newtonards, County Down, Northern Ireland; married about 1740; died in Newtonards, County Down, Northern Ireland
- 193. **Elizabeth EATON**: born about 1720 in Paisley, Scotland; died in Newtonards, County Down, Northern Ireland
- 196. **Bartholomew HAINES**: born about 1730; married in 1748
- 197. **Mary HAINES (maiden name unknown)**: married in 1748
- 198. **George KNIFFEN, Jr.**: born about 1730; married about 1750
- 199. **Sarah KNIFFEN (maiden name unknown)**: married about 1752
- 204. **Moses TUCKER (Capt.)**: born on 28 MAR 1704/5 in Salisbury, Massachusetts, USA; married on 18 AUG 1727 in Haverhill, Massachusetts, USA; died on 6 JAN 1769 in New Ipswich, New Hampshire, USA
- 205. **Johanna DOW**: born on 26 SEP 1709 in Haverhill, Massachusetts, USA
- 206. **David FARNSWORTH**: born on 4 AUG 1711 in Groton, Massachusetts, USA; married on 15 AUG 1735 in Groton, Massachusetts, USA
- 207. **Hannah HASTINGS**: born on 24 JAN 1717 in Massachusetts, USA; died on 25 MAR 1808 in Massachusetts, USA
- 208. **Jeduthan ROBBINS 2d**: born in 1694
- 209. **Rebecca ROBBINS (maiden name unknown)**
- 216. **Daniel CORNWALL**: born in 1714 in Middletown, Connecticut, USA; married on 13 FEB 1744 in Durham, Connecticut, USA.; died on 8 NOV 1753 in Hispaniola, West Indies
- 217. **Ann CAMP**
- 218. **Johnathan WELD**

219. **Mary WELD (maiden name unknown)**
240. **Caleb RAND**: born on 6 DEC 1703 in Charlestown, Massachusetts, USA; married on 4 AUG 1726 in Charlestown, Massachusetts, USA; died on 3 JAN 1766 in Nantucket, Massachusetts, USA
241. **Katherine KETTELL**: born on 14 FEB 1707/8 in Charlestown, Massachusetts, USA
242. **William MARCHANT**: born in 1752 in Martha's Vineyard, Massachusetts, USA; married on 13 NOV 1788; died in 1833 in Lakeville, Nova Scotia, Canada
243. **Elizabeth WILLIAMSON**: born about 1770
244. **Isaac BIGELOW**: born on 4 MAY 1713 in Colchester, Connecticut, USA; married on 14 MAR 1734 in Colchester, Connecticut, USA; died after 1792 in Barre, Vermont, USA
245. **Abigail SKINNER**: born on 10 JUL 1715 in Colchester, Connecticut, USA
246. **Reuben CONE**: born on 30 MAY 1723 in East Haddam, Connecticut, USA; married about 1748 probably in Connecticut, USA; died 1798
247. **Nem CONE (maiden name unknown)**: born about 1725
248. **Eliakim TUPPER**: born on 20 JUN 1711 in Sandwich, Massachusetts, USA; married on 28 MAR 1734 in Sandwich, Massachusetts, USA; died on 28 FEB 1761 in Cornwallis, Nova Scotia, Canada
249. **Mary BASSETT**: born on 24 DEC 1709; died on 24 MAR 1753 in Lebanon, Connecticut, USA
250. **William WEST**: born on 4 APR 1714 in Tisbury, Massachusetts, USA; married on 22 DEC 1734; died in 1799
251. **Jane WEST**: born on 25 AUG 1716 in Tisbury, Massachusetts, USA
252. **Stephen LOOMER**: born on 4 MAY 1721 in Norwich, New London, Connecticut, USA; married on 11 OCT 1749 in Norwich, New London,

Connecticut, USA; died on 17 OCT 1790 in Cornwallis, Nova Scotia, Canada

- 253. **Hannah CHAPMAN**: born on 11 OCT 1725 in Bozrah, Connecticut, USA; died on 27 JUN 1778
- 254. **Stephen CHASE**: born on 2 MAY 1709 in Portsmouth, Rhode Island, USA; married on 2 AUG 1764 in Cornwallis, Nova Scotia, Canada; died on 23 JUN 1790 in Cornwallis, Nova Scotia, Canada
- 255. **Abigail PORTER**: died on 21 MAR 1770 in Cornwallis, Nova Scotia, Canada

NINTH GENERATION

- 392. **Matthew HAINES**: born about 1700; married about 1720
- 393. **Mrs. Matthew HAINES (maiden name unknown)**
- 396. **George KNIFFEN**: born about 1710; married about 1730
- 397. **Mrs. George KNIFFEN (maiden name unknown)**
- 408. **Joseph TUCKER**: born on 20 FEB 1671/72 in Salisbury, Massachusetts, USA; marriage intentions published in 14 OCT 1695; died on 30 JUN 1743
- 409. **Phebe PAGE**: born on 17 NOV 1674; died on 29 DEC 1736
- 410. **Stephen DOW**: born on 10 SEP 1670 in Haverhill, Massachusetts, USA; married on 14 DEC 1697 in Haverhill, Massachusetts, USA; died on 17 JUN 1743 in Haverhill, Massachusetts, USA
- 411. **Mary HUTCHINS**: born on 9 MAY 1679 in Haverhill, Massachusetts, USA; died on 29 OCT 1734 probably in Haverhill, Massachusetts, USA
- 412. **Samuel FARNSWORTH**: born on 8 OCT 1669 in Groton, Massachusetts, USA; married on 12 DEC 1706 in Groton, Massachusetts, USA; died in 1726/27 probably in Groton, Massachusetts, USA
- 413. **Mary WHITCOMB**: born in 1676 in Groton, Massachusetts, USA; died after 1727 probably in Groton, Massachusetts, USA

414. **Ebenezer HASTINGS**: born on 2 MAR 1693/94 in Watertown, Massachusetts, USA; married on 12 AUG 1717 in Watertown, Massachusetts, USA; died in Waltham, Massachusetts, USA
415. **Ruth PHILLIPS**: born on 28 MAY 1687 in Watertown, Massachusetts, USA; died in Waltham, Massachusetts, USA
416. **Jeduthan ROBBINS**: born on 11 JAN 1667 in Plympton, Massachusetts, USA; married in 1694 in Plympton, Massachusetts, USA; died on 25 APR 1721 in Plympton, Massachusetts, USA
417. **Hannah PRATT**: born on 28 JUN 1671 in Plympton, Massachusetts, USA
432. **Jacob CORNWALL Second**: born on 8 OCT 1682 in Middletown, Connecticut, USA; died on 5 JAN 1767
433. **Edith WHITMORE**
480. **John RAND**: born on 25 MAY 1664 in Charlestown, Massachusetts, USA; married on 2 DEC 1685 in Charlestown, Massachusetts, USA; died on 24 SEP 1737 in Charlestown, Massachusetts, USA
481. **Mehitable CALL**: born in 1668 in Charlestown, Massachusetts, USA; died on 25 MAR 1727 in Charlestown, Massachusetts, USA
482. **Jonathan KETTLE**: born in 1681 probably in Charlestown, Massachusetts, USA; married before 1707 probably in Charlestown, Massachusetts, USA
483. **Katherine WATERS**
484. **Silas MARCHANT**: born in 1723 in Edgartown, Martha's Vineyard, Massachusetts, USA; married on 17 MAR 1747; died in NOV 1777
485. **Hepsibah (Hepsabeth) DAGGETT**: born on 3 DEC 1717 in Nantucket, Massachusetts, USA; died after 1777
486. **Robert WILLIAMSON**: born about 1740
487. **Nanne BURBIDGE**: born about 1750

488. **Isaac BIGELOW (Sgt.):** born on 19 MAY 1691 in Colchester, Connecticut, USA; married on 29 DEC 1709 in Colchester, Connecticut, USA; died on 11 SEP 1751 in Barre, Vermont, USA
489. **Mary BOND:** baptized 7 DEC 1690 in Colchester, Connecticut, USA; died on 9 JUL 1715 in Watertown, Massachusetts, USA
490. **Ebenezer SKINNER:** born on 23 APR 1684 in Malden, Massachusetts, USA; married about 1710; died in NOV 1755 in Bolton, Connecticut, USA
491. **Abigail LORD:** born about 1685
492. **Stephen CONE (Capt.):** born on 26 MAR 1678 in Haddam, Connecticut, USA; married on 5 FEB 1702; died on 1 DEC 1743 in East Haddam, Connecticut, USA
493. **Mary HUNGERFORD:** born in 1681 in Haddam, Connecticut, USA; died on 16 MAR 1763
496. **Eliakim TUPPER:** born on 29 DEC 1681 in Sandwich, Massachusetts, USA; married in MAR 1707 in Sandwich, Massachusetts, USA; died between 1755-60 in Lebanon, Connecticut, USA
497. **Joannah FISH:** born on 20 MAY 1689 in Sandwich, Massachusetts, USA; died after 1732 in Lebanon, Connecticut, USA
498. **William BASSETT:** born in 1680 in Sandwich, Massachusetts, USA; married on 3 FEB 1709 in Sandwich, Massachusetts, USA; died on 3 FEB 1744 in Sandwich, Massachusetts, USA
499. **Abigail BOURNE:** born on 26 JUL 1684 in Sandwich, Massachusetts, USA; died on 15 FEB 1764 in Sandwich, Massachusetts, USA
500. **Thomas WEST:** born in 1687 in Tisbury, Massachusetts, USA; married on 29 JAN 1712/13 in Massachusetts, USA; died in 1728 in Rhode Island, USA
501. **Mary PRESBURY:** born on 28 AUG 1694 in Sandwich, Massachusetts, USA; died in 1728 in Sandwich, Massachusetts, USA

502. **Abner WEST**: born on 9 JUN 1683 in Tisbury, Massachusetts, USA; married 17 NOV 1707 in Tisbury, Massachusetts, USA; died in 1756
503. **Jane LOOK (COTTLE)**: born on 24 DEC 1680 in Nantucket, Massachusetts, USA; died on 13 MAR 1756 in Rochester, Massachusetts, USA
504. **Samuel LOOMER**: born in 1692 in New London, Connecticut, USA; married on 22 MAY 1718 in Norwich, Connecticut, USA; died on 9 DEC 1786 in Bozrah, Connecticut, USA
505. **Anna MORGAN**: born on 16 DEC 1697 in Preston, Connecticut, USA; died after 9 DEC 1786
506. **Jonathan CHAPMAN**: born about 1700
507. **Hannah BAILEY**: born about 1705
508. **Joseph CHASE**: born in 1673 in Yarmouth Massachusetts, USA; married on 8 FEB 1694; died in MAR 1725 in Swansea, Massachusetts, USA
509. **Sarah SHERMAN**: born on 24 SEP 1677 probably in Portsmouth, Rhode Island, USA; died on 19 SEP 1748
510. **Samuel PORTER**: born about 1701 in Massachusetts, USA; married in 1731 in Lebanon, Connecticut, USA; died on 16 APR 1766 in Cornwallis, Kings County, Nova Scotia, Canada
511. **Remember MAKEPEACE**: born about 1707 probably in Taunton, Massachusetts, USA; died on 9 AUG 1766 in Cornwallis, Kings County, Nova Scotia, Canada

TENTH GENERATION

816. **Morris TUCKER**: born in 1642 in Salisbury, Massachusetts, USA; married on 4 OCT 1661 in Salisbury, Massachusetts, USA; died on 23 SEP 1711 in Tiverton, Rhode Island, USA
817. **Elizabeth GILL (STEVENS)**: died in 1663

818. **Joseph PAGE:** born on 5 MAR 1648 in Haverhill, Massachusetts, USA; married on 2 DEC 1673 in Haverhill, Massachusetts, USA; died on 5 FEB 1683 in Haverhill, Massachusetts USA
819. **Martha DOW:** born on 1 JUN 1648 in Newbury, Essex County, Massachusetts, USA; died after 1690 probably in Haverhill, Massachusetts, USA
820. **Stephen DOW:** born on 29 MAR 1642 in Haverhill, Essex County, Massachusetts, USA; married on 16 SEP 1663; died on 3 JUL 1717 in Haverhill, Essex County, Massachusetts, USA
821. **Ann STORIE or STACY:** born in 1645 in Haverhill, Massachusetts, USA; died on 3 FEB 1714/15 in Haverhill, Massachusetts, USA
822. **Joseph HUTCHINS:** born on 15 NOV 1640 in Haverhill, Massachusetts, USA; married on 29 DEC 1669 in Massachusetts, USA; died on 19 APR 1689 in Haverhill, Massachusetts, USA
823. **Joanna CORLISS:** born on 28 APR 1650 in Haverhill, Massachusetts, USA; died on 29 OCT 1734 in Haverhill, Massachusetts, USA
824. **Matthias FARNSWORTH:** born on 20 JUL 1612 in Eccles, Lancashire, England; married in 1630 in Lynn, Essex County, Massachusetts, USA; died on 21 JAN 1688 in Groton, Massachusetts, USA
825. **Mary FARR:** born on 6 JAN 1644 in Lynn, Essex County, Massachusetts, USA; died on 7 JAN 1717 in Groton, Massachusetts, USA
826. **Josiah WHITCOMB:** born in 1638 in Dorchester, Massachusetts, USA; married on 4 JAN 1664 in Dorchester, Massachusetts, USA; died on 20 MAR 1718 in Lynn, Essex County, Massachusetts, USA
827. **Rebecca WATERS:** born on 1 FEB 1640 in Dorchester, Massachusetts, USA
828. **Unknown HASTINGS:** born about 1670 probably in Massachusetts, USA; married about 1692 probably in Massachusetts, USA
829. **Martha SHEPHERD:** born on 11 FEB 1663 in Concord, Massachusetts, USA; died after 1700 in Watertown, Massachusetts, USA

830. **Jonathan PHILLIPS:** born on 16 NOV 1633 in Watertown, Massachusetts, USA; married about 1686 probably in Watertown, Massachusetts, USA; died in 1703/4 in Watertown, Massachusetts, USA
831. **Sarah HOLLAND:** born on 30 NOV 1662 in Western Massachusetts, USA; died in 1726 in Western Massachusetts, USA
832. **John ROBBINS:** born in 1640 in Duxbury, Massachusetts, USA; married on 14 DEC 1665 in Duxbury, Massachusetts, USA; died in 1669 in Bridgewater, Massachusetts, USA
833. **Jehosabeth JOURDAIN:** born in Duxbury, Massachusetts, USA; died on 28 MAR 1723 in Plymouth, Massachusetts, USA
834. **Jonathan PRATT:** born about 1637 in Plymouth County, Massachusetts, USA; married on 2 NOV 1664 in Plymouth County, Massachusetts, USA; died before 1697 in Plymouth, Massachusetts, USA
835. **Abigail ATWOOD:** born in AUG 1645 in Plymouth, Massachusetts, USA; died on 17 AUG 1684 in Plymouth, Massachusetts, USA
864. **Jacob CORNWALL First:** born in SEP 1646 probably in Hartford, Connecticut, USA; married on 16 JAN 1677 in Middletown, Connecticut, USA; died on 18 APR 1708 in Middletown, Connecticut, USA
865. **Mary WHITE:** died on 15 NOV 1732
960. **Thomas RAND:** born in 1607 in Baguley, Cheshire, England; married on 12 MAR 1656 in Charlestown, Massachusetts, USA; died in 1683 in Charlestown, Massachusetts, USA
961. **Sarah EDENTON:** born in 1629 in Charlestown, Massachusetts, USA; died on 26 JUN 1699 in Charlestown, Massachusetts, USA
962. **John CALL:** born about 1635 in Faversham, Kent, England; married before 1668 in Charlestown, Massachusetts, USA; died on 19 APR 1677 in Charlestown, Massachusetts, USA
963. **Hannah KETTLE:** born on 29 OCT 1637; died on 27 AUG 1708 in Charlestown, Massachusetts, USA

964. **Jonathan KETTLE**: born about 1646 probably in Charlestown, Massachusetts, USA; married on 30 MAR 1676 probably in Charlestown, Massachusetts, USA; died on 18 DEC 1720 probably in Charlestown, Massachusetts, USA
965. **Abigail CONVERS**: born on 13 OCT 1658 probably in Woburn, Massachusetts, USA; died on 25 JAN 1691 probably in Charlestown, Massachusetts, USA
968. **John MARCHANT**: born in 1679/80 probably in Yarmouth, Massachusetts, USA; married in 1721 in Edgartown, Massachusetts, USA; died in FEB 1767 in Edgartown, Martha's Vineyard, Massachusetts, USA
969. **Elizabeth DAGGETT**: born in 1692 in Edgartown, Martha's Vineyard, Massachusetts, USA; died in 1764 in Edgartown, Martha's Vineyard, Massachusetts, USA
970. **Jacob DAGGETT**: born about 1690 in Martha's Vineyard, Massachusetts, USA; married on 24 OCT 1714 in Nantucket, Massachusetts, USA; died on 24 FEB 1760 in Nantucket, Massachusetts, USA
971. **Hannah SKIFFE**: born in 1687 probably in Nantucket, Massachusetts, USA; died in MAY 1773 in Nantucket, Massachusetts, USA
972. **Robert WILLIAMSON**: born about 1720; married about 1738
973. **Margaret WILLIAMSON (maiden name unknown)**: born about 1720
974. **Abel BURBIDGE**: born about 1730; married before 1750
975. **Jain BURBIDGE (maiden name unknown)**: born about 1730
976. **Samuel BIGELOW**: born on 28 OCT 1653 in Watertown, Massachusetts, USA; married on 3 JUN 1674 in Watertown, Massachusetts, USA; died on 1 FEB 1731/32 in Waltham, Massachusetts, USA
977. **Mary FLAGG**: born on 14 JUN 1657 in Watertown, Massachusetts, USA; died on 7 SEP 1720 in Waltham, Massachusetts, USA

978. **Thomas BOND**: born about 1670; married about 1689 probably in Watertown, Massachusetts, USA
979. **Mary WOOLSON**: born about 1670
980. **Thomas SKINNER**: born on 25 JUL 1645 in Subdeanerie Parish, Chichester, England; married in 1665/66 in Charlestown, Massachusetts, USA; died on 26 MAR 1722 in Colchester, Connecticut, USA
981. **Mary PRATT**: born about 1650
984. **Daniel CONE**: born in 1626 in England or Scotland; married in 1662; died on 24 OCT 1706 in Haddam, Connecticut, USA
985. **Mehitable SPENCER**: born in 1642 in Lynn, Massachusetts, USA; died in 1691 in Haddam, Connecticut, USA
986. **Thomas HUNGERFORD, Jr.**: born in 1648 in Hartford, Connecticut, USA; married before 6 JUN 1671; died in 1714 in East Haddam, Connecticut, USA
987. **Mary GREEN (or GRAVES)**: born in Narragansett, Rhode Island, USA
992. **Thomas TUPPER**: born on 16 JAN 1638 in Sandwich, Massachusetts, USA; married on 27 DEC 1661; died on 26 APR 1706 in Sandwich, Massachusetts, USA
993. **Martha MAYHEW**: born 13 OCT 1642 in Watertown, Massachusetts, USA; died on 15 NOV 1717 in Sandwich, Massachusetts, USA
994. **Ambrose FISH**
995. **Hannah SWIFT**
996. **William BASSETT**: born in 1656 in Sandwich, Massachusetts, USA; married on 9 OCT 1675 in Sandwich, Massachusetts, USA; died in 1721 in Taunton, Massachusetts, USA
997. **Rachel WILLISTON**: born in Taunton, Massachusetts, USA

998. **Elisha BOURNE**: born in 1641 in Sandwich, Massachusetts, USA; married 26 OCT 1675 in Sandwich, Massachusetts, USA; died on 21 DEC 1706/1707 in Sandwich, Massachusetts, USA
999. **Patience SKIFFE**: born on 25 MAR 1652 in Sandwich, Massachusetts, USA; died 25 OCT 1716 in Sandwich, Massachusetts, USA
1000. **Thomas WEST (Dr.)**: born in 1646 in Duxbury, Massachusetts, USA; married before 1683 probably in Tisbury, Massachusetts, USA; died on 6 SEP 1706 in Homes Hole, Dukes County, Massachusetts, USA
1001. **Elizabeth WEST**: born in 1653/54; died on 16 FEB 1728 in Tisbury, Massachusetts, USA
1002. **Stephen PRESBURY**: born about 1672 in Saco, Maine, USA; married about 1693 in Sandwich, Massachusetts, USA; died on 17 MAY 1730 in Tisbury, Massachusetts, USA
1003. **Deborah SKIFFE**: born on 14 JUL 1668 in Sandwich, Massachusetts, USA; died on 11 MAR 1733 in Tisbury, Massachusetts, USA
1006. **Thomas LOOK**: born on 6 JUN 1646 in Lynn, Massachusetts, USA; married about 1672 probably in Nantucket, Massachusetts, USA; died on 4 DEC 1725 in Tisbury, Massachusetts, USA
1007. **Elizabeth BUNKER**: born in 1646 probably in Tingrith, Bedfordshire, England; died in Tisbury, Massachusetts, USA
1008. **Stephen LOOMER**: born about 1666 in Baguley, Cheshire, England; married in Connecticut, USA; died in 1700 in New London, Connecticut, USA
1009. **Mary MILLER**: born about 1670 in Groton, Connecticut, USA; died after 7 AUG 1731
1010. **Joseph MORGAN (Lt.)**: born about 1671; married probably in Connecticut, USA
1011. **Dorothy PARKE**: born in New London, Connecticut, USA; died on 5 APR 1704

1016. **William CHASE, Jr.:** born in 1622 in Chesham, Buckinghamshire, England; married in Yarmouth, Massachusetts, USA; died on 27 FEB 1684/85 in Yarmouth, Massachusetts, USA
1017. **Mrs. CHASE (maiden name unknown):** born about 1629 in Yarmouth, Massachusetts, USA
1018. **Sam(p)son SHERMAN:** born in APR 1642 in Portsmouth, Rhode Island, USA; married on 4 MAR 1674/75; died on 27 JUN 1718 in Portsmouth, Rhode Island, USA
1019. **Isabel TRIPP:** born in 1651; died on 27 JUN 1718 probably in Portsmouth, Rhode Island, USA
1020. **Thomas PORTER:** born on 3 FEB 1672; married about 1695 in Weymouth, Massachusetts, USA; died between 1744 and 1748 probably in Weymouth, Massachusetts, USA
1021. **Abigail HOLBROOK:** born on 11 MAY 1675 in Scituate, Massachusetts, USA; died on 16 MAR 1761 in Coventry, Connecticut, USA
1022. **William MAKEPEACE:** born in 1662/63 in Boston, Massachusetts, USA; married on 2 DEC 1685 in Taunton, Massachusetts, USA; died in DEC 1736 in Taunton, Massachusetts, USA
1023. **Abigail TISDALE:** born on 15 JUL 1667 in Taunton, Massachusetts, USA; died between 10 MAY 1718 and 1 MAR 1731/2 probably in Taunton, Massachusetts, USA

ELEVENTH GENERATION

1634. **John GILL:** born in 1621/22; married about 1645; died on 1 DEC 1690 in Massachusetts, USA
1635. **Phebe BUSWELL (BUCHNELL):** born in 1626; died before 1680 in Salisbury, Essex County, Massachusetts, USA
1636. **John PAGE:** born on 6 FEB 1614 probably in England; married on 11 JUL 1641 in Massachusetts, USA; died on 23 NOV 1687 in Haverhill, Massachusetts, USA

1637. **Mary MARSH:** born between 1618 and 1622 probably in England; died on 15 FEB 1697 probably in Haverhill, Massachusetts, USA
1638. **Thomas DOW:** born on 16 JAN 1601 probably in England; died on 21 MAY 1654 in Haverhill, Massachusetts, USA
1639. **Phebe LATLY:** born in 1612 probably in England; died on 3 NOV 1672 in Salisbury, Essex County, Massachusetts, USA
1640. **Thomas DOW:** born on 16 JAN 1601 probably in England; died on 21 MAY 1654 in Haverhill, Massachusetts, USA
1641. **Phebe LATLY:** born in 1612 probably in England; died on 3 NOV 1672 in Salisbury, Essex County, Massachusetts, USA
1644. **John HUTCHINS:** born between 1604 and 1608 probably in England; married about 1639 probably in Haverhill, Massachusetts, USA
1645. **Frances ALCOCK:** born in 1612 probably in England
1646. **George CORLISS:** born in 1617 probably in England; married about 1649 probably in Haverhill, Massachusetts, USA
1647. **Joanna DAVIS:** born between 1622 and 1624 probably in England
1648. **Richard FARNSWORTH:** born in 1584 in Eccles, Lancashire, England; married on 12 JAN 1608 in Eccles, Lancashire, England; died on 12 JAN in Eccles, Lancashire, England
1649. **Elizabeth MARSHE:** born on 1 NOV 1584 in Eccles, Lancashire, England
1650. **George FARR:** born in 1604 probably in England; married on 16 NOV 1643 in Lynn, Essex County, Massachusetts, USA; died on 24 OCT 1662 in Lynn, Essex County, Massachusetts, USA
1651. **Elizabeth STOWERS:** born in 1600 probably in England; died on 11 MAR 1687 in Lynn, Essex County, Massachusetts, USA
1652. **John WHITCOMB:** born in 1588 in England; married on 26 NOV 1623 in England; died on 24 SEP 1662 in Lancaster, Massachusetts, USA

1653. **Frances COGGAN**: born on 24 FEB 1605 in Taunton, England; died on 17 MAY 1671 probably in Massachusetts, USA
1654. **Lawrence WATERS**: born in 1602 probably in England; married in 1634 in Watertown, Massachusetts, USA; died on 9 DEC 1687 in Charlestown, Massachusetts, USA
1655. **Anna LINTON**: born in 1613 probably in England; died on 10 DEC 1679 in Charlestown, Massachusetts, USA
1658. **John SHEPHERD**: born in 1637 probably in Massachusetts, USA; married in 1660 in Middlesex County, Massachusetts, USA; died on 15 DEC 1699 in Concord, Massachusetts, USA
1659. **Sarah CABLE**: born on 27 MAR 1638 in Middlesex County, Massachusetts, USA; died on 30 NOV 1717 in Concord, Massachusetts, USA
1660. **George PHILLIPS (Rev.)**: born in 1592/93 in Rainham, England; married in 1631 probably in Watertown, Massachusetts, USA; died on 1 JUL 1644 in Massachusetts, USA
1661. **Elizabeth PHILLIPS (maiden name unknown)**: born about 1615 probably in England; died on 27 JUN 1681 in Watertown, Massachusetts, USA
1662. **Nathaniel HOLLAND**: born about 1627 in London, England; married in 1659/60 in Watertown, Massachusetts, USA; died after 1709 in Watertown, Massachusetts, USA
1663. **Sarah HOSIER**: born about 1642 in Watertown, Massachusetts, USA; died on 13 FEB 1715/16 in Watertown, Massachusetts, USA
1664. **Nicholas ROBBINS**: born about 1600 probably in the Channel Islands, England; married in 1615; died probably in Duxbury, Massachusetts, USA
1665. **Anne ROBBINS (maiden name unknown)**
1666. **John JOURDAIN**: born 1614

1668. **Joshua PRATT**: born about 1605 probably in England; married about 1630 probably in Plymouth, Massachusetts, USA; died after 29 JUN 1652 in Plymouth, Massachusetts, USA
1669. **Bathsheba PRATT (maiden name unkown)**: born in 1591 probably in England
1670. **Stephen ATWOOD**: born in 1616 in London, England; married on 16 NOV 1644 in Plymouth, Massachusetts, USA; died on 21 DEC 1694 in Eastham, Massachusetts, USA
1671. **Abigail DUNHAM**: born between 1623 and 1625 in Leyden, Netherlands; died in Plymouth, Massachusetts, USA
1728. **William CORNWALL**: born about 1600 in Baguley, Cheshire, England
1729. **Mary CORNWALL (maiden name unknown)**: died probably in Middletown, Connecticut, USA
1730. **Nathaniel WHITE (Capt.)**: died probably in Middletown, Connecticut, USA
1731. **Elizabeth WHITE (maiden name unknown)**
1920. **Robert RAND**: born in 1580 in England; died in 1639 in Lynn, Massachusetts, USA
1921. **Alice SHARP(E)**: born in 1582 in England
1922. **Edmond EDENTON**: born about 1600 in England; married before 1629 probably in Charlestown, Massachusetts, USA; died about 1690 in Weymouth, Massachusetts, USA
1923. **Eliza WHITMAN**: born in 1602 in England; died in 1692 in Weymouth, Massachusetts, USA
1924. **Thomas CALL**: born about 1597 in Hernhill, Kent, England; married before 1635 in Hernhill, Kent, England
1925. **Bennett or Geanett HARRISON**: born between 1599 and 1601 in Hernhill, Kent, England

1928. **Richard KETTEL**: born about 1600 in England; married before 1636 probably in Charlestown, Massachusetts, USA; died probably in Charlestown, Massachusetts, USA
1929. **Mrs. Richard KETTEL (married name unknown)**
1930. **James CONVERS**: born about 1622 probably in South Weald, Essex County, England; married on 24 OCT 1643 in Woburn, Massachusetts, USA; died on 10 MAY 1715 in Woburn, Massachusetts, USA
1931. **Anne LONG**: born about 1622 probably in England; died on 10 AUG 1691 in Woburn, Massachusetts, USA
1936. **Abishai MERCHANT**: born on 10 JAN 1650/51 probably in Yarmouth, Massachusetts, USA; married about 1673 probably in Yarmouth, Massachusetts, USA; died on 1 FEB 1717 in Edgartown, Dukes County, Massachusetts, USA
1937. **Mary TAYLOR**: born in 1649 in Yarmouth, Massachusetts, USA; died on 1 FEB 1717/18 probably in Yarmouth, Massachusetts, USA
1938. **Joseph DAGGETT**: born about 1668 in Martha's Vineyard, Massachusetts, USA; died between 1704 and 1718 in Edgartown, Martha's Vineyard, Massachusetts, USA
1939. **Amy EDDY**: born about 1668 in Edgartown, Martha's Vineyard, Massachusetts, USA; died probably before 1714 in Edgartown, Martha's Vineyard, Massachusetts, USA
1940. **Joshua DAGGETT**: born in 1664 in Martha's Vineyard, Massachusetts, USA; married about 1686 probably in Martha's Vineyard, Massachusetts, USA; died about 1738 in Martha's Vineyard, Massachusetts, USA
1941. **Hannah NORTON**: born about 1668 probably in Martha's Vineyard, Massachusetts, USA
1942. **James SKIFFE**: born on 12 SEP 1638 in England; married in MAR 1676/77 in Nantucket, Massachusetts, USA; died in 1719 in Nantucket, Massachusetts, USA
1943. **Sarah BARNARD**: born about 1648 probably in Nantucket, Massachusetts, USA; died on 24 OCT 1732 in Nantucket, Massachusetts, USA

1952. **John BIGELOW (BIGLO)**: born on 16 FEB 1616 in Wrentham, Suffolk County, England; married on 30 OCT 1642; died on 14 JUL 1703 in Watertown, Massachusetts, USA
1953. **Mary WARREN**: born on 5 FEB 1624 in Nayland, Suffolk, England; died on 19 OCT 1691 in Watertown, Massachusetts, USA
1954. **Thomas FLEGG**: married before 1657 probably in Watertown, Massachusetts, USA; died on 6 FEB 1697/98 in Watertown, Massachusetts, USA
1955. **Mary WILDER**: born about 1635
1960. **Thomas SKINNER**: born in 1617 in Essex County, England; married about 1644 in England; died on 2 MAR 1702/3 in Malden, Massachusetts, USA
1961. **Mary GODDEN**: born about 1624 in England; died on 9 APR 1671 in Malden, Massachusetts, USA
1962. **Richard PRATT**: born about 1625; married about 1644
1963. **Mary PRATT (maiden name unknown)**: born about 1615
1970. **Jared (Gerard) SPENCER (Ensign)**: born before 24 APR 1614 in Stotfold, Edworth, Bedfordshire, England; married on 17 DEC 1636 in Lynn, Massachusetts, USA; died before 1683 in Haddam, Connecticut, USA
1971. **Hannah HILL(S)**: born about 1616 in England
1972. **Thomas HUNGERFORD**: married before 1648; died in 1663 in New London, Connecticut, USA
1973. **Mrs. Thomas HUNGERFORD (maiden name unknown)**
1984. **Thomas TUPPER**: born 28(?) JAN 1578 in Bury, Sussex County, England; married on 21 DEC 1634 in Ipswich, Massachusetts, USA; died on 28 MAR 1676 in Sandwich, Massachusetts, USA
1985. **Anne HODGSON**: born about 1588 or 1598; died on 4 JUN 1676 in Sandwich, Massachusetts, USA

1986. **Thomas MAYHEW**: born in MAR 1592 in Tisbury, Wiltshire County, England; married about 1634; died on 25 MAR 1682 in Edgartown, Martha's Vineyard, Massachusetts, USA
1987. **Jane GALLION (PAYNE)**: born about 1595 in London, England; died between 1666 and 1682 in Edgartown, Martha's Vineyard, Massachusetts, USA
1992. **William BASSETT**: born about 1624 in Plymouth, Massachusetts, USA; married about 1652 in Sandwich, Massachusetts, USA; died on 29 MAY 1670 in Sandwich, Massachusetts, USA
1993. **Mary RAINSFORD**: born on 1 JUN 1632; died on 12 APR 1694 in Falmouth, Massachusetts, USA
1996. **Richard BOURNE**: born in 1610 in Barnstable, Devonshire, England; married in 1637 in Sandwich, Massachusetts, USA; died on 18 SEP 1682 in Sandwich, Massachusetts, USA
1997. **Bathsheba HALETT**: died in 1670 in Sandwich, Massachusetts, USA
1998. **James SKIFFE**: born about 1610 in England; married before 1638; died in 1688 in Nantucket, Massachusetts, USA
1999. **Margaret REAVES**: born about 1618 in England; died on 21 SEP 1673
2000. **Francis WEST**: born 1605 or 1606 in Salisbury, England; married on 27 FEB 1639 in Duxbury, Massachusetts, USA; died on 2 JAN 1692 in Duxbury, Massachusetts, USA
2001. **Margery REEVES**: born about 1619 probably in England
2004. **John PRESBURY**: born about 1640 in Sandwich, Massachusetts, USA; married in 1664 in Sandwich, Massachusetts, USA; died on 3 NOV 1684 in Saco, Maine, USA
2005. **Dorcas BESSEY**: born about 1641
2006. **Stephen SKIFFE**: born on 14 APR 1641 in Sandwich, Massachusetts, USA; married about 1665 in Sandwich, Massachusetts, USA; died on 19 JUN 1710 in Sandwich, Massachusetts, USA

2007. **Lydia SNOW**: born about 1639 in Plymouth, Massachusetts, USA
2012. **Thomas LOOK**: born in 1622 in Scotland; married about 1646 in Lynn, Essex County, Massachusetts, USA; died in Salem, Massachusetts, USA
2013. **Mary or Sarah LOOK (maiden name unknown)**: born about 1624 in Lynn, Essex County, Massachusetts, USA; died on 30 JAN 1666 in Lynn, Essex County, Massachusetts, USA
2014. **George BUNKER**: born about 1620 in Bengio, Hertfordshire, England; married before 1646 probably in England; died on 26 MAY 1658 in Topsfield, Massachusetts, USA
2015. **Jane GODFREY**: born on 6 MAR 1624 in England; died on 31 OCT 1662 in Nantucket, Massachusetts, USA
2018. **George MILLER**: married before 1690; died in 1690
2019. **Mrs. George MILLER (maiden name unknown)**
2022. **Thomas PARKE**: born on 13 FEB 1615 in Hitcham, Suffolk, England; married on 20 OCT 1644 in Wethersfield, Connecticut, USA; died on 30 JUL 1709 in Preston, New London County, Connecticut, USA
2023. **Dorothy D. THOMPSON**: born on 5 JUL 1624 in Preston Capes, England; died on 30 JUL 1709
2032. **William CHASE**: born on 4 JAN 1607 probably in Chesham, England; died about 13 MAY 1659 in Yarmouth, Massachusetts, USA
2033. **Mary TOWNLEY**: born about 1602 in Norfolk, England; died on 6 OCT 1659 in Yarmouth, Massachusetts, USA
2036. **Philip SHERMAN**: married in 1633 in Roxbury, Massachusetts, USA; died before 19 MAR 1686/87 in Portsmouth, Rhode Island, USA
2037. **Sarah ODDING**
2038. **John TRIPP**: born on 6 FEB 1609/10 in Northumberland, England; married on 2 APR 1639 in Portsmouth, Rhode Island, USA; died on 28 OCT 1678 in Portsmouth, Rhode Island, USA

2039. **Mary PAINE**: born about 1622 in Bagnell, Buckinghamshire, England; died on 12 FEB 1687 in Portsmouth, Rhode Island, USA
2040. **Thomas PORTER**: born about 1641 probably in Weymouth, Massachusetts, USA; married about 1670 probably in Weymouth, Massachusetts, USA; died on 17 DEC 1672 in Weymouth, Massachusetts, USA
2041. **Sarah VINING**: born about 1645 probably in Weymouth, Massachusetts, USA
2042. **John HOLBROOK (Capt.)**: born probably in 1650; married about 1670; died on 23 NOV 1699 in Weymouth, Norfolk County, Massachusetts, USA
2043. **Abigail PIERCE**: born about 1654 in Scituate, Massachusetts, USA; died about 1723
2044. **William MAKEPEACE**: born in 1633 in Bristol, Somerst, England; married on 23 MAY 1661 in Boston, Suffolk County, Massachusetts, USA; died on 19 AUG 1681 in Assonet, Bristol County, Massachusetts, USA
2045. **Ann JOHNSON**: born about 1640
2046. **John TISDALE, Jr.**: born about 1640 in Taunton, Massachusetts, USA; married on 23 NOV 1664 in Taunton, Massachusetts, USA; died on 1 DEC 1677 in Taunton, Massachusetts, USA
2047. **(H)Anna ROGERS**: born between 1640 and 1650 in Massachusetts, USA; died after 8 JUN 1704 in Massachusetts, USA

TWELFTH GENERATION

3268. **Thomas GYLL**: born in 1586 in England; married about 1620 probably in England
3269. **Mrs. GYLL (maiden name unknown)**: born about 1584 probably in England
3270. **Isaac BUSWELL**: born in 1592 probably in England; married about 1625 in Salisbury, Essex County, Massachusetts, USA; died on 8 JUL 1683 in Massachusetts, USA

3271. **Margaret BUSWELL (maiden name unknown)**: born in 1604 probably in England; died on 29 SEP 1642 in England
3276. **Henry DOW**: born in 1577 in Runham, Norfolk, England; married on 12 MAY 1594 in Runham, Norfolk, England; died on 21 APR 1613 in Runham, Norfolk, England
3277. **Elizabeth MARCH**: born on 15 JAN 1573 in Runham, Norfolk, England
3296. **Elezeius FARNSWORTH**: born about 1562 in Eccles, Lancashire, England; married about 1582 in Eccles, Lancashire, England
3297. **Margreta FARNSWORTH (maiden name unknown)**: born about 1564 in Eccles, Lancashire, England
3298. **Jacobes (James) MARSHE**: born in 1558 in Eccles, Lancashire, England; married on 16 AUG 1582 in Eccles, Lancashire, England
3299. **Alicia HEY**: born in 1560 in Eccles, Lancashire, England
3302. **Nicholas STOWERS**: born between 1591 and 1595 in Upway, Dorchester, Dorset, England; married in 1620 in Lynn, Essex County Massachusetts, USA; died on 17 MAY 1646 in Charlestown, Suffolk County, Massachusetts, USA
3303. **Amy STOWERS (maiden name unknown)**: born in 1599 probably in England; died on 2 FEB 1667 in Charlestown, Suffolk County, Massachusetts, USA
3304. **John WHITCOMB**: born in 1558/59 in London, England; married about 1587 in England; died in 1597/98 in Sherbourne, England
3305. **Ann HARPER**: born in 1566 in London, England; died in London, England
3306. **Henry COGAN**: born in 1572 in Taunton, England; married on 30 NOV 1590 in England; died on 1 DEC 1612
3307. **Joan (Johane) BORIDGE**: born in 1569 in Taunton, England; died after 27 NOV 1612 in Taunton, England

3308. **James WATERS:** born in 1572 in St. Botolph, England; married in 1600 probably in England; died on 2 FEB 1617 probably in England
3309. **Phebe MANNING:** born about 1566 in London, England; died about 1642
3310. **Richard LINTON:** born about 1580 in Somersetshire, England; married about 1610 probably in England
3311. **Mrs. Richard LINTON (maiden name unknown):** born about 1591 in England; died in Massachusetts, USA
3316. **Ralph SHEPHERD (SHEPARD):** born between 1603 and 1614 in Limehouse, England; married in 1632 in England; died on 20 AUG 1693 in Massachusetts, USA
3317. **Thankful LORD:** born on 30 JUN 1609 in England; died between 1666 and 1681 in Massachusetts, USA
3318. **Thomas GOBLE (CABLE), Sr.:** born in 1607 probably in England; married about 1637 probably in Massachusetts, USA; died on 29 DEC 1659 in Concord, Massachusetts, USA
3319. **Alice GABLE (CABLE) (maiden name unknown):** born 1618 probably in England
3320. **Christopher PHILLIPS:** born about 1565 in Rainham, England; married about 1590 probably in England; died in Rainham, England
3321. **Mrs. PHILLIPS:** born about 1565 in Rainham, England
3324. **John HOLLAND:** born about 1600 in London, England; married about 1620 in London, England; died about 1652 in Watertown, Massachusetts, USA
3325. **Judith HOLLAND (maiden name unknown):** born in 1602 in England; died after 1650 in Cambridge, Massachusetts, USA
3326. **Samuel HOSIER:** born about 1603 in Colchester, England; married about 1640 in Watertown, Massachusetts, USA; died in 1665 in Watertown, Massachusetts, USA

3327. **Mrs. Samuel HOSIER**: born about 1621 in England; died in 1657 in Watertown, Massachusetts, USA
3336. **John PRATT**: born in 1567 in England; married about 1592 probably in England; died in England
3337. **Ruth PRATT (maiden name unknown)**: born in 1571 in England
3340. **John ATWOOD**: born on 4 FEB 1582 in Sandusted, England; married on 25 JUL 1612 in St. Martin, England; died on 27 FEB 1644 in Plymouth, Massachusetts, USA
3341. **Joan COLESON**: born between 1570 and 1587 in England; died on 1 JUN 1654 in Boston, Massachusetts, USA
3342. **John DUNHAM (Deacon)**: born in 1588/89 in Scrooby, England; married on 17 OCT 1619; died on 2 MAR 1669 in Plymouth Colony, Massachusetts, USA
3343. **A. BILLIOU (BALLIOU, BARLOW)**: born about 1600 in Leyden, Netherlands; died in 1669 in Matha's Vineyard, Massachusetts, USA
3460. **John WHITE**: born before 1600 in England
3461. **Mrs. John WHITE (maiden name unknown)**: born in London, England
3842. **Nicholas SHARP(E)**: born about 1560 in England; married about 1580 in England
3843. **Alice BRIGHT OR TIRELL**: born about 1562 in England
3860. **Edward CONVERS**: born and baptized 23 MAR 1589 in Navestock, Essex County, England; married on 29 JUN 1614 in Great Burstead, Essex County, England; died on 10 AUG 1663 in Woburn, Massachusetts, USA
3861. **Sarah PARKER**: born about 1593 in England; died on 14 JAN 1662 in Woburn, Massachusetts, USA
3862. **Robert LONG**: born about 1595 in England; married about 1620 in England

3863. **Sarah TAYLOR**: born about 1595 in England
3872. **John MARCHANT**: born about 1625 in England; married before 1648; died before 1693 in Edgartown, Martha's Vineyard, Massachusetts, USA
3873. **Mrs. MARCHANT (maiden name unknown)**: born about 1630
3874. **Richard TAYLOR**: born about 1620 in Yarmouth, Massachusetts, USA; died on 13 DEC 1673 in Yarmouth, Massachusetts, USA
3875. **Ruth Burgess WHELDON**: born about 1622 in Yarmouth, Massachusetts, USA; died on 4 DEC 1673 in Yarmouth, Massachusetts, USA
3876. **Joseph DAGGETT**: born in 1647/48 in Massachusetts, USA; married about 1665 in Martha's Vineyard, Massachusetts, USA; died after 1720 probably in West Tisbury, Martha's Vineyard, Massachusetts, USA
3877. **Mrs. DAGGETT (maiden name unknown)**
3878. **John EDDY**: born on 25 DEC 1637 in Plymouth, Massachusetts, USA; married about 1667 in Massachusetts, USA; died on 27 MAY 1715 in Tisbury, Massachusetts, USA
3879. **Hepzibah DAGGETT**: born about 1642 in Watertown, Massachusetts, USA
3880. **Thomas DAGGETT**: born about 1632 in Watertown, Massachusetts, USA; died in Edgartown, Massachusetts, USA
3881. **Hannah MAYHEW**: born on 15 JUN 1635 in Medford, Massachusetts, USA; died after 1691 in Martha's Vineyard, Massachusetts, USA
3882. **Isaac NORTON**: born about 1640; married about 1667 probably in Martha's Vineyard, Massachusetts, USA
3883. **Ruth BAYES**: born about 1644
3884. **James SKIFFE**: born about 1610 in England; married before 1638; died in 1688 in Nantucket, Massachusetts, USA

3885. **Margaret REAVES**: born about 1618 in England; died on 21 SEP 1673
3886. **Robert BARNARD**: born about 1620 in England; died in Nantucket, Massachusetts, USA
3904. **Randall BIGELOW**: born in 1578 in Baguley, Cheshire, England; married in Wrentham, Suffolk County, England; died on 17 MAY 1626 in Wrentham, Suffolk County, England
3906. **John WARREN**: born and baptized 1 AUG 1585 in Nayland, Suffolk, England; married on 13 JAN 1591/92 in Baguley, Cheshire, England; died on 13 DEC 1667 in Watertown, Massachusetts, USA
3907. **Margaret BAYLY**: born in England; died on 6 NOV 1662 in Watertown, Massachusetts, USA
3922. **William GODDEN**: born about 1600 in England
3940. **Gerard (Jared) SPENCER**: born and baptized 20 May 1576 in Stotfold, Edworth, Bedfordshire, England; married on 10 NOV 1600 in Upper Gravenhurst, Bedfordshire, England; died before 1646
3941. **Alice WHITBREAD**: born about 1580 in England
3968. **Henry TUPPER**: born about 1552 in Bury, Sussex County, England
3969. **Mrs. Henry TUPPER (maiden name unknown)**
3972. **Matthew MAYHEW**: born in 1550 in Tisbury, Wiltshire, England; married on 2 OCT 1587 in Tisbury, Wiltshire, England; died on 26 FEB 1613 in Tisbury, Wiltshire, England
3973. **Alice BARTER**: born on 2 OCT 1540 in Tisbury, Wiltshire County, England; died before 1614 in Tisbury, Wiltshire County, England
3984. **William BASSETT**: born about 1600 in Baguley, Cheshire, England; married probably in 1621 probably in Holland; died before 12 MAY 1667 in Bridgewater, Massachusetts, USA
3985. **Elizabeth BASSETT (maiden name unknown)**: born in Baguley, Cheshire, England; died about 1651 in Duxbury, Massachusetts, USA

3986. **Edward RAYNSFORD**: born on 10 SEP 1607 in Staverton, England; died on 16 AUG 1680 in Boston, Massachusetts, USA
3987. **Mary RAYNSFORD (maiden name unknown)**: born about 1610
3992. **William BOURNE**: born on 11 JUN 1589 in Greensted, Essex, England; married on 18 APR 1608; died on 29 SEP 1634 in Bobbingsworth, England
3993. **Ursula DAY**: born about 1588
4008. **John PRESBURY**: born about 1610 in England; married about 1638 in Sandwich, Massachusetts, USA; died on 19 MAY 1648 in Sandwich, Massachusetts, USA
4009. **Catherine PRESBURY (maiden name unknown)**: born about 1620 in England; died in Sandwich, Massachusetts, USA
4010. **Anthony BESSEY**: born in 1609 in England; married about 1640; died in 1657 in Sandwich, Massachusetts, USA
4011. **Jane BESSEY (maiden name unknown)**: born about 1620 probably in England; died in Sandwich, Massachusetts, USA
4012. **James SKIFFE**: born about 1610 in England; married before 1638; died in 1688 in Nantucket, Massachusetts, USA
4013. **Margaret REAVES**: born about 1618 in England; died on 21 SEP 1673
4014. **Anthony SNOW**: born about 1615 in England; married on 8 NOV 1639 in Plymouth, Massachusetts, USA; died between 8 and 31 AUG 1692 in Marshfield, Massachusetts, USA
4015. **Abigail WARREN**: born about 1618 in Kent, England; died in AUG 1692 in Marshfield, Massachusetts, USA
4028. **William BON COEUR**: born about 1600 in Nancy, Meuse, France; married about 1620 probably in England; died in Bengio, England
4029. **Joanne BON COEUR (maiden name unknown)**: born about 1600 in France; died probably in England

4030. **Thomas GODFREY**: born about 1600 in England; married about 1623 in England; died in England
4031. **Elizabeth MEAD**: born about 1600 in England; died in England
4044. **Robert PARKE**: born on 3 JUN 1580
4045. **Martha CHAPLIN**: born on 4 FEB 1583
4046. **John THOMPSON**: born on 30 JAN 1577
4047. **Alice FREEMAN**: born on 21 APR 1605
4066. **John TOWNLEY**: born 1576 in Buckinghamshire, England
4067. **Mary or Margerie TOWNLEY (maiden name unknown)**: born 1580
4072. **Samuel SHERMAN**: born about 1585; married in Dedham, Essex County, England
4073. **Philippa WARD**: born about 1590
4075. **Margaret (ODDING) PORTER**
4076. **John TRIPP**: born in 1585 in Skirbeck, Lincolnshire, England; married in 1605 in England; died in Lincolnshire, England
4077. **Isabel MOSES**: born about 1576 in Skirbeck, Lincolnshire, England; died after 1678 in Portsmouth, Rhode Island, USA
4078. **Anthony PAINE**: born about 1590 in England; married about 1610 in England
4079. **Susanna PORTER**: born about 1590 in England
4080. **Richard PORTER**: born about 1605 in Dorset, Dorchester, England; married about 1640 probably in Weymouth, Massachusetts, USA; died on 25 DEC 1688 in Weymouth, Massachusetts, USA
4081. **Ruth PORTER (maiden name unknown)**: born about 1625

4084. **Thomas HOLBROOK**: born on 1 MAR 1598/99 in Broadway, Somerset, England; married on 12 SEP 1616 in St. John's, Glastonbury, Somerset, England; died on 10 MAR 1676/77 in Weymouth, Plymouth County, Massachusetts, USA
4085. **Jane POWYS**: born between 1592 and 1602 in England; died on 24 APR 1677 in Weymouth, Plymouth County, Massachusetts, USA
4086. **Michael PIERCE**: born about 1615 in Bristol, Devon, England; married about 1654 in England; died on 26 MAR 1676 probably in Massachusetts, USA
4087. **Persis EAMES**: born about 1621 in England; died on 31 DEC 1662 probably in Massachusetts, USA
4088. **Thomas MAKEPEACE**: born about 1592 in Bristol, Somerset County, England; married in 1620 in Alerkton, Oxfordshire, England; died about FEB 1667 in Boston, Suffolk County, Massachusetts, USA
4089. **Alice BRASIER**: born about 1597 in England; died about 1639 in England
4092. **John TISDALE, Sr.**: born on 7 NOV 1614 in Ripon, Yorkshire, England; married before 1640; died on 27 JUN 1675 in Taunton, Bristol County, Massachusetts, USA
4093. **Sarah WALKER**: born in 1618 in England; died on 8 JUN 1676 in Taunton, Bristol County, Massachusetts, USA
4094. **John ROGERS**: born on 6 APR 1606 in Watford, Northampton, England; married on 16 APR 1639 in Plymouth, Massachusetts, USA; died between 26 AUG 1692 and 20 SEP 1692 in Duxbury, Massachusetts, USA
4095. **Anna CHURCHMAN**: born in 1617 in Huntington, Suffolk, England; died in 1672 in Duxbury, Massachusetts, USA

THIRTEENTH GENERATION

6552. **Thomas DOW**: born in 1528 in Runham, Norfolk, England; married on 16 OCT 1549 in Runham, Norfolk, England; died on 10 MAY 1591 in Runham, Norfolk, England

6553. **Margaret ENGLAND**: born in 1529 in Tilney, Norfolk, England; died on 5 SEP 1616 in Runham, Norfolk, England
6554. **Christopher MARCH**: born in 1550 in England; married on 28 JAN 1570 in Runham, Norfolk, England; died in England
6555. **Frances ATFENNE**: born in 1552 in Runham, Norfolk, England
6604. **Walter STOWERS**: born in 1568 in Dorchester, England; died in England
6605. **Mrs. STOWERS (maiden name unknown)**: born about 1569 in Dorchester, England
6608. **William WHITCOMB**: born in 1528 in London, England; married about 1550 in London, England; died in 1612 in Essex, England
6609. **Dorothy TAYLOR**: born in 1530 probably in England
6612. **Henry COGAN**: born in 1540 in Chedzoy, England; married on 1 JUL 1565 in Chedzoy, England
6613. **Elizabeth CARYE**: born in 1544 probably in England
6618. **George MANNING**: born in 1520 in St. Mary Gray, Kent, England; married on 13 AUG 1540 in St. Mary Gray, Kent, England; died on 8 MAY 1582 in Downe, Kent, England
6619. **Joan WALLIS**: born in 1524 in Downe, Kent, England; died on 5 JUN 1582 in Downe, Kent, England
6632. **Isaac SHEPARD**: born in 1571 in London, England; married about 1602 in England
6633. **Mrs. SHEPARD**: born in 1575 in London, England
6634. **Thomas LORD (Dr.)**: born about 1585 in England; married on 23 FEB 1610 in Towchester, England; died on 17 MAY 1678 in Connecticut, USA
6635. **Dorothy BIRD**: born on 25 MAY 1588 in Towchester, England; died on 2 AUG 1676 in Hartford, Connecticut, USA

6680. **Nicholas ATWOOD:** born in 1539 in England; married on 30 JAN 1569/70 in England; died on 10 MAY 1586 in Sanderstead, England
6681. **Olive HARMAN:** born in 1548 in England; died in 1602/3 in England
6684. **Thomas DUNHAM:** born between 1556 and 1560 in Scrooby, England; married about 1587 in Scrooby, England
6685. **Jane BROMLEY:** born in 1562 in Scrooby, England; died in Scrooby, England
6686. **T. BILLIOU (BALLIOU, BARLOW):** born about 1570 in Wicres, Nord France; married before 1632 in Leyden, Netherlands
6687. **Ann AIME:** born about 1574 in Wicres, Nord France; died about 1622 probably in England
7744. **John MARCHANT:** born in 1600 in England; died probably before 1670 probably in Yarmouth, Massachusetts, USA
7745. **Sarah MARCHANT (maiden name unknown):** born about 1605 in England; died on 3 DEC 1638 probably in Yarmouth, Massachusetts, USA
7750. **Gabriel WHELDON:** born about 1600 in Arnold, Nottingham, England; died JAN/FEB 1653/4 in Malden, Massachusetts, USA
7751. **Margaret DIQUINA (or DIGUINA):** born in 1600 in Nottingham, England; died in 1651 in Edgartown, Martha's Vineyard, Massachusetts, USA
7752. **John DAGGETT:** born on 4 OCT 1602 in Boxford, Sussex, England; married in 1625 in Boxford, Sussex, England; died 13-26 May 1673
7753. **Hepzibah BROTHERTON:** born in 1604 in Suffolk, England; died by 1667 probably in Watertown, Massachusetts, USA
7756. **Samuel EDDY:** born in 1601 in Cranbrook, Kent, England; married on 7 MAY 1636 in Plymouth, Massachusetts, USA; died on 12 NOV 1687 in Swansea, Massachusetts, USA

7757. **Elizabeth SAVERY**: born about 1608 in England; died on 24 MAY 1689 in Swansea, Massachusetts, USA
7762. **Thomas MAYHEW**: born in APR 1593 in Tisbury, Wiltshire County, England; married about 1634; died on 25 MAR 1682 in Edgartown, Martha's Vineyard, Massachusetts, USA
7763. **Jane GALLION (PAYNE)**: born about 1595 in London, England; died between 1666 and 1682 in Edgartown, Martha's Vineyard, Massachusetts, USA
7808. **Robert BAGULEY**: married about 1573 in Baguley, Cheshire, England; died on 4 NOV 1582 in Baguley, Cheshire, England
7809. **Jane BAGULEY (maiden name unknown)**: born in 1550 in Baguley, Cheshire, England
7812. **John WARREN**: born about 1552 in Nayland, Suffolk, England; married on 4 OCT 1584 in Baguley, Cheshire, England; died on 4 NOV 1613 in Nayland, Suffolk, England
7813. **Elizabeth SCARLETT**: born on 30 AUG 1561 in Nayland, Suffolk, England; died on 27 MAR 1603 in Nayland, Suffolk, England
7814. **William BAYLEY**: born about 1565 in England; married before 1587 in England; died after 1587 in England
7815. **Ann BAYLEY (maiden name unknown)**: born about 1565 in England; died after 1587 in England
7880. **Michael SPENCER**: born about 1531 in Edworth, Bedfordshire, England; married about 1563 in Stotfold, Edworth, Bedfordshire, England; died after 1599 in Stotfold, Edworth, Bedfordshire, England
7881. **Elizabeth SPENCER (maiden name unknown)**: born about 1540 in England; died after 1580 in Stotfold, Edworth, Bedfordshire, England
7882. **John WHITBREAD**: born about 1560 in England; married about 1579 in England

7883. **Eleanor RADCLIFFE**: born about 1560 in England
7936. **Richard TUPPER**: born in Bury, Cheshire, England
7937. **Mrs Richard TUPPER (maiden name unknown)**
7944. **Thomas MAYHEW**: born in 1509 in Tisbury, Wiltshire, England; married before 1549 in Tisbury, Wiltshire County, England; died on 1 JAN 1590 in Tisbury, Wiltshire County, England
7945. **Alyce WATERMAN**: born in 1522/23 in Tisbury, Wiltshire County, England; died on 14 JUL 1586 in Tisbury, Wiltshire County, England
7946. **Edward BARTER**: born about 1510 in Fittleton, Haxton, Wiltshire, England; married about 1538 in England; died on 6 OCT 1547 in Fittleton, Haxton, Wiltshire, England
7947. **Edith BARTER (maiden name unknown)**: born about 1515 in England; died on 1 AUG 1576 in England
7972. **Robert RAINSFORD**: married about 1610 in England
7973. **Mary KIRTON**
7984. **William BOURNE**: born about 1551; married on 21 JAN 1579 in Ongar, Essexshire, England; died in 1607
7985. **Mary MORRIS**: born about 1555
8028. **Nicholas SNOW**: born about 1595 in England; married about 1614 in England
8029. **Constance HOPKINS**: born about 1595 in England
8030. **Richard WARREN**: born about 1578 probably in England; married by about 1609 in England; died in 1628 in Plymouth, Massachusetts, USA
8031. **Elizabeth WARREN (maiden name unknown)**: born about 1580 probably in England; died on 2 OCT 1673 in Plymouth, Massachusetts, USA

8056. **Guillaume BONECOURT**: born about 1580 in France; married about 1598 in France
8057. **A. GOSSELINE**: born about 1580 in France
8168. **William HOLBROOK**: born in 1568 in Glastonbury, England; married about 1595 in England; died in 1626 in Glastonbury, England
8169. **Edith HOLBROOK (maiden name unknown)**: born about 1562 in Glastonbury, England; died in NOV 1612 in Glastonbury, England
8170. **William POWYS**: born about 1574 in England; married about 1593 in England
8171. **Elizabeth POWYS (maiden name unknown)**: born about 1575 in England
8174. **Anthony EAMES**: born about 1595 in Fordington, Dorset, England; married about 1615 in England; died about 1686 in Marshfield, Massachusetts, USA
8175. **Margery PIERCE**: born about 1599 in Fordington, Dorset, England
8176. **William MAKEPEACE**: born in 1565 in Warwickshire, England; married about 1590 in Burton Dasset, Warwickshire, England
8177. **Mary MAKEPEACE (maiden name unknown)**: born in 1567 in Burton Dasset, Warwickshire, England; died on 8 SEP 1604
8184. **Thomas TISDALE**: born about 1590 in England; married before 1614 probably in England; died in England
8185. **Ruth TISDALE (maiden name unknown)**: born probably in 1594 probably in England
8188. **Thomas ROGERS**: born before 1572 in Watford, Northampton, England; married on 24 OCT 1597 in Watford, Northampton, England; died probably in JAN or FEB 1620/32 in Plymouth, Massachusetts, USA
8189. **Elsgen (Alice) COSFORD**: born about 1580 probably in England; died after 1622 probably in Leyden, Netherlands

8190. **Hugh CHURCHMAN**: born in 1592 in England; married about 1616 in England; died on 9 JUL 1644 in Lynn, Essex County, Massachusetts, USA
8191. **Anne Mary CHURCHMAN (maiden name unknown)**: born about 1595 in England

FOURTEENTH GENERATION

13104. **John DOW**: born in 1500 in Tylner, Norfolk, England; married in 1527 in Runham, Norfolk, England; died on 10 MAY 1591 in Runham, Norfolk, England
13105. **Johan COOP**: born in 1500 in Runham, Norfolk, England; died in 1549 in Yarmouth, Norfolk, England
13108. **Robert MARCH**: born in 1525 in England; married about 1549 in England
13109. **Agnes CASTELL**: born in 1529 in Somersham, England
13216. **Thomas WHITCOMB**: born in 1502 in Berwick, England; married between 1520 and 1540 in Berwick, England; died in 1587 in Berwick, England
13217. **Elizabeth BEST**: born between 1500 and 1505 probably in England; died in England
13218. **Richard TAYLOR**: born about 1527 probably in England; married about 1558 probably in England
13219. **Mrs. Richard TAYLOR (maiden name unknown)**: born about 1531 probably in England
13224. **John COGAN**: born about 1510 in England; married about 1535 probably in England; died after 11 JUL 1572 in Chedzoy, England
13225. **Mrs. John COGAN (maiden name unknown)**: born about 1515 probably in England
13236. **John MANNING**: born about 1481 in Downe, Kent, England; married about 1520 probably in England; died on 10 MAY 1542 in Downe, Kent, England

13237. **Agnes PETLEY (PETTY)**: born about 1502 in Downe, Kent, England
13238. **Richard WALLIS**: born about 1496 in England; married about 1523 probably in England
13239. **Miss BURTON**: born about 1496 in England
13268. **Richard LORD**: born in 1555 in Towchester, England; married on 20 NOV 1569 in Towchester, England; died on 30 MAY 1610 in Towchester, England
13269. **Joan LORD (maiden name unknown)**: born in 1559 in Towchester, England; died on 22 SEP 1610 in Towchester, England
13360. **John Hewson WOOD**: born in 1513 in England; married about 1538 probably in England; died in 1562 probably in England
13361. **Margaret WOOD (maiden name unknown)**: born about 1500 in England; died in 1558 probably in England
13362. **James HARMAN**: born in 1522 in England; married about 1547 in Surrey, England; died in Surrey, England
13363. **Mrs. James HARMAN (maiden name unknown)**: born about 1532 in England; died in England
13368. **Ralph DUNHAM (Esquire)**: born in 1526 in Scrooby, England; married in 1556 in Scrooby, England; died in Scrooby, England
13369. **Elizabeth WENTWORTH**: born in 1524 in Scrooby, England; died in 1570 in Scrooby, England
15502. **QUADAQUINNA or Ova DIGUINA**: born about 1575 in Massachusetts, USA
15503. **Mrs. DIGUINA (maiden name unknown)**
15504. **William DOGETT**: born in 1557 in Boxford, Suffolk, England; married on 1 JUN 1591 in England; died on 10 OCT 1610 in England

15505. **Avice LAPPAGE**: born on 1 AUG 1568 in England; died between 1604 and 1656
15512. **William EDDY**: born in 1558 in Bristol, Gloucester, England; married on 20 NOV 1587 in Cranbrook, Kent, England; died on 23 NOV 1616 in Cranbrook, Kent, England
15513. **Mary FOSTEN**: born on 19 SEP 1568 in Cranbrook, Kent, England; died on 8 JUL 1611 in Cranbrook, Kent, England
15514. **Thomas SAVERY**: born about 1572 in England; married about 1604 in England
15515. **Mary WOODROKE**: born about 1574 in England
15524. **Matthew MAYHEW**: born in 1550 in Tisbury, Wiltshire, England; married on 2 OCT 1587 in Tisbury, Wiltshire, England; died on 26 FEB 1613 in Tisbury, Wiltshire, England
15525. **Alice BARTER**: born on 2 OCT 1540 in Tisbury, Wiltshire County, England; died before 1614 in Tisbury, Wiltshire County, England
15616. **Randall of Ollerton BAGULEY**: born in 1518 in Baguley, Cheshire, England; married before 1556 in Baguley, Cheshire, England; died in 1556 in Baguley, Cheshire, England
15617. **Eleanor BAGULEY (maiden name unknown)**: born in 1528 in Baguley, Cheshire, England
15624. **John WARREN**: born and baptized 12 MAY 1622 in England; married about 1550 in England; died about 1703 in Watertown, Massachusetts, USA
15625. **Mrs. WARREN (maiden name unknown)**: born about 1530 in England
15626. **John SCARLETT**: born about 1530 in England; married about 1560 in England
15627. **Emma SCARLETT (maiden name unknown)**: born about 1530 in England

15760. **John SPENCER**: born about 1505 in St. George's Parish, Edworth, Bedfordshire, England; married about 1530 in England; died in JUN 1558 in Edworth, Bedfordshire, England
15761. **Anne MERRILL OR LYMES**: born about 1510 in England
15888. **Robert MAYOW**: born about 1490 in Dynton, Wiltshire, England; married about 1509 in Baguley, Cheshire, England; died in 1520 in England
15889. **Joan BRIDMORE**: born in 1483 in Tisbury, Wiltshire, England
15968. **William BOURNE**: born about 1527 in Bobbingsworth, Essexshire, England; married about 1552; died on 29 APR 1581
15969. **Margaret RYSA**: born about 1531 in Potten, Bedfordshire, England; died 28 DEC 1594
16060. **Christopher WARREN**: born about 1540 probably in England; married about 1560 probably in England
16061. **Mrs. WARREN (maiden name unknown)**: born about 1540 probably in England
16336. **Thomas HOLBROOK**: born about 1540 in England; married about 1565 in England
16337. **Constance THAYER**: born in 1545 in England
16348. **Thomas EAMES**: born about 1575 in England; married about 1594 in England
16349. **Millicent EAMES (maiden name unknown)**: born about 1575 in England
16352. **William MAKEPEACE**: born in 1544; married before 1564 in Burton Dasset, Warwickshire, England; died after 23 MAY 1615 in Warwickshire, England
16353. **Susan MAKEPEACE (maiden name unknown)**: born in 1546 in Burton Dasset, Warwickshire, England; died after 1588

16376. **William ROGERS**: born about 1550 probably in England; married about 1571 in England

16377. **Eleanor ROGERS (maiden name unknown)**: born about 1552 probably in England

16378. **George COSFORD**: born about 1560 in England

FIFTEENTH GENERATION

26216. **John MARCH**: born about 1494; married about 1524 probably in England

26217. **Joane MARCH (maiden name unknown)**: born about 1498

26218. **Robert CASTELL**: born in 1503 probably in England

26432. **William WHITCOMB**: born in 1470 in Berwick, Salop, England; married about 1501 in London, England

26433. **Blanch STURRY**: born in 1472 in Bossel, England

26434. **Roger BEST**: born 1474 probably in England

26472. **Hugh MANNING**: born about 1432 in England; married about 1480 probably in England; died in 1502 probably in England

26473. **Miss BRANDON**: born about 1436 in England

26474. **John PETLEY**: born about 1465 in Downe, Kent, England; married about 1500 probably in England; died in 1518 in Downe, Kent, England

26475. **Christiana PHILIPOTT**: born about 1469 in Downe, Kent, England

26476. **Walter WALLYS**: born 1470 in England; married about 1495 probably in England

26477. **Alice DE ADDINGTON**: born 1474 in England

26478. **Burton DE CASSALTON**: born in 1470 in England

26540. **Richard BIRD**: born in 1531 in Freeby, England; married in 1551 in Towchester, England; died in England
26541. **Joanne BIRD (maiden name unknown)**: born in 1531 in Towchester, England; died in England
26736. **John DUNHAM (Sir Knight)**: born in 1498 in Scrooby, England; married about 1525 probably in Scrooby, England; died in 1545
26737. **Benedicte FOLSGAMBE**: born in 1499 in England.
26738. **Thomas WENTWORTH ("Golden Knight")**: born between 1478 and 1484; married about 1523 probably in Scrooby, England
26739. **Beatrice WOODGROVE**: born in 1486
31008. **William DOGETT**: born about 1531 in Lavenham, Suffolk, England; died between DEC 1561 and 1622 in England
31010. **Thomas LAPPAGE**: born in 1542 in Boxford, Suffolk, England; married in 1567 in Groten, Suffolk, England; died on 4 APR 1614 in Boxford, Suffolk, England
31011. **Agnes GAEL**: born in 1547 in Edwardstone, England
31024. **Thomas EDDYE**: born in 1542 in England; died in JUL 1578 in Gloucester, England
31026. **John FOSTEN**: born in 1537 in Cranbrook, Kent, England; married on 19 JAN 1561/62 in Cranbrook, Kent, England; died on 25 SEP 1573 in Cranbrook, Kent, England
31027. **Elizabeth Ellen MUNN**: born about 1545 in Cranbrook, Kent, England; died on 18 JUL 1611 in Cranbrook, Kent, England
31048. **Thomas MAYHEW**: born in 1509 in Tisbury, Wiltshire County, England; married before 1549 in Tisbury, Wiltshire County, England; died on 1 JAN 1590 in Tisbury, Wiltshire County, England
31049. **Alyce WATERMAN**: born in 1522/23 in Tisbury, Wiltshire County, England; died on 14 JUL 1586 in Tisbury, Wiltshire County, England

31050. **Edward BARTER**: born about 1510 in Fittleton, Haxton, Wiltshire, England; married about 1538 in England; died on 6 OCT 1547 in Fittleton, Haxton, Wiltshire, England
31051. **Edith BARTER (maiden name unknown)**: born about 1515 in England; died on 1 AUG 1576 in England
31232. **Ralph of Ollerton BAGULEY**: born in 1500 in Baguley, Cheshire, England; married about 1518 in Baguley, Cheshire, England; died in 1540 in Baguley, Cheshire, England
31233. **Mrs. Ralph BAGULEY (maiden name unknown)**
31248. **John WARREN**: born and baptized 1 AUG 1585 in Nayland, Suffolk, England; married on 13 JAN 1591/92 in Baguley, Cheshire, England; died on 13 DEC 1667 in Watertown, Massachusetts, USA
31249. **Margaret BAYLY**: born in England; died on 6 NOV 1662 in Watertown, Massachusetts, USA
31520. **John SPENCER**: born about 1477 in Ravenham, England; married before 1495 in South Mills, Bedfordshire, England; died before FEB 1531/1532 in Ravenham, England
31521. **Christian BAKER**: born about 1474 in Cople, England; died about 1532 in Ravensden, Bedfordshire, England
31776. **Simon MAYOW**: born about 1470 in Dynton, Wiltshire, England; married about 1490 in Baguley, Cheshire, England
31777. **Mrs. Simon MAYOW (maiden name unknown)**
31778. **John BRIDMORE**: born in 1456 in Tisbury, Wiltshire, England; died in England
31936. **John BOURNE**: born about 1500 in Bobbingsworth, Essexshire, England; married about 1525
31937. **Margaret BOURNE (maiden name unknown)**: born about 1504 in Bobbingsworth, Essexshire, England

32704. **Richard MAKEPEACE**: born about 1516 in Chipping Warden, Warwickshire, England; married about 1540 in Chipping Warden, Warwickshire, England; died on 5 DEC 1584 in Compton, England
32705. **Dorothy WARNER**: born in 1518

AHNENTAFEL SOURCES

Gardner, Massachusetts, Vital Records and *Gardner News*

1. Constance Louise RILEY
2. James Edward RILEY
3. Bernice Rebecca TIMPANY
4. Jeremiah RILEY
5. Honora McAULIFFE
6. James Almon TIMPANY
7. Jennie Maud McCONNELL
14. Albro McCONNELL
15. Rebecca RAND

Brattleboro, Vermont, Vital Records and *Brattleboro Reformer*

2. James Edward RILEY
4. Jeremiah RILEY
5. Honora McAULIFFE
11. Julia LANE

Citizenship Papers, Vermont

4. Jeremiah RILEY

Census 1900, Brattleboro, Vermont

2. James Edward RILEY
4. Jeremiah RILEY
5. Honora McAULIFFE

Marriage Licenses issued by the Secretary of the Province of New York previous to 1784

96. Robert TIMPANY
97. Sarah CLARK

The Haggan Papers, Part II, St. Thomas Library, St. Thomas, Ontario, Canada

- 96. Major Robert TIMPANY
- 97. Sarah CLARK

Biographical Sketches of Loyalists of the American Revolution, Vol. II, by Lorenzo Sabine

- 96. Major Robert TIMPANY

Geography and History of the County of Digby, Nova Scotia, by Isaiah Wilson

- 96. Major Robert TIMPANY

Along the Shores of St. Mary's Bay, by J. Alphonse Deveau

- 96. Major Robert TIMPANY

Trinity Church, Digby, Nova Scotia

- 24. Robert Kingsley TIMPANY
- 96. Major Robert TIMPANY
- 97. Sarah CLARK

Pattersons of Kings County, by Donald Patterson

- 58. Alexander PATTERSON
- 59. Elizabeth OGILVIE

History of Kings County, by Arthur W. H. Eaton

- 28. Alexander McCONNELL
- 29. Isabella PATTERSON
- 58. Alexander PATTERSON
- 59. Elizabeth OGILVIE
- 2044. William MAKEPEACE
- 2045. Ann JOHNSON
- 4092. John TISDALE
- 4093. Sarah WALKER
- 8184. Thomas TISDALE
- 32704. Richard MAKEPEACE
- 32705. Dorothy WARNER

Township Books, Kings County, Nova Scotia (Vital Records)

- 15. Rebecca RAND
- 29. Isabella PATTERSON
- 30. Alfred Skinner RAND
- 31. Ruth TUPPER
- 58. Alexander PATTERSON
- 59. Elizabeth OGILVIE
- 60. William RAND
- 61. Mary BIGELOW
- 62. Eliakim TUPPER
- 63. Rebecca LOOMER
- 122. Amasa BIGELOW
- 123. Rozina (Rosina, Roxana,) CONE (maiden name unknown)
- 124. Charles TUPPER
- 125. Elizabeth WEST
- 126. Levi LOOMER
- 127. Lois CHASE
- 242. William MARCHANT
- 243. Elizabeth WILLIAMSON
- 244. Isaac BIGELOW
- 246. Reuben CONE
- 252. Steven LOOMER
- 253. Hannah CHAPMAN
- 254. Stephen CHASE
- 255. Abigail PORTER
- 486. Robert WILLIAMSON
- 487. Nanne BURBIDGE
- 510. Samuel PORTER
- 511. Remember MAKEPEACE
- 974. Abel BURBIDGE
- 975. Jain BURBIDGE (maiden name unknown)

Planters and Pioneers, by Esther Clark Wright

- 104. James ROBBINS
- 105. Ruth PRINCE
- 110. Isaac TITUS (Capt.)
- 120. Thomas RAND
- 242. William MARCHANT

Berwick (Nova Scotia) Registry obituary

29. Isabella Patterson McCONNELL

The Tupper Family in the United States and Canada, compiled by Ralph Barclay
Tupper Emerson

31. Ruth TUPPER
62. Eliakim TUPPER
63. Rebecca LOOMER
124. Charles TUPPER
125. Elizabeth WEST
248. Eliakim TUPPER
249. Mary BASSETT
497. Joannah FISH
992. Thomas TUPPER
993. Martha MAYHEW
1984. Thomas TUPPER
1985. Anne HODGSON

The Great Migration Begins, Vol. I, by Robert Charles Anderson

1016. William CHASE
1992 WilliamBASSETT
1993 Mary RAINSFORD
7752. John DAGGETT
7753. Hepzibah BROTHERTON
7756. Samuel EDDY
7757. Elizabeth SAVERY
15513. Mary FOSTEN
15514. Thomas SAVERY

The Great Migration Begins, Vol. II

1926. Richard KETTLE
2037. Sarah ODDING
7762. Thomas MAYHEW
7763. Jane GALLION (PAYNE)

The Great Migration Begins, Vol. III

- 2036. Philip SHERMAN
- 4075. Margaret (ODDING) PORTER
- 4094. John ROGERS
- 4095. Anna CHURCHMAN
- 7972. Robert RAINSFORD
- 8030. Richard WARREN
- 8031. Elizabeth WARREN (maiden name unknown)
- 8188. Thomas ROGERS
- 8189. Elsgen (Alice) ROGERS (maiden name unknown)
- 16376. William ROGERS
- 16377. Eleanor ROGERS (maiden name unknown)
- 16378. George COSFORD
- 31248. John WARREN
- 31249. Margaret BAYLY

The Mayflower Families Through Five Generations, Vol. 2, General Society of Mayflower Descendants

- 2044. William MAKEPEACE
- 8188. Thomas ROGERS

Plymouth, Massachusetts, Vital Records

- 8188. Thomas ROGERS
- 8030. Richard WARREN

General Society of Mayflower Descendants

- 8030. Richard WARREN
- 8031. Elizabeth WARREN (maiden name unknown)

History of Martha's Vineyard, by Henry Franklin Norton

- 250. William WEST
- 251. Jane WEST (maiden name unknown)
- 500. Thomas WEST
- 501. Mary PRESBURY

- 7752. John DAGGETT
- 7753. Hepzibah BROTHERTON
- 7762. Thomas MAYHEW
- 7763. Jane GALLION (PAYNE)
- 1938. Joseph DAGGETT
- 1938. Amy EDDY
- 2006. Stephen SKIFFE
- 2007. Lydia SNOW

Genealogical Dictionary, by James Savage

- 4028. William BON COEUR
- 4029. Joanne BON COUER (maiden name unknown)

New England Historical and Genealogical Register, Vol. 2

- 965. Abigail CONVERS
- 1930. James CONVERS
- 1931. Anne LONG

The Mayflower Web Pages of Caleb Johnson

- 2000. Francis WEST
- 2001. Margery REEVES

Bigelow Family in America, by Gilman Bigelow Horne

- 976. Samuel BIGELOW
- 977. Mary FLAGG
- 1952. John BIGELOW
- 1953. Mary WARREN

Marshall Genealogy Family Index Web Page

- 1970. Jared (Gerard) SPENCER (Ensign)
- 1971. Hannah HILL(S)

Yarmouth, Nova Scotia Genealogies: Transcribed from the Yarmouth Herald, by George S. Brown

- 26. John ROBBINS
- 27. Sarah Anne CORNWALL
- 52. Abiel ROBBINS
- 53. Mary SAUNDERS
- 104. James ROBBINS
- 105. Ruth PRINCE
- 208. Jeduthan 2D ROBBINS
- 209. Rebecca ROBBINS (maiden name unknown)
- 416. Jeduthan ROBBINS
- 417. Hannah PRATT
- 832. John ROBBINS
- 833. Jehosebeth JOURDAIN
- 1664. Nicholas ROBBINS
- 1665. Anne ROBBINS (maiden name unknown)

Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints (LDS)

- 196. Bartholomew HAINES
- 199. Gloriana KNIFFEN
- 759. Charles HAINES
- 824. Matthias FARNSWORTH
- 825. Mary FARR
- 1648. Richard FARNSWORTH
- 1649. Elizabeth MARSHE
- 1650. George FARR
- 1651. Elizabeth STOWERS
- 1936. Abishai MARCHANT
- 3277. Elizabeth MARSHE
- 3296. Elizeius FARNSWORTH
- 3298. Jacobe (James) MARSHE
- 3308. James WATERS
- 3874. Richard TAYLOR
- 3875. Ruth Burgess WHELDON

- 6612. Henry COGAN
- 6618. George MANNING
- 6619. Joan WALLIS
- 7744. John MARCHANT
- 13216. Thomas WHITCOMB
- 13217. Elizabeth BEST
- 13324. John COGAN
- 26432. William WHITCOMB
- 26433. Blanch STURRY
- 26434. Roger BEST

Ancestry.com

- 110. Isaac TITUS (Capt.)
- 111. Jemima MEADE

SOURCES FOR CHAIR CITY OF THE WORLD

- Gardner *Valuation and Taxes*, 1869, 1870, 1879
Gardner Vital Records
History of the Town of Gardner, William D. Herrick (1878)
History of Gardner, Esther Gilman Moore (1967)
History of Westminster, Rev. W. S. Heywood (1893)
Ridley's Directory of Gardner (1872)
Annual Town Report of Gardner (1887)
Massachusetts Archives (1879)
Diary of Aaron Greenwood, Vol. V, Part 1, Windsor Robinson, ed., Gardner (1992)
"The Gardner News Weekly Index," 3 July, 1869-31 Dec., 1904, compiled by Windsor Robinson (1988)
The Gardner News, 7 Oct., 1893; 5 July, 1898; 24 July, 1916; 10 Aug, 1946
Gardner Directory, 1899, 1900
Gardner Street Lists
United States Census records
A History of Gardner in World War II, Flynn and LeBlanc (1947)
This Fabulous Century, Vol. I-VII, 1870-1890, Time-Life Books (1970)
The Tupper Family in the United States and Canada, 1631-1995, compiled by Ralph Barclay Tupper Emerson (1995)
Yarmouth, Nova Scotia Genealogies: Transcribed from the Yarmouth Herald, George S. Brown (1837)
American-Canadian Genealogy Society Records
"What in the World is a Dit Name?" Vol. I, #3 and "Who were Les Filles du Roi?" Vol. 1, #2, "The Searchers" newsletter, Central Mass. Genealogy Society, Roger Casavant (1994)
Century of Struggle, Eleanor Flexner (1959)
Profiles of the Past, Thomas Malloy (1984)
Beyond God the Father, Mary Daly (1973)
"Shifting Gears 1920-1980, The Changing Meaning of Work in Massachusetts," a study done by Scholar-in-Residence Martha Norkunas for the Massachusetts Foundation for Humanities and Public Policy (1980)
New England Native American Institute, Worcester, Massachusetts
The Great Migration Begins, Robert Charles Anderson (1995)
Earle Report—Indian Census of 1860



Constance (Connie) is the great-granddaughter of Albro McConnell who emigrated in 1869 from Nova Scotia to Gardner, Massachusetts, to work in the chair factories. Her grandfather James Timpany emigrated in 1888, worked in the toy and chair shops, and became Mayor of Gardner in 1933.

Riley is also a pioneer, earning a B.A. in Sociology from the University of Massachusetts at age fifty while the mother of eight children. She co-founded the Central Mass. Genealogical Society (CMGS), organized Lucy Stone Commemorative Projects, coordinated Women's Centers in Gardner and Fitchburg, has been active in the Peace Movement from the Vietnam War to the present, and initiated the "Magic of Books" Program to distribute free books to low income children. Riley is recognized in *Greater Gardner Women Who Made a Difference*.